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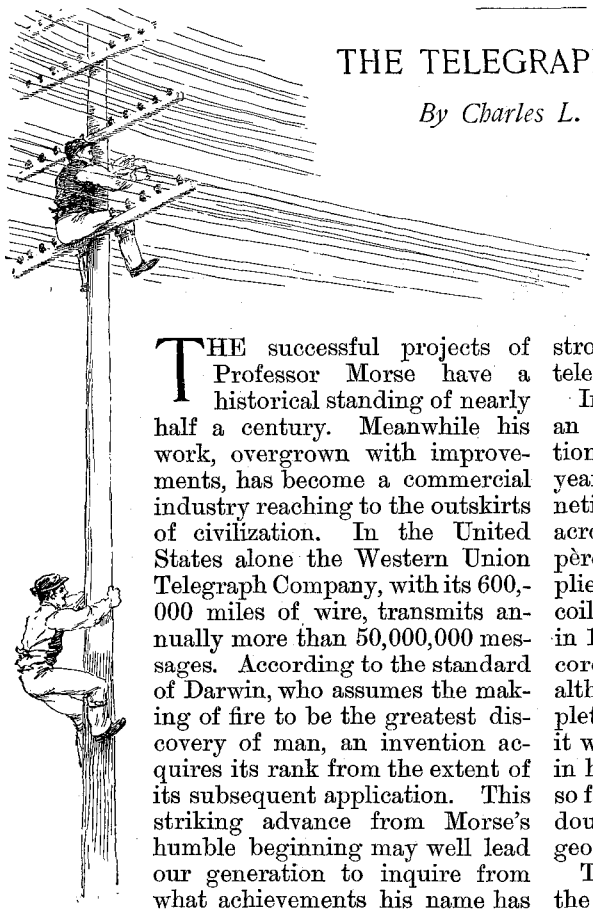

THE TELEGRAPH OF TO-DAY.

By Charles L. Buckingham.

THE successful projects of Professor Morse have a historical standing of nearly half a century. Meanwhile his work, overgrown with improvements, has become a commercial industry reaching to the outskirts of civilization. In the United States alone the Western Union Telegraph Company, with its 600,000 miles of wire, transmits annually more than 50,000,000 messages. According to the standard of Darwin, who assumes the making of fire to be the greatest discovery of man, an invention acquires its rank from the extent of its subsequent application. This striking advance from Morse's humble beginning may well lead our generation to inquire from what achievements his name has almost come to be a synonym for the telegraph.

In October, 1832, when his attention was first drawn to this subject, and even before he had so much as assumed the possibility of electrical communication, science had placed at his disposal the three essential elements, a metallic conductor for conveying the fluid between distant points, a galvanic battery affording an ample source of electricity, and an electro-magnet for translating electric currents into intelligible signals. Following the discovery of the voltaic pile in 1800, Davy, before 1810, had employed the combined action of two thousand battery cells in experimenting with the electric light, and had developed currents stronger than would operate the longest telegraph-circuit of the present day.

In 1819 Oersted had observed that an electric current caused the deflection of the compass-needle, and in the year following Arago succeeded in magnetizing a steel needle by placing it across a wire conveying a current. Ampère immediately perceived the multiplied effect that would be obtained by coiling the wire around the needle, and in 1825 Sturgeon substituted for steel a core of soft iron. The electro-magnet, although crude in form, was then complete as an invention. In 1828, however, it was taken up by Professor Henry, and in his hands, before 1831, was advanced so far from a laboratory experiment that doubtless it could have been advantageously used as a telegraph-receiver.

That Henry, during this period, placed the world in full possession of a knowledge of the character and properties of the electro-magnet cannot be doubted when we remember that he constructed a specimen, existing to-day, capable of attracting an armature to its poles with a force of more than two thousand pounds; and in 1831 he went farther and employed an electro-magnet in an experimental telegraph, which by vibrating a bell-hammer, audibly announced signals by the closing and breaking of the current. Whatever merit, there-

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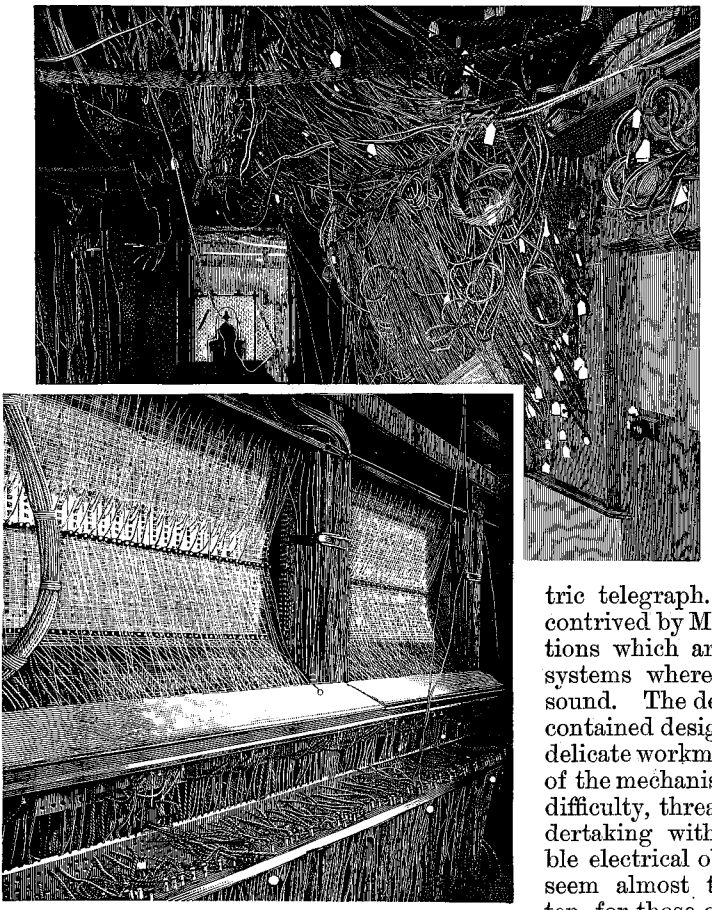

Underside of the Switchboard for 2,000 Wires; Western Union Building, New York.
(Above, the wires as seen in the room beneath the switchboard.)

fore, there may be in the claim advocated for Professor Henry that he invented the telegraph before Morse, there is little room for doubt that he brought the electro-magnet to a stage of development fitting it to many uses for which it has since been discovered to be suited.

If, in 1832, Morse had appreciated the possibility of manually closing and opening a circuit to effect transmission, and of reading sound-signals produced by the blows of an electro-magnet's armature, he might, with little trouble and expense, have organized a telegraph system from the galvanic battery and the Henry magnet. But instead of forming a system of those parts, he adopted them as a skeleton upon which he built, not thinking that one day his additions would become obsolete and that the system would be brought back to the simple elements with which he began. He assumed that an automatic mechanism must be employed to insure accuracy of transmission, and that messages must be permanently recorded upon paper or other fabric; and to meet these requirements, whether real or imaginary, consisted in large part the work of introducing the electric telegraph. The first telegraph contrived by Morse reveals complications which are entirely omitted in systems where signals are read by sound. The devices added by Morse contained designs requiring the most delicate workmanship, and every part of the mechanism became a source of difficulty, threatening the entire undertaking with failure. The possible electrical obstacles to its success seem almost to have been forgotten, for those of a purely mechanical character were much more serious. It was not merely a question whether, electrically, the system was possible, but chiefly whether a rather difficult electrical experiment could survive the encumbering intricacies of the apparatus. But Morse's early plans, involved as they were, contained the groundwork upon which the dot and dash alphabet was produced by a natural evolution; and, whether his system was the best or poorest of its kind, it brought the telegraph to the favorable notice of capitalists in a form which could not fail, even in the hands of unskilled operatives.

It is said that Morse was chagrined that operators, as they became skilful, could read messages by sound without the aid of his permanent recorder; but, with respect to the credit due him, it matters not whether his devices had their uses for a year or for a century,

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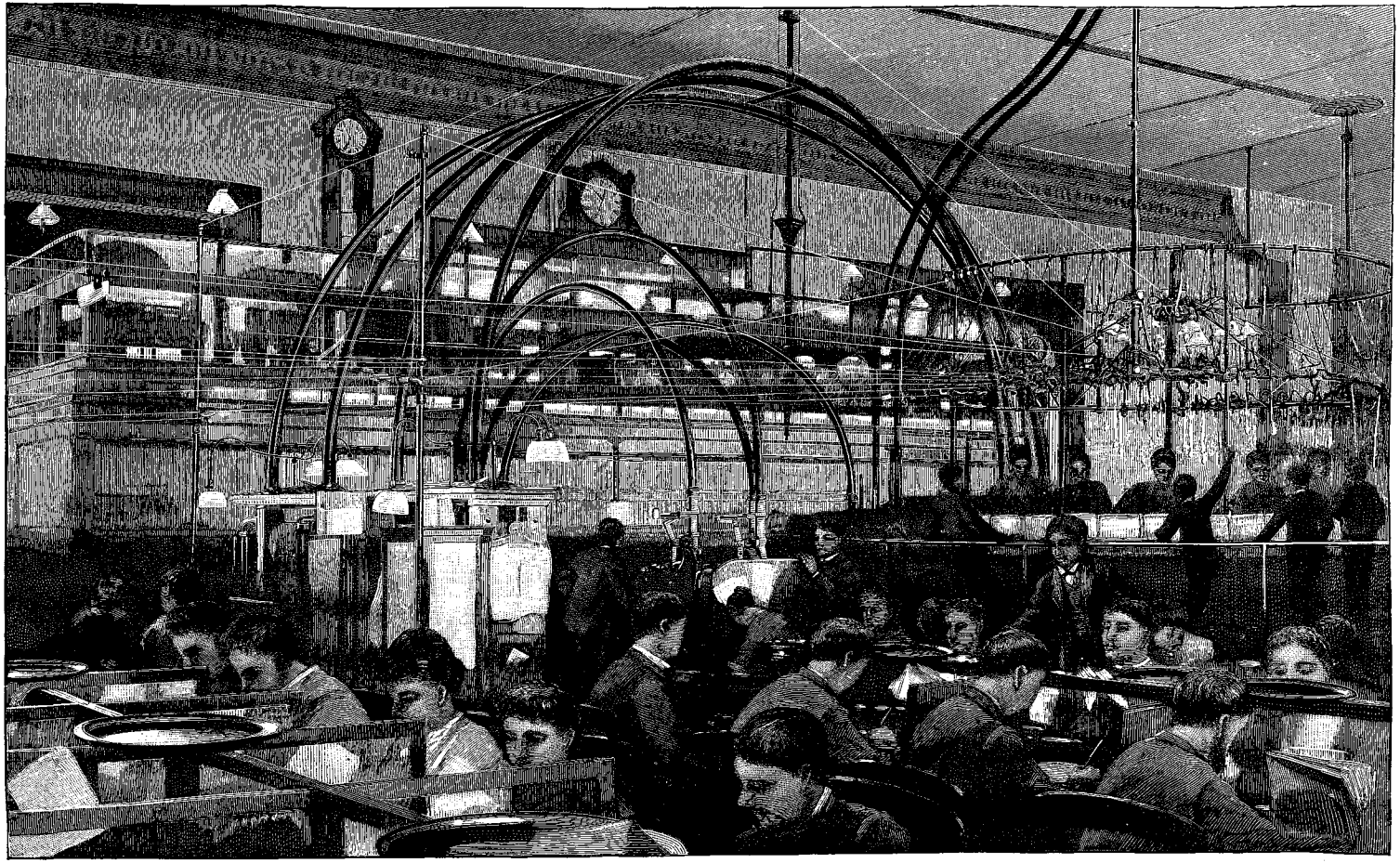

Main Operating-room of the Western Union, New York.

(Showing front view of switchboard ; the pneumatic system for transmitting messages to and from city stations ; and the mechanical system for collecting from and distributing to the 600 operators in the room.)

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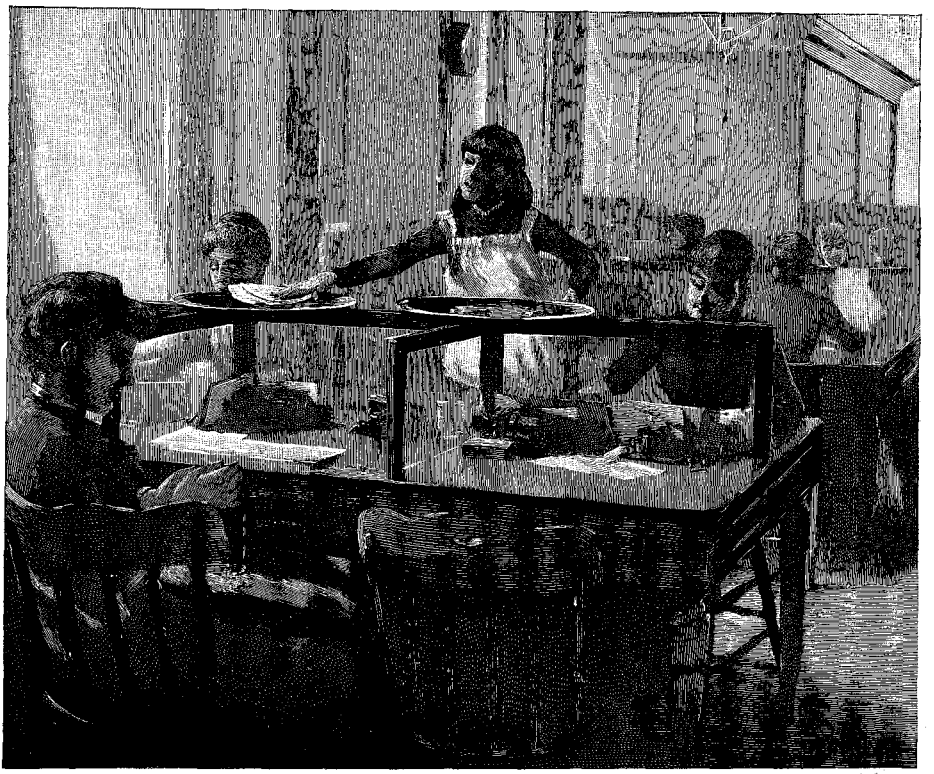


Check-girls who Collect and Distribute Messages.—Western Union Main Operating Room, New York.

they served their purpose and gave the telegraph an introduction to the world, which otherwise it might not have received for a generation.

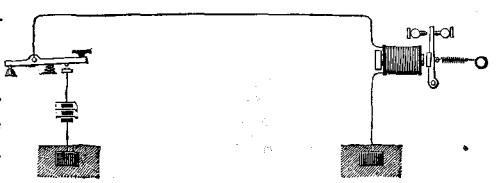
If the struggles of Morse and his associates in securing public recognition of their undertaking could be forgotten, it certainly would now seem anomalous that he should be honored by having his name metonymically represent the modern electro-magnetic telegraph; consisting as it does of a circuit, a circuit-breaker, a battery, and an electro-magnet—for these are the elements which were old, and to which he had recourse when he first assumed the rôle of inventor.

Others before him had devised systems of great merit, while many of his contemporaries, of higher scientific attainments, were diligently working in the same direction; nevertheless, his success in adapting the telegraph to the ignorance of the age rightfully placed him beyond competition.

Doubtless Morse derived valuable assistance from Henry and Vail, but the telegraph of to-day bears the marks of his genius in features, from the smallest detail to things of indispensable importance.

The world has lost nothing, nor is it less to his credit if parts of the invention which he esteemed most have, like the false works of an arch, been removed. When they became an encumbrance their absence was doubtless as important as had been their presence, to give the structure its original shape and strength.

No sooner had Morse and Vail demonstrated the feasibility of the telegraph than it became important to



The Modern Morse Telegraph.

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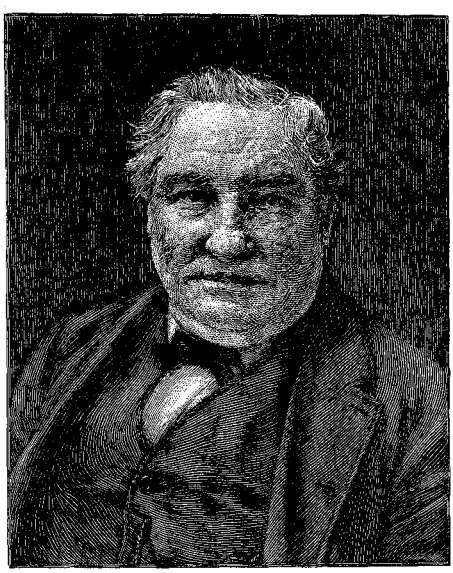
increase the carrying capacity of the wires. In 1846 Bain proposed to employ perforated strips of paper to effect automatic transmission in connection with an electro-chemical process for recording, in which marks upon a moving band of paper are made by discoloration attending the passage through it of signalling currents. But up to 1852 no one appears to have conceived the possibility of a system by which two or more operators might simultaneously use a wire to transmit independent messages.

In that year, however, Moses G. Farmer, of Salem, Mass., devised a synchronous-multiple telegraph, in which he proposed to employ two rotating switches, one at each end of the line, to successively and simultaneously join the several operators at one station with those at another. For illustration, it may be assumed that at each end of the line an equal number of short wires is connected from the earth with a circular series of stationary electrical contacts arranged like the hour-marks of a clock-dial, over which a rotating arm, like the hand of a clock, rapidly draws a spring or trailing conductor. The rotating arms are connected with the main line, one at each end, while each of the short wires is provided with a set of Morse instruments, and thus it is that each operator may send a signal to, or receive one from, the operator upon a corresponding branch at the distant station. It is now seen that if the two arms are rotated together, having been started from the same angular position, the main line will simultaneously join the No. 1 branches at each station, and all the several branches at one end will, in rapid succession, be connected with corresponding branches at the other. When two branches are thus joined, a momentary electrical connection is made between the operator at one station and his correspondent at the distant end. But not so if one arm is running faster or slower than the other, for then branch 2, at one station, might be joined either with 1 or 3 at the other.

Only an intermittent current, however, is sent over the circuit of each pair of operators; nevertheless, the pulses succeed each other with such rapidity that a practically continuous magnetic effect will be produced upon the relay in making a signal, provided the time required for an electro-magnet to part with its magnetism, upon the cessation of current, be longer than the interval between pulses.

The multiple-synchronous system, from a historical standpoint, is worthy of notice, not because of demonstrated superiority over other methods, but rather from the fact that it was the first multiple system invented. Moreover, it is important because of its promise of a capacity for a larger number of transmissions than it was supposed could otherwise be obtained. The public is occasionally startled with an announcement that someone has invented a telegraph by which a wire may be utilized for twenty or perhaps forty transmissions; but usually it is the old wanderer in a new garb. Speed by this method, however, is limited far within the bounds of these statements. It might seem that it would only be necessary to multiply the number of contacts and to increase the velocity of the rotating arms; but the limit in this direction is soon reached, for only a certain number of impulses can be transmitted over a line within a certain period with force



The Door-keeper, Western Union Operating Room.

(In the service of various Telegraph Companies for over forty years.)

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Sending Coffee Quotations over Ticker Circuit.

sufficient to produce signals. Many valuable improvements have been made in recent years in this class of telegraphy, but, large as the art has grown, the great object of all has been to obtain more perfect synchronism—that is to say, to cause two mechanically independent arms to rotate at the same speed.

The reduction of the duplex to practical form, in 1872, marked the most important advance in the art of telegraphy since 1844. For not only did it practically double the capacity of a wire by utilizing it for two simultaneous transmissions—one in each direction—but its development led to a careful investigation and a full understanding of the phenomenon of static induction on telegraph-lines. [For further effects of static induction, see pp. 16, 18, 22.]

In 1853 Dr. Wilhelm Gintl, of Austria, invented a duplex system which, in the following year, was so far improved by Carl Frischen, of Hanover, that it lacked only one essential element—means to balance the effects of static induction upon the relays—to bring it to its present perfection. This important addition was supplied by Joseph B. Stearns, of Boston, Mass., in the early part of 1872, and by its application the duplex became a successful means of doubling the telegraphic capacity of the longest circuits. From that moment messages were simultaneously transmitted between New York and Chicago,

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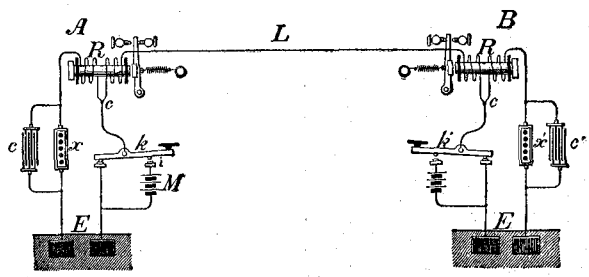
and upon lines of even greater length. Yet before this improvement the duplex was of no greater utility than had been the systems which had preceded Morse.



The Duplex System, for Simultaneously sending two messages, one in each direction on a single wire.

In the accompanying diagram, showing the essential parts of Frischen's method as improved by Stearns, *A* and *B* are the respective stations at the opposite ends of the line. At *A* the artificial line is split from the main circuit *L* at a point *c*, and is made to include a second relay coil and an artificial resistance, *X*, and from the latter continues to the ground at *E*. Each coil has an equal number of turns around the relay core, but the one is wound in opposition to the other, so that currents of electricity passing simultaneously through them will create neutralizing effects. The resistance of the artificial line is made equal to that of the main line *L*, extending from point *c* of station *A* to earth, *E*, at station *B*, by adding resistance-coils *X*. If, now, key *K* be depressed upon its front stop, *I*, battery *M*, whose pole is connected with *E*, will be connected with the line, and the current issuing from the battery *M* will be divided at *c*, one-half flowing over the main line to produce a signal upon relay *R* at station *B*, while the other half passes through the artificial line, and thus acts upon the core of the differential relay *R*, to neutralize the magnetic effect produced by the main-line flow. A current in passing along a wire coiled around the iron core of a relay makes the core magnetic, and produces a signal through the attraction and consequent vibration of a movable iron bar, or armature, which is normally held in a back position by means of a spring.

It is said that if Morse had failed in 1844, someone would have succeeded within a few years. It, however, required eighteen years to supply one step, or, more properly, to discover one fault in the duplex, at a time when its value was as certain as the fact that two telegraph-lines cost more than one.

The principal characteristic of the duplex is, that a signal which is sent to a distant station for reproduction shall produce no effect upon the home receiving-instrument. In transmitting a signal, Frischen split the outgoing current into equal parts, and used one-half on the main line to produce a signal at a distant station, and the remainder upon an artificial line, beginning and terminating in the same office, to prevent signals at the home station. But, that the division of the current between the main and artificial lines may be equal, the resistance to the electrical flow in one must be made equal to that of the other. The use, however, of great lengths of wire for the artificial line is avoided, by employing a German-silver conductor of such small calibre that only a foot of its length may have the resistance of a mile of telegraph-line; and by this expedient an artificial line which will balance a long telegraph-circuit may be reduced to the compass of a small box weighing only a few pounds.

If, with the batteries arranged, as shown in the diagram above, both keys were depressed at once, no current would flow over the main line, because one battery would oppose the other. Still, signals would be made at both stations, notwithstanding an absence of main-line current, for the relay cores would be made magnetic by currents in the artificial-line coils. If, however, the battery at one end were changed about, with its negative pole to line, its positive being connected with the earth, one battery would not neutralize the other upon

. WASHINGTON MARCH SEVENTH. MRS. JAMES L. NICKERSON.

RK. PLEASE SEND MY DRESS IN THE BLACK TRUNK TO WASHING

Telegram as Received by the Phelps Motor Printer.

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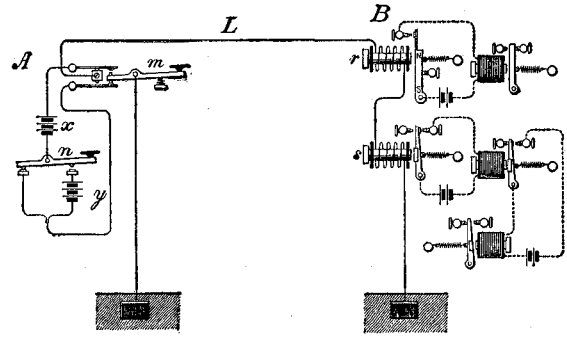
the depression of both keys. On the contrary, the main line current would be of double strength. As before, signals would be simultaneously made at both stations, but from a different cause. In this instance the double current in the main-line coils of the relays overbalances the single strength flowing in each artificial line.

When a telegraph-line is connected with a battery in sending a signal, it is charged, or filled from point to point, as is the bed of a river with an unlimited supply of water flowing from its source. A current would not begin at any point until the bayous and lagoons above had been partly or wholly filled, for they would serve as reservoirs, temporarily, to exhaust the supply; and as time is required for a flood to set in from the source to the mouth, so there must intervene an appreciable period before an electrical current of normal strength will be established throughout the length of a telegraph-line. While a line is becoming charged, a variable current, starting at great strength at the battery end is set up, because the electric flow in the beginning encounters only the resistance of a short length of line; and after the removal of the battery, if the line is connected with earth, a momentary return-current will occur. Thus it is seen that, accompanying each signal transmitted, an abnormally strong current will flow from the battery at the first instant, while at its termination there will be a strong return-discharge.

These currents were the source of difficulty in Frischen's duplex, for they were not balanced upon the differential relay, because there were no similar currents in the artificial line. A circuit made up of a short, thin wire, like Frischen's artificial line, however great its resistance to the electric flow, has no considerable metallic surface and no appreciable electrostatic capacity.



The Diplex System, for simultaneously sending two messages in the same direction on a single wire.

In the diagram of the diplex, two transmitting keys, m and n are shown at station A, and two receiving-instruments, r and s, at station B. Receiving-instrument r is a polarized relay—or, for convenience of illustration, an electro-magnet having an armature consisting of a permanent magnet, responsive only to the backward and forward flow of current in the line, commonly known as reversals; while receiver s is neutral, its armature being of soft iron and therefore being actuated only by increasing the current-strength. By the depression of key m the current normally flowing to line from battery x is reversed, and by the depression of n battery y is added to x; while, if both keys are simultaneously operated, not only is y added to x but both are inverted and a strong reverse current is sent to line. A normal current of minor strength, sent to line when both keys are underpressed, magnetizes the polar relay in such manner as to force its armature to a back or non-signalling position. If, however, key n alone is depressed, a full current of normal direction will be transmitted which will serve to press the armature of the polar relay more firmly to its back position. If the direction of current normally flowing develops a north magnetism in the right end of the relay core, the upper or vibrating end of the armature being north, one mutually repels the other; if, however, the current is reversed, the resulting south magnetism of the iron core and the north magnetism of the armature become mutually attractive. An increased current, therefore, will not actuate the polar relay to produce a signal, but it will serve to magnetize the core of the neutral relay sufficiently to overcome the strong retracting spring of its armature, and thus to produce a signal. The neutral relay is equally influenced by positive and negative currents, the armature being of soft iron and equally attracted by either north or south magnetism, and hence it is that the reversal of a minor current which is capable of moving the polar relay will have no effect upon its armature. If, therefore, the latter be in its back position, it will not be actuated by the reversal of a minor current. Likewise, if the armature of the neutral relay be attracted, a subsequent reversal should not cause its movement. In practice, however, it is found upon long lines that during reversal there is a tendency for the armature of the neutral relay, if attracted, to be drawn back by its spring and thus to mutilate its signals. In other words, the period of static charge and discharge during a reversal is so long that the neutral relay, which should be wholly governed by changes in current-strength, has the fault of responding to reversals and to signals sent by the wrong operator. This is the great difficulty encountered in operating the quadruplex system. Otherwise it would be as perfect in its operation as the single Morse system.

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Stearns gave the artificial line an electrostatic capacity, and thereby, at the beginning of a signal, the abnormally strong current flowing to the main line was balanced by an approximately equal one passing into the artificial line. Likewise at its termination the discharge from the main line was balanced by an equal return-current from the artificial line. And this Stearns accomplished by connecting the opposite plates of a Leyden jar, or condenser, one above and one below the resistance *X*.

In the diplex, forming a part of the quadruplex of the Western Union, two messages are simultaneously sent over a wire in the same direction, one by current-reversals and the other by changes in current-strength; and although both signals are electrically effected they are, nevertheless, as independent as would be two messages, if one were sent along a metal rod by the blows of a hammer, and the other electrically by the Morse method. [See Diagram and Explanation, pg. 10.]

Doubtless many methods of illustrating double transmission will suggest themselves to the reader. A long rod might be moved backward and forward along its axis by one operator to ring a gong, while at the same time a second operator could rotate the rod about its axis to move a flag or to turn the hand of a dial. Two transmissions could also be effected by the action of water in a single pipe. If a section of the pipe were of glass, a valve placed within could be made visibly to move to and fro, and by the backward and forward flow, thus caused, to indicate signals of one message, while signals of a second message could independently and simultaneously be indicated by increased pressure, shown by the height of fluid in a vertical pressure-gauge.

It has now been shown that two messages may simultaneously be transmitted in opposite directions, and also that two messages may simultaneously be sent in the same direction. It will readily be understood, by referring to the illustration, that the quadruplex, by which two messages are simultaneously sent in each direction, is formed by placing at each end of the duplex two transmitters and two receivers such as are shown in the diplex. In this arrangement the artificial line of the duplex is made to include a neutralizing coil on each of the two relays, thus preventing the receiving-instruments at the home station from responding to outgoing signals, while the reversing and current-changing keys independently serve to bring into action the polar and neutral relays at the distant station.

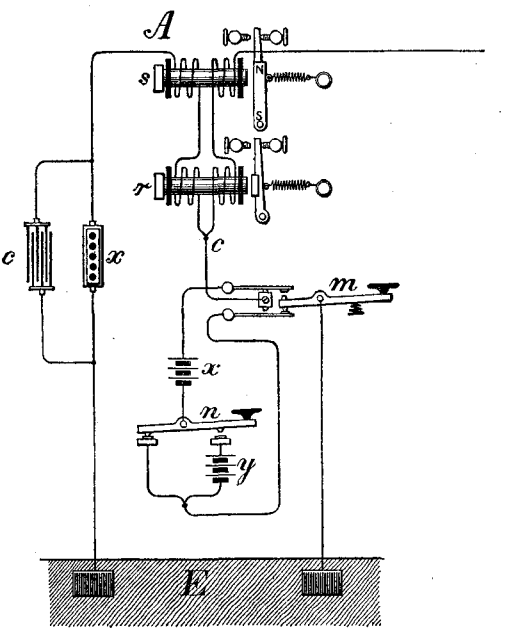

Diagram of the Quadruplex Telegraph, for sending four messages, two in each direction, at the same time on a single wire.

Instead of transmitting two messages in the same direction, one by reversals and the other by changes in current-strength, both transmissions may be effected by employing three different strengths of current, all in one direction; and, in fact, this principle has been adopted in using the quadruplex as a foundation for a sextuplex—a system for three simultaneous transmissions in each direction.

In the multiple-harmonic system, by which many messages may be transmitted in one direction, or in opposite directions, each operator, by depressing a Morse key, puts in action a vibratory circuit-breaker, and thus causes a series of electrical pulses to flow over the main

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line and through several receiving electro-magnets, which are provided with vibrating armatures formed of reeds or steel ribbons so proportioned that their different rates of vibration may be made equal to those of the transmitters. If the elastic reed or ribbon of a receiving-instrument is not tuned to vibrate in unison with the transmitter it will not be brought into action, but will remain quiescent, as would a pendulum if forces were applied on both sides without regard to its period of vibration and direction of movement. The several receivers are thus made responsive to the corresponding transmitters, while each is silent to all but its own pulsations; and although a composite tone will be transmitted when all the sending keys are simultaneously depressed, no interference between the several transmissions will ensue; for each receiver, under the action of the resultant series of pulses, is vibrated, as though only an intermittent current from its own transmitter were sent to line. The several receivers act to analyze the composite series of pulses, each taking up a component series equal in number to the vibrations derived from its transmitter. If the several transmitters were tuned to the notes of a musical scale, a tune could be played and reproduced by the several receivers if placed in the same room; but each receiver would produce only its characteristic note, as is found by placing them in separate apartments. Thus an independent message may be transmitted by each of the several keys, and it will be reproduced only upon the corresponding receiver.

The efficiency of this system, however, is seriously impaired by inductive disturbances from other wires on the same poles, and probably this defect, more than any other, has prevented its adoption. Experiments, however, at moderate distances, with only one wire on a line of poles, seem to have been very successful.

Morse originally proposed to employ type-blocks, which, placed in forms, were mechanically moved under the arm of a circuit-breaker, to automatically transmit signals. In 1832 he suggested also the electro-chemical process of discoloring a strip of paper for making a permanent record. But neither idea was practically applied by him. The modern chemical automatic was first put into experimental form by Bain before 1850, but with little success. Bain, as is now done, transmitted messages by drawing a perforated strip of paper between the points of a key and a metallic surface, the holes in the paper permitting the two to come in contact, and thus to transmit a signal. Morse did not suggest the automatic for the sake of great speed—he only sought mathematical accuracy in transmission. Whatever Bain hoped to accomplish in the direction of greater capacity, his primary object was to make a telegraph that he could use notwithstanding Morse's patents. In 1869, however, the electro-chemical automatic was brought to public notice as a system possessing rare qualities of speed. But in its several competitive trials with the Morse it has proved a remarkable failure, although, perhaps, more than a moderate degree of success might have been expected. Many believed that it would give a wire at least thirty times the capacity of a Morse circuit; and perhaps not without reason, for President Grant's annual message of 1876 was sent over the wires of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company, from Washington to New York, at a rate which apparently justified this estimate. But, notwithstanding the theoretical advantages of the system, it has failed in the hands of companies having the strongest financial support, and, in fact, it has ruined every organization which has persisted in using it in competition with the Morse. And so conspicuous have been the failures that their history may have some interest for the general reader.

We may obtain an idea of the enthusiasm aroused in behalf of this system from the annual report of Postmaster-General Cresswell, of November 14, 1873:

"For years past the attention of inventors and scientists has been attracted to the necessity for a more rapid and less expensive mode of transmission than the Morse, which requires the messages to be spelled out by a slow and tedious process, at about the speed of an ordinary writer. One of the results of their investigations is the automatic or fast system now in operation between New York and Washington.

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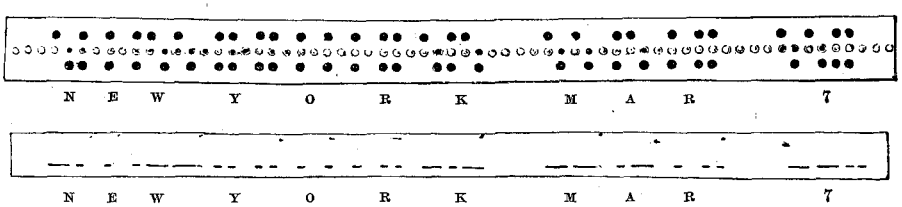
This system is capable of a speed of from five hundred to eight hundred words per minute. The average of an expert Morse operator is not over twenty-five words per minute. Therefore it is evident that if the automatic method can be made to accomplish what its advocates confidently predict for it, the capacity of a single wire for business will be increased nearly or quite thirty times. . . . There can be no doubt of the ultimate success of the automatic principle. Its battle with an incredulous public is almost won. As soon as it shall be thoroughly developed and applied in practice the problem of cheap telegraphy will be definitively solved."

Perforating Messages to be Sent by the Wheatstone System.

The Postmaster-General assumed that the time had come for the formation by the Government of a postal telegraph system. Failing, however, to induce Congress to build lines, the owners of the automatic system, in 1874, secured a purchaser in the Atlantic & Pacific, a corporation owning many thousand miles of wire, which was then in opposition to the Western Union. Notwithstanding the fact that the Western Union had recently doubled the capacity of its wires by using the duplex, it was naturally assumed that, with the assistance of the chemical automatic, the Atlantic & Pacific could operate its lines at a profit after reducing Western Union rates by one-half, for it had been confidently represented that a wire thus equipped was capable of at least thirty Morse transmissions. President Grant's message in 1876 had been telegraphed two hundred and fifty miles at the rate of several hundred words a minute; but notwithstanding this, and other apparently successful tests, the system, after a use of about two years, was discarded. The failure was made conspicuous by the fact that the Atlantic & Pacific was able to give the undertaking all necessary support. This, therefore, is not an instance of a meritorious invention permitted to perish



Specimen of Perforated Slip for Sending Message by the Wheatstone; same message as received.

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for want of nourishment in infancy. It was not abandoned until it had proved an expensive experiment; and in the end its worthlessness was so thoroughly demonstrated that the Atlantic & Pacific having only an imperfect system of double transmission was for the most part reduced to the use of single Morse instruments, while its rival enjoyed the advantage of the Stearns Duplex.

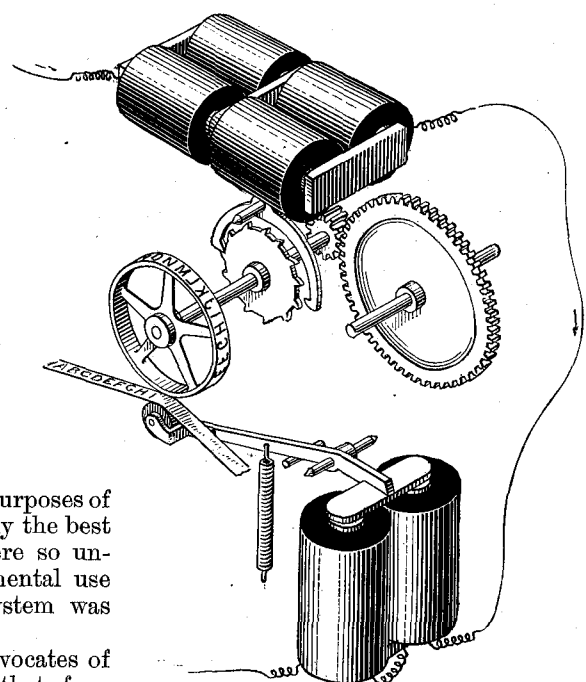
Again, in 1879, an automatic system containing many valuable improvements was taken up by the American Rapid Telegraph Company, a corporation of large means, whose lines were built to remedy certain defects said to have contributed largely to the Atlantic & Pacific failure. But after a trial of nearly five years the automatic was again abandoned. The American Rapid began with a system which, of its class, will probably never be excelled, and for which it was promised that two thousand words a minute, instead of one thousand, could be sent over a wire; but at one speed or another, with good wires or bad, the automatic system seemed equally potent to break down any company attempting to use it to the exclusion of other methods.

In 1883 an effort was made by the Postal Telegraph Company to introduce the automatic system of Leggo, upon a large wire of low resistance, between New York and Chicago; and although, for the purposes of an automatic, this was probably the best line ever built, the results were so unsatisfactory that after experimental use for about three years the system was finally abandoned.

It is now maintained by advocates of this method of telegraphy, that four thousand words a minute may be sent over a single wire; but, considering the signal failures at one thousand and two thousand, these assertions only lead to the conclusion that the great speed of the system is of no avail, and that it is the *ignis fatuus* of the telegraph world.

New men will from time to time be induced to take up this chimera as a means of revolutionizing telegraphy, but a company could now wish a competitor no greater harm than the use of an electro-chemical system as its principal method of transmission. The automatic is doubtless a valuable auxiliary to a telegraph system, but it cannot be exclusively used to advantage.

The Wheatstone telegraph is a system which has long been used with a high degree of success in Great Britain, and has in late years proved a valuable adjunct to the Morse in the Western Union service, particularly where large volumes of business must pass over few wires. In this system messages are automatically transmitted by a strip of perforated paper, while their reception is effected by an ink-marker which, under the action of a receiving electro-



Type-printing Telegraph for Distributing Quotations and News on Short Lines.

The diagram indicates the principal parts of a step-by-step printer which, in various modifications, has been very generally used for reporting quotations and news upon short lines in cities. The type-wheel is rotated in this case by a clock-motor, and its step-by-step action is limited by reverse currents sent over the circuit. If a short pulse, of one polarity or the other, is prolonged, a neutral magnet in the same circuit is actuated to press a paper strip against the wheel to effect printing. To print a particular character, therefore, it is only necessary to transmit a number of reversals; to turn the wheel from the position which it last occupied, so bringing the character over the press-pad, then to prolong the last current transmitted, to effect an impression.

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Cable Message as Received by a Siphon Recorder.

magnet, makes Morse dots and dashes upon a moving band of paper. Although the use of an electro-magnetic receiver makes impossible the high speed which may be obtained by the electro-chemical method, the one possesses advantages over the other which are indispensable to a successful system. In the Wheatstone, repeaters which serve to convey transmissions from one circuit to another without manual aid may be employed, as is done at four points on a line twenty-six hundred miles long, from Chicago to San Francisco, while in the electro-chemical system this is impossible; and for this reason alone it is not practicable upon lines of the greatest length, where it would be most useful. Moreover, the record, when made in ink-marks, is far more reliable than when formed by electro-chemical discolorations on moistened paper, for in the latter case, at great speed, the tendency for dots and dashes to become blended into a continuous line is marked. The Western Union has long controlled the electro-chemical systems with which the Atlantic & Pacific and the American Rapid Companies failed; but it has not attempted to utilize either, and most of the apparatus has long since found its way to the junk-dealer.

The *fac-simile* telegraph, by which manuscript, maps, or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic method already described, in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface in a spiral path. The electrical circuit will be broken by every ink-mark on the cylinder which is in this path, and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink-marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for fac-simile transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a very few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters.

The pantelegraph is an interesting type of the fac-simile method. In this form the movements of a pen in the writer's hand produce corresponding movements of a pen at the distant station, and thereby a fac-simile record.

In the many forms of type-printing telegraphs which have come into use there has been employed a rotating type-wheel carrying the necessary characters, as shown in the illustration on page 14.

Printers in which the type-wheel is rotated step by step were, in the earlier days of telegraphy, employed upon comparatively long lines, and very considerable speed was obtained, but because of the number of pulses required to bring the type-wheel into position for an impression, such printers are not well adapted to the longest lines, the speed at which one pulse may be made to follow another being limited.

In the Phelps motor printer, which is used to a limited extent by the Western Union Telegraph Company, only one pulse transmitted over the main line is required to print each letter. This is accomplished by the synchronous principle, a transmitter at one station and a type-wheel at the other being rotated

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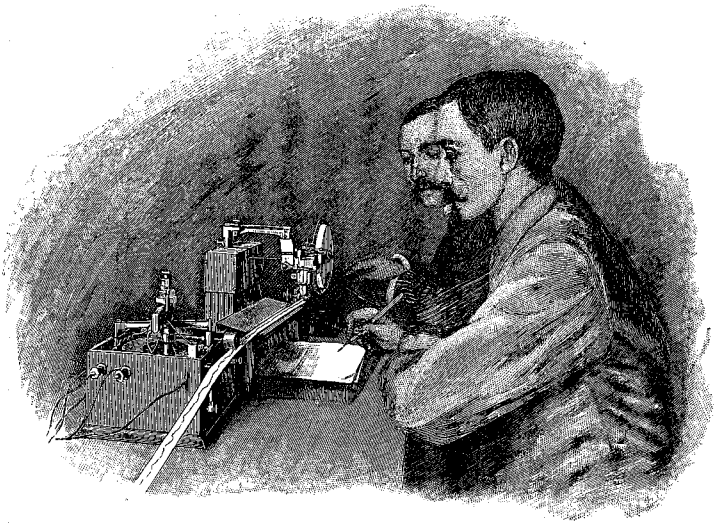
by suitable motors at exactly the same speed. In the rotation of the transmitter, upon depressing a key, a current is sent to line just when the character on the type-wheel corresponding with the key depressed is brought opposite the press-pad.



The Siphon Recorder for Receiving Cable Messages.—Office of the Commercial Cable Company, 1 Broad Street, New York.

Only the feeblest currents should be used on submarine lines, since heavy pulses which could be employed with impunity on land lines, if they did not soon destroy the cable-covering would, at least, tend to develop faults which otherwise might long remain latent. Defects in cable-covering that otherwise may not lead to harm admit moisture, and hence, under the action of a strong current, oxides are quickly formed, destroying insulation. The necessary use, in ocean telegraphy, of the lightest currents has led to the development of a class of recording instruments remarkable for delicacy of action—notably the Siphon Recorder, which indicates the electric impulses by a wavy ink-line on a tape, and the Reflecting Galvanometer, which causes a spot of light to move from right to left in a darkened room. With these recorders and thirty cells of battery, messages sent across the Atlantic are telegraphically reproduced in ink at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five words a minute, each way, the cable being duplexed. But for electrostatic induction a single cell of battery would suffice for transmission from the earth to the moon, if those bodies could be connected by a wire of the size used in ocean cables. Indeed, under such conditions, if there were only the resistance of the wire, with the larger batteries now used in working the quadruplex on land lines five or six hundred miles long, messages might be sent from the earth to the sun, or from one planet of the solar system to another. The impediment of static induction in telegraphy is strikingly exemplified in the ocean telegraph. If there were no such phenomenon a single battery cell could operate around the globe better than do thirty cells across the Atlantic. Upon land lines there is usually found not

Section of Cable, Chafed and Torn by an Anchor.

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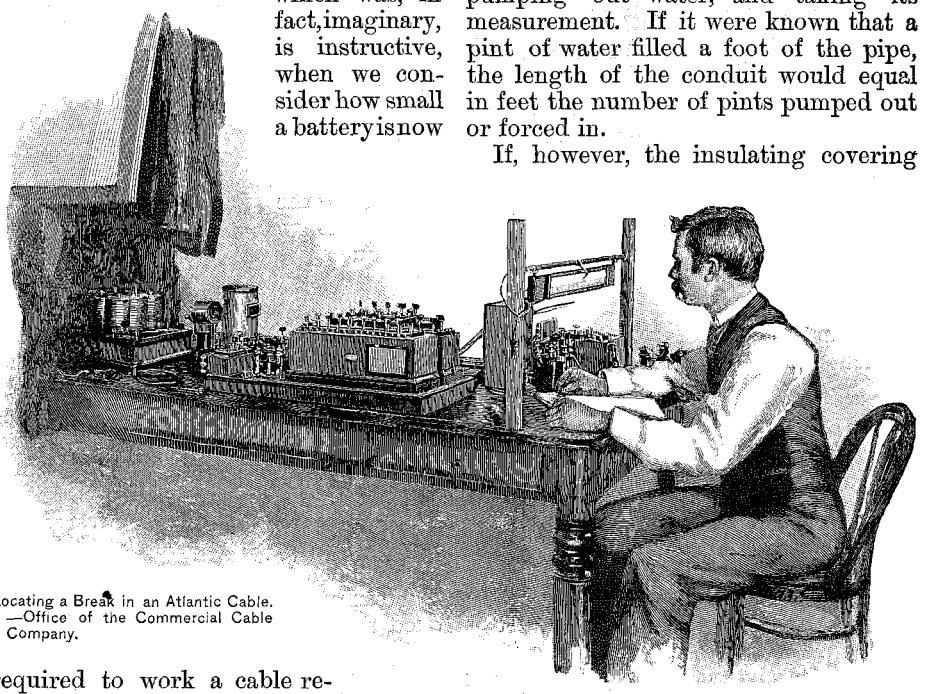
more than one-fiftieth of the opposition encountered from this cause on ocean cables; yet, even here, the amount of current absorbed along the line by static induction is far greater than the portion employed in making signals.

While Morse in planning his telegraph apprehended that the fluid might not act upon a circuit with sufficient force to effect transmission over great distances, he was confident of his ability to accomplish this, if a line could be worked ten miles, by employing a series of circuits joined by relays. His assumption of only one prime difficulty, which was, in fact, imaginary, is instructive, when we consider how small a battery is now required to work a cable recorder at distances exceeding his most sanguine speculation.



Locating a Break in an Atlantic Cable. —Office of the Commercial Cable Company.

Simple as are the methods of locating mid-ocean breaks in cables, so that a vessel may sail to the point of rupture, they are, perhaps, not popularly understood. If the metallic conductor were broken, the surrounding insulation remaining perfect, the electrostatic charge of the cable, or the amount of electricity which it absorbs in becoming charged, is electrically weighed by building up an artificial line until the current flows equally into the cable and such artificial line. This equal division of the current might be indicated by a differential instrument resembling the duplex relays, shown on page 9. If the currents are equal, the armature of the differential instrument remains quiescent during their passage through its coils, for one balances the other. Each element of the artificial line having the static capacity of a known length of cable, an inventory of the elements used in making the artificial line would obviously give the length of the cable. This process is no more abstruse than would be the determination of the distance to a water-tight obstruction in a pipe, by forcing in or pumping out water, and taking its measurement. If it were known that a pint of water filled a foot of the pipe, the length of the conduit would equal in feet the number of pints pumped out or forced in.

If, however, the insulating covering of the wire is broken, the current will flow freely from the conductor to the surrounding water, and its strength, if the power of the battery is known, definitely measures the electrical resistance and consequently the length of the conductor. [See Ohm's law, p. 648, June.] In other words, the battery-power, divided by the indicated current-strength, gives the line's resistance, and therefore its length. In the same manner, if we know the head of a water-supply, we may easily determine the length of a pipe by noting the velocity of the flow.

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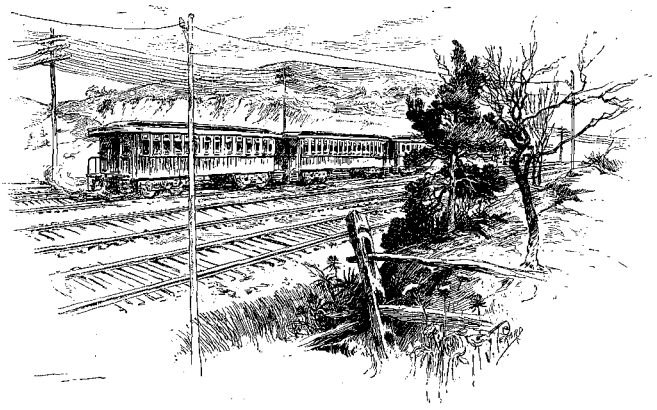
Few discoveries have added more to the fund of electrical science than the recent determination of the fact that feeble telegraphic currents may inductively be conveyed across an air-space of one hundred feet or more.



Train Telegraph—the message transmitted by induction from the moving train to the single wire.

The idea of telegraphing to moving trains had its inception as early as 1853; but of the many forms suggested all were impracticable in that they involved a mechanical contact between the train and the stationary conductor. Obviously, it is not feasible to make a circuit, either through a sliding arm projecting from a car, or by so modifying the track of a railroad that its rails may be utilized as electric conductors. But that this may be done by induction there can be no doubt, for its feasibility has been shown in daily practice upon the lines of the Lehigh Valley Railroad for the past two years. A moving train may now receive messages passing along a neighboring wire almost as readily as New York communicates with Philadelphia by ordinary methods. Nor does the great speed of the train interfere with successful communication. If it could attain the velocity of a meteor, signals upon the wire would fly across the intervening space, inductively impressing themselves upon the metal roofs of the cars, with the same certainty as if the cars were motionless upon a side track; and it is not even essential that the train and the line be separated by a clear air-space, for non-conducting or non-magnetic substances may be interposed without impeding transmission. During the memorable blizzard of March, 1888, the capacity of the system, in this particular, was subjected to an instructive test on the Lehigh Road.

On the afternoon of March 14th, the second day of the storm, an effort was made to clear the road by forcing a train of four locomotives and two tool cars, carrying two hundred workmen, through a long cut near Three Bridges Station. The snow had filled the cut upon the north side high above the train and the telegraph-wire, but the south side was nearly empty. As a consequence of the great resistance offered by the snow on one side, the three locomotives in the lead were forced off the rails to the right, and were badly wrecked. No sooner had the train operator recovered from the shock than he sent a message advising the division superintendent of the accident, and requesting aid for the killed and injured. For a long distance, at this point, snow and ice covered the wire to a depth of more than ten feet, yet during the following three days, in clearing the wreck, about six hundred messages were sent between the car on the south track and the wire running along the north side of the road. Notwithstanding the intervention of snow, communication remained as clear as before.

When an electric current passes over a telegraph-line, objects along its length, although at a considerable distance, are electrostatically charged, and thereby secondary currents are made to flow between these objects and the earth, both at the beginning and at the end of the electrical signal. Thus, if at the beginning of a signalling pulse a secondary current flows over an electrical conductor from a car-roof to the earth, at its termination a return-discharge will

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be established from the earth to the roof. But the currents between the roof and the earth are only momentary, and they will not be lengthened by prolonging the flow upon the main line. For this reason it is necessary to send many pulses over the main line, in making either a dot or a dash of the Morse alphabet, in order that a continuous effect may be produced upon the instruments in the car. If fifty short currents, following each other in rapid succession, should pass over the main line during the depression of a key to make a Morse dot, or one hundred to make a dash, double the number of induced pulses in the train-circuit would be developed, and tones like the buzzing of a wasp, of varying duration, representing dots and dashes, would follow in the receiving-telephone, which in this case replaces the Morse sounder. These signals are taken up by the cars all along the line, whether upon one track or the other of the road, and when running in either direction.

The accompanying diagram illustrates the arrangement of the apparatus used in a car. As here shown, an intermittent current is inductively thrown upon the line during the depression of key *K*. When the key is closed, primary circuits 6, 7, 8, 9 of an induction coil, including battery *B*, is first closed,

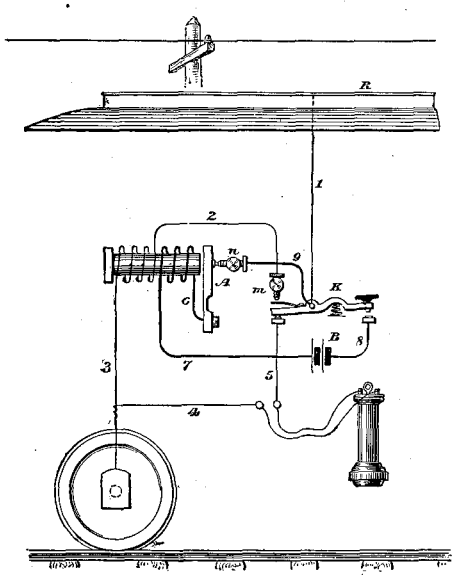

Diagram showing the Method of Telegraphing from a Moving Train by Induction.

and thereupon is rapidly opened and closed by an automatic vibrator, consisting in part of an armature, *A*, which normally rests against back contact *n*. The armature is first attracted, breaking the circuit; the iron core of the induction coil is then demagnetized, permitting the armature to return to contact *n*, and again to close the primary circuit. In this manner the forward and backward movement of armature *A* is effected. The secondary circuit of the induction coil, which is wound upon the same core and insulated from the primary, is shown by wires 1, 2, 3, and, although normally open, is closed upon the depression of the key at contact *m*, and is made to connect the car-roof *R* with the earth through wheel *W* and rail *M*. An induced current is set up within the secondary coil at each opening and each closing of the automatic vibrator, and as a result the car-roof is electrified, first above and then below the potential of the earth with which it is connected, and in each case its condition is impressed by induction upon the wire at the roadside. In this manner intermittent currents are thrown upon the line and are received upon a telephone at a distant station by "buzzing sounds," as in the car. When signals are not being sent from the car the transmitting key is not depressed, or is in its back position, and a receiving-telephone in the car is placed in circuit between the roof and the earth. At stations on the line the transmitting apparatus is not unlike that already described, except that the secondary circuit of the induction coil is made a part of the main line, while the telephone receiver is placed in the primary circuit of the induction coil.

The train system of the Lehigh Valley Railroad is provided with a single wire suspended upon a line of poles about sixteen feet above the rails and some ten feet from the double roadway, and hence about eight feet from the cars on one track, and twenty feet from those of the other; and so perfectly does the system act, at varying distances, that communication is quite possible even to a fourth track from the wire. While any one of the large collection of wires usually built along a railroad may be

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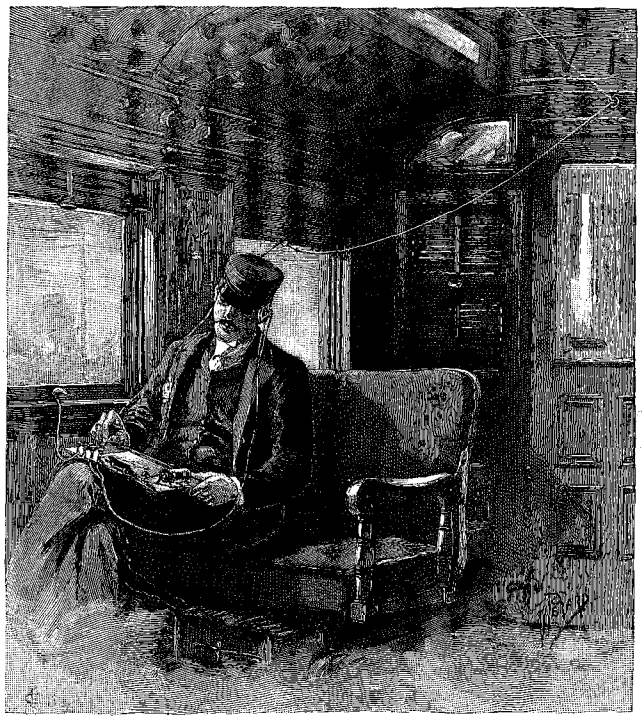
used, it is preferable, as is done by the Lehigh Valley Company, to employ a wire isolated from the others and carried by a separate pole line. The line, however, need not be wholly given over to train telegraphing, for messages may simultaneously be transmitted by the Morse system, thus duplexing the wire. with tin, the only necessary outlay is a few cents for clips wherewith to attach the wire to the roof and to the truck.

In 1881 William Wiley Smith, of Indiana, proposed to communicate between moving cars and a stationary wire by induction; but he appears to have thought this practicable only at small



Interior of a Car on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, showing the Method of Operating the Train Telegraph.

The outfit of an office upon a train consists essentially of a telegraph-key, with an induction coil mounted upon a small board, which the operator holds in his lap; a telephone carried at his ear, and a hand-case containing a few small cells of battery. To equip a car, therefore, is only the work of a moment. One wire is passed through the bell-cord-opening above the door and is attached by a clip to the end of the metal roof, while a second is passed out of the window and fixed to a metal part of the car-truck. The instruments are then properly arranged in circuit between the roof and the earth, and the operator is prepared to send or receive messages. As all passenger cars have long been roofed distances. The remarkable possibilities of long-distance transmission by induction seem to have been discovered by T. A. Edison and L. J. Phelps, who, aided by others, have added improvements adapting it to every requirement of a commercially successful telegraph system.

The train-telegraph of the Consolidated Railway Telegraph Company, which has just been described, is now used upon more than two hundred miles of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and although it has not found wider use, it deserves, as a scientific achievement, a high place among electrical improvements of the last ten years. It certainly would seem to be of great value in oper-

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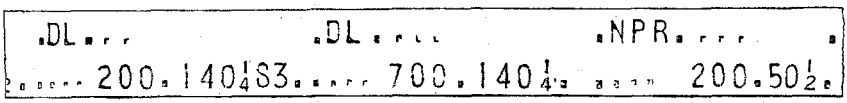
ating trains, for it offers a means whereby a despatcher may instantly communicate with every train under his supervision.

Stock Quotations as Received on the Scott Instrument.

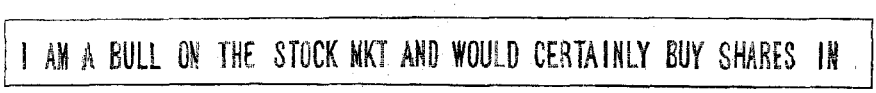


Specimen from the Edison Stock Printer.

The inductive method of transmission employed in train-telegraphy has already been suggested as one way of telegraphing over considerable distances without the aid of a wire. It is said that Edison has succeeded in obtaining intelligible signals between apparatus placed upon masts five hundred and forty feet apart, and it is now confidently asserted that messages may be telegraphed from a wire along the Hudson River to steamers plying between New York and Albany. It is claimed by Mr. L. J. Phelps that by employing a receiving-coil consisting of a wire wound several times around the steamer, one of the early forms employed in the train-telegraph, no difficulty would be experienced in communicating with boats running within five hundred feet of the shore; and that such communication would be possible even over a distance of two thousand feet. Obviously, by this method, ships not far apart may be placed in communication.

Telegraphing between points not connected by a line is also accomplished by diffusion. If an electrical current is sent over a telegraph-line connected with the earth at both extremities, it will return through the earth from one extremity to the other. In returning, the current will not follow a narrow straight line, but will be diffused; and although the larger part will return by the easiest and shortest path, enough to actuate a telegraphic apparatus may flow back by way of a distant parallel wire. Two wires, one along the shore of the Isle of Wight, and the other along the shore of the channel, in Hampshire, were thus employed; and although the width of the channel is six miles at one end, and one and one-fourth mile at the other, harmonic signals like those used in the train-telegraph, sent on one wire, were distinctly reproduced upon the other, telegraphic communication across the channel being thereby established. Professor A. G. Bell succeeded in telegraphing in this manner more than a mile between boats on the Potomac River.

Respecting the action of diffusion, it should be noted that the battery in a telegraph-line, when the latter is closed, tends at one end of the line to raise the electrical potential of the earth, and at the other to lower it. If an engine in a long tunnel were pumping air through the tunnel, bringing it in at one end, and forcing it out at the other, a barometer would show higher pressure at the point of egress than at the point of entrance, and, as a consequence, currents of air would tend to flow back to the entrance through the outer atmosphere, covering in their return a wide tract of country. If such an operation should be carried on in a tunnel extending from New York to Chicago, it is not



Kiernan's News Tape.

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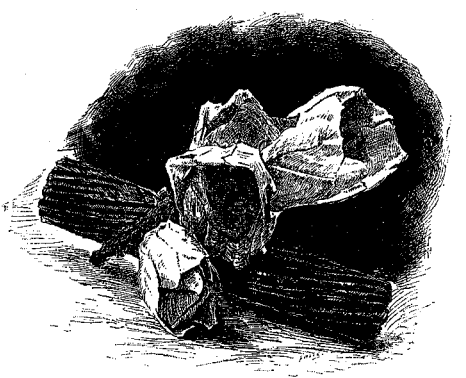
to be presumed that windmills in Kentucky would be much disturbed, although in theory such a tendency would exist.

Had the promoters of the telegraph foreseen the extent of its subsequent improvement, they would then have considered its perfection as substantially assured. But the modern telegraph doubtless seems to us even further from perfection than did Morse's system appear to him when he had first succeeded in working from Washington to Baltimore. For the telegraph might now have almost unlimited speed if difficulties, which have become apparent in the course of its development, could be successfully removed.

The capacity of an Atlantic cable has been advanced from ten to fifty words a minute; but valuable as are the immediate results of this achievement, they have served the better purpose of making clear, that if the impediment of static induction could be eliminated, transmission of five hundred words a minute would be equally possible. Stearns's discovery doubled the capacity of every long line in the world, and made possible the quadruplex. Yet his improvement was more valuable in other ways; for when it had been widely adopted the phenomenon of static induction was brought under the daily observation and scrutiny of hundreds of intelligent men in a manner to insure its removal, if possible. From Stearns's invention it became a matter of common information that all along a line, with each signal transmitted, the electrical conditions of a thunder-cloud are feebly reproduced. For illustration, we may assume that from the wire hangs an invisible electrical cloud from which, if the tension of its charge were sufficiently increased, lightning flashes would burst forth through the air to the earth.

Perhaps static retardation, and the absorption of current in electrifying the surrounding air along the line is as inseparably connected with telegraphic transmission as is friction with machinery, and a solution of the problem may be an impossibility. But the expedients of raising the line on poles high above the earth, and of dividing a long circuit by repeaters, show at least two methods by which the difficulty may be modified, if it cannot be overcome, and encourage us to hope that better means may be found. It is certain that fame and fortune await him who shall solve the mystery.



Barnacles on a Cable.

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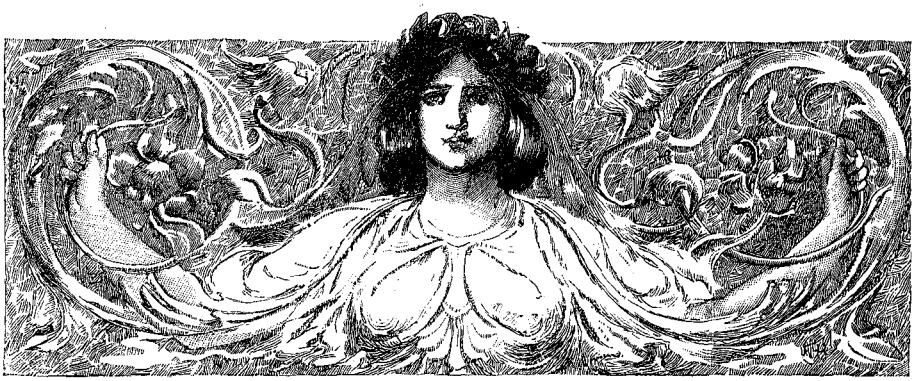


WORSHIP.

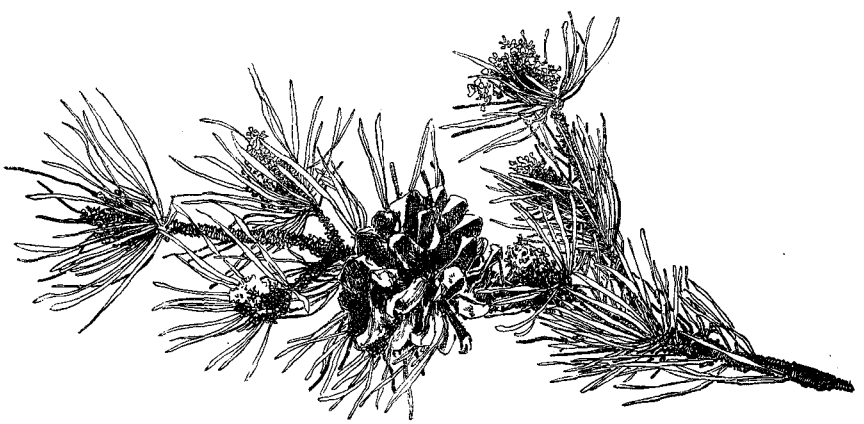
By Graham R. Tomson.

In the tremulous thin sunlight,
With the high red wall between them,
Lie my garden green and quiet,
And the Chapel of Our Lady.

Comes the sound of many voices
With the organ rising, falling;—
Waves of sound and waves of sunlight
Launch we on a sea of wonder;
And the mystery of worship,
All its glamour, all its sweetness,
Strong as death and deep as longing,
Sweet with more than human passion,
Deep with more than human yearning,
Leads me to the land I know not.

Ah, the land, the land we know not,
Ah, the Heart's Desire that claims us!
Where art thou, beloved country?
Thou the dear, the long-desired;—
We that seek not, shall we find thee?

Yet a little while we win thee
In the vague unearthly passion,
In the mystery of Worship.



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HOW THE DERBY WAS WON.

By Harrison Robertson.

I.

IT was natural that when Gid Bronxon realized he had his way to make in the world, and determined to set about making it, he should turn to horses, even though he was well aware that horses had been the ruin of his father. Indeed, he asked himself, what else could he turn to but horses? He had a fair education, it is true, but it was a superficial and general one, and when the time came for him to apply his knowledge to the practical purpose of earning a living none of it seemed available except his knowledge of horses. None of it was at all thorough except that. He had been an excellent first-baseman at "college," as the small, struggling school which he had attended called itself; but beyond this his collegiate achievements had not been noteworthy, and he had never been able to quite understand how he had succeeded in taking his "degree"—a mystery which was better understood, perhaps, by his "Faculty," as his "Alma Mater" was one of those institutions which are not very exacting in their requirements for graduation, the most rigid of them being that the student shall get over in some fashion a four years' course, and shall not be remiss in paying his tuition bills.

But he knew horses better than he knew baseball, and he liked them better than anything else in the world, except Jean Heath. He was born among them; he grew up among them; and that they would eventually be the death of him, old Aunt Polly Heath (though herself the wife of that veteran horseman Uncle Lije Heath), had time and again predicted. Gid was a true son of the "Kentucky Bluegrass region," famed, wherever the horse is prized, for the speed, endurance, and beauty of its thoroughbreds; and he was as logically a product of his environments as the superiority of the thoroughbreds themselves.

He may have inherited his fondness for horses from his father, but he had acquired his information concerning them from other sources; for he had been quick to see that his father was one of those men, by no means rare in Kentucky, whose interest in the racehorse is far in excess of their ability to form an intelligent opinion as to his qualities, and who are almost invariably greater losers in purse than they are gainers by experience.

Such, at least, had been the case with the elder Bronxon. His farm, once a valuable one, had diminished as his tendency to "back his opinion" increased, until, at the time of his death, a few weeks after his son's return from school, all that was left was the house, then decidedly ramshackle, and about forty acres of land; which would also have probably slipped out of his hands if he had lived to make one or two more trips to the annual spring and fall "meetings" at Louisville and Lexington.

The Bronxon place adjoined the Heath place, which was a stock farm, though not as large nor as widely known as many similar farms in Kentucky. It belonged to "Major" Heath, who had acquired his title by common consent of his neighbors, and who devoted a deal more care to his horses than he did to his children, whom he allowed to grow up and "run wild" pretty much as they chose. It was probably due to this proximity to the Major's that Gid's father became so much interested in the thoroughbred; and without doubt this circumstance of his residence was largely responsible for the early bent of Gid's own youthful tastes, for he and Tom Heath were inseparable playfellows as boys, and while Tom lived there was never a colt on his father's farm which did not know the twain, and which was not better known by them.

After Tom's death, however, Gid was

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very rarely at the Heaths'. He went off to school about that time, and during his vacations at home he seldom saw the Major or the Major's daughter, except at some chance meeting on the public roads, or on Sundays at the little neighborhood church, which Gid attended regularly all through those vacations. He sat out the long sermons with a patience that elevated him perceptibly in the good graces of the minister, and gazed at the back of Jean Heath's bonnie head with a furtive assiduity which could not have been more engrossing and reverential if, bearing in mind a certain illuminated text on the wall, he were trying to number and invoke a blessing upon each separate strand that coiled beneath the little bonnet in Major Heath's pew. For Jean Heath was no longer in his eyes merely Tom's little hoiden sister. She had budded into a young womanhood which awed while it charmed him, and which made her seem as far above him as he had been accustomed to hold himself above her when she *was* merely Tom's little hoiden sister. This feeling was only intensified by the fact that whenever they met now, Jean, notwithstanding his own blushing awkwardness, was just as much at ease and just as frank and friendly as she had ever been before he had begun to appreciate what a bewitching creature she was, and how superior she was in every respect to his gawky self. True, she was somewhat of a little hoiden still, but Gid Bronxon would have been the last man to acknowledge it.

On his final return from college, however, he had outgrown, in some degree, his diffidence, although his admiration for her who had inspired it was stronger than ever. And if he was yet disinclined to seek advancement in her favor by any means more positive than he had formerly employed, he soon saw that others were more aggressive, and this spurred him, as perhaps nothing else could have done, to the necessity of making some demonstration in his own behalf. He had not intended to make any such demonstration yet—certainly not before he had at least partially repaired his fortunes, although Jean's piquancy and vivacity were evidently so attractive to others, less backward and more plausible than he, that he found himself bordering on something like desperation before he had been at home three months. And so one day about this time, when Major Heath, who declared that he was getting too old to give his farm the attention it needed, suggested that a young fellow with as much "horse sense" as Gid ought to be his chief lieutenant, Gid replied, in the flush of the moment, that he agreed with the Major entirely on that point, and before the two parted it was settled between them that the younger man was to relieve the older one of the duties of the active management of the Heath farm.

There were more considerations than one which were instrumental in deciding Gid to enter upon this arrangement. In the first place, the salary was more than he could hope to make, with his lack of capital, on what remained to him of his father's estate. In the second place, no other occupation was so much to his liking as the breeding and care of blooded horses, and nowhere else would he have a better opportunity to follow it. In the last place—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to have said in the first place—he was not uninfluenced by the reflection that he would be under the same roof with Jean; that he would see her often, instead of rarely at all, as had been his self-imposed restriction for so long. It would be an injustice to him to infer that he accepted the Major's proposition with any idea of advancing himself in the graces of the Major's daughter. He had no consciously defined thought of that nature. If he had harbored such a design at that time he could easily have found occasion for attempting to further it. The truth is, that while he had determined that he would exert no effort to inspire a reciprocation of his love for Jean Heath until his worldly prospects should better warrant such presumption, he could not resist the temptation, which her father's proposition held out to him, of her presence—of hearing the cheeriness of her voice, and looking upon the sunshine of her hair and the shadows of her eyes. It may be that he would not have resisted this temptation if any reason had occurred to him why he should resist it; but no such

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reason suggesting itself, he was disturbed by no doubts as to the wisdom of his decision, and it was but a short time after the Major had broached the matter to him that he was installed as the Major's vice-regent.

II.

But he was far from being as pleased with life at the Major's as he had thought he would be. Not that his work was any less to his taste than he had anticipated, or that he could have given any definite reason for his disappointment. But reason there was, he felt rather than knew; and, moreover, felt that it was connected in some way with Jean Heath. He was conscious of a subtile change in her manner toward him from the first day on which he began his new duties—a change which troubled and perplexed him all the more because he could not have put it into words, and could not even be sure of its character. His impression was convincing, however, that he had incurred her displeasure somehow, and that, while she treated him with not unkindly courtesy, she did not attempt to conceal from him, but rather intended to indicate to him, her disapprobation of—what? He knew no explanation for this altered demeanor; at first he could think of none; and when, after much gloomy and perturbing speculation, he stumbled on one, he stumbled on it with the fatuity of a man in love, and of course it was a wrong one.

It was not an explanation which tended to make him less dissatisfied with himself, or to render his stay at the Major's more like what he had foolishly expected it would be. On the contrary, it added to his discomfort and unhappiness; for it was based on the assumption that Jean had interpreted his coming to her home as an open manifestation of a purpose to ingratiate himself with her, and that she regarded it with disapproval, if not with suspicion.

He was all the more confident that this was the true solution because it gave him unlimited ground for self-condemnation as a blundering dolt, and for riotous despondency as to his prospects of ever winning the love of the only girl in the world whose love was worth winning. This precipitation of hopelessness was hardly a radical reversal of the point of view from which he contemplated his love for Jean Heath; for he had long had premonitions that some time it would come to this, and often, when he had tried to summon common-sense to his aid in resolving the result of his passion, he had about convinced himself that it could come to nothing else.

His inference that she had discovered and sought to rebuke that passion was further strengthened by her graciousness to other men who did not conceal their preferences for her, and especially to Casey Pallam, a handsome young Tennesseean, who, having recently come into his fortune, was bent upon indulging in that embellishment of a modern gentleman's establishment, a racing stable. It was ostensibly to collect such a stable that he was in Kentucky, although Gid Bronxon was perfectly sure that this did not require his remaining in the Bluegrass so long, or spending so much of his time at the Major's, whose sale of thoroughbreds, as every one knew, took place annually, and in public, on a day duly advertised.

Once satisfied that his presence was distasteful to Jean Heath, there was, of course, but one thing for Gid to do, and he was prompt in doing it. Frankly telling the Major that he wished to be released from their agreement, the latter, although not pretending to understand the motive of the request, seeing that it was preferred in all sincerity, at once assented to it; and Gid went to his room and made his preparations for leaving. These completed, he returned down-stairs, intending to send back for his things; and as he stepped from the house Jean Heath was on the lawn, humming a song and trimming her rose-bushes.

"Good-by, Miss Jean," he called out lightly, as he walked on toward the gate.

"Good-by? Why, where are you goin'?" she asked, turning to him in surprise.

"Over home," he answered, pausing and facing her. "The Major and I have agreed to quit," with a moderately successful attempt at a smile.

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"You—you haven't quarrelled, have you?" with a suspicion of something in her manner that might have suggested trepidation to her only auditor if he had been in a frame of mind to entertain a distinct consciousness of anything of less significance than that he was going away, and that he was leaving all his hopes behind him.

"No; we haven't quarrelled," he replied. "Of course not. I simply asked him to release me, and he kindly did so."

"I'm glad you're goin'," suddenly turning to the rose-bush, and with one erratic clip of its main stem destroying all her work which but a moment before she had completed to her satisfaction. Then she straightened up, as if impelled by a quick after-thought, and confronted him again, flushing almost as painfully as he himself was doing. "I mean I'm glad that—that you're goin' to do somethin' else."

But whatever her meaning might have been, Gid was incapable, just then, of construing it except literally. Her words were to him fully confirmatory of his own convictions, and they struck him with none the less force because their bluntness was not altogether uncharacteristic of the speaker.

They stung him into a desperation which broke into such expression as he would have shrunk from a minute before. "I know it!" he said. "I know you're glad; you need not take the trouble to tell me. I'm too well aware that my love for you annoys you; but I did not intend to speak to you of it or to ——"

"I hope you didn't, as long as you were satisfied to—to be—my father's servant!" she interrupted, with a vehemence that to Gid was inexplicable.

It was a brutal thing to say, and he did not feel this more acutely than she, as soon as it was said; but its brutality would not have been without avail if it had disclosed to him, as it might have done, the true cause of this spirited girl's recent coldness to him.

"Oh! I don't mean—I don't mean —"

But her distress was unheeded, perhaps unheard; for he had wheeled and was walking rapidly away. She let her pruning-shears fall unnoted to the ground as she stood mutely looking after him, and as he disappeared through the gate she covered her face for an instant with her hands and then ran, as if in fright, into the house.

Meanwhile Gid stalked on homeward, not turning his head to one side or the other, except once to glare stolidly at the handsome roadsters of Casey Pallam as he rattled by toward the Major's.

III.

Two weeks later the annual sale of the Major's yearlings took place. Gid was not present, it being the first of the sales that he had ever missed, except those which had occurred during his absence at college. He had a representative in attendance, however, in Bob Ozley, whom he commissioned to buy, if he could with the limited capital put at his disposal, certain of the colts and fillies whose numbers Gid had marked on the catalogue for his friend's guidance.

For Gid had determined, within the fortnight intervening between his departure from the Major's and the sale, that he would go into business for himself, and business with him, as has been noted already, meant horses. Concerning one thing he had made up his mind; he would regain, if possible, by his own efforts, the estate which his father had squandered. His desire to do this was impatiently strong since that galling taunt of Jean Heath's, and although he told himself that henceforth Jean Heath was as dead to him as poor Tom Heath himself, yet he knew that his greatest incentive to the recuperation of his fortunes which he proposed was his wish, in the vindication of his self-respect, that she should see, and be compelled to acknowledge, his prosperity.

He procured fifteen hundred dollars by mortgaging his little farm, and this he authorized Bob Ozley to invest in young thoroughbreds at the sale.

"Couldn't do much for you, Gid," Ozley reported. "But I bid in three youngsters, though they were not the ones you wanted most. Your first choices brought higher figures than our pile would reach."

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"Yes, I expected that."

"But I got you the *Babette* colt for seven hundred, and the *Paquita* filly for five-fifty. They're good, for the money, I think. Then I had no trouble about that two-year-old *Brunhilde* colt. Nobody seemed to want him, and pretty much everybody laughed when he was knocked down to me for one hundred and sixty dollars. What do you want with the ugly beast, anyway?"

Gid smiled. "He isn't a beauty; but I have an idea that there is some outcome in him if his villanous temper can be cured."

"Well, I shouldn't care to have him on my hands, even at the price. Why wasn't he sold twelve months ago as a yearling? Nobody wanted him?"

"That was it," Gid smiled. "If you call him ugly now, you ought to have seen him as a yearling. I remember very well no one would make a bid for him then, and he and the *Alsatia* colt, who was sick and was not offered, were the only two in last year's catalogue that were not sold."

"Ah! that *Alsatia* colt is a jewel; brought the top price to-day, too."

"He ought to have done so. Who got him?"

"Casey Pallam. All the high-rollers were after him, but Pallam outlasted them and bid him in for eight thousand and five hundred."

"He's worth it, in my opinion," Gid answered; "and if Pallam runs him this season he ought to win him out as a two-year-old. Major Heath thinks him the finest colt he ever bred—better even than *Moloch*, who was last year's wonder."

"Maybe he won't have such smooth sailing, after all, if you start your *Brunhilde* wonder against him," Ozley suggested, with a grin.

"Never mind about my *Brunhilde* wonder. He won't have to run against *Alsatia* colts often, I reckon. Besides, I don't expect to start him until he is three years old. It will take a year to civilize him."

Gid was satisfied with his friend's purchases. The *Babette* colt and the *Paquita* filly were excellently bred animals, and gave every promise of becoming serviceable racers. The *Brunhilde* colt was a whim of his, although it was based on his perception of good points in the ungainly youngster, which he thought might develop with careful handling, notwithstanding the suspicion that there was a flaw in his pedigree. He was registered as by *Glenelg*, or "unknown," out of *Brunhilde*, a *Bonnie Scotland* mare; and as that ominous "unknown" afforded ground for an assumption that the colt was a half-breed, or, at least, that he was not a thoroughbred, that assumption was, in accordance with a certain law of human nature, more generally made than the equally reasonable assumption that he was a *Glenelg*, and therefore, a thoroughbred—or rather the assumption that would have been equally as reasonable as the less generous one, if the latter had not been, to some extent, confirmed by the uncomely appearance of the colt. Gid, however, was willing to take the risk of an imperfect pedigree. If the colt did unite the blood of *Glenelg* and *Bonnie Scotland* it was well enough bred for any purpose, and he was not sure that if his one-hundred-and-sixty-dollar investment was only a *Bonnie Scotland* half-breed it would not be able to cope with many of the fashionable strains of the modern turf; for Gid shared the opinion of some very astute horsemen, that among all her illustrious citizens the State of Tennessee can cherish no worthier name than that of *Bonnie Scotland*, the dead progenitor of one of the noblest lines of race-horses.

IV.

At the opening of the following spring he was forced to admit that his hopes of success in his new business depended on this ill-favored colt. His *Paquita* filly had died, and his *Babette* colt, after taking to training most kindly and showing indications of exceptional quality, had gone lame and had been turned out for the season. Unless, therefore, the *Brunhilde* colt should prove better than the general estimate of him, Gid realized that he had not only failed at the very outset of his undertaking, but that he had lost in the venture what little property his father had left him.

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He was not at all sanguine about the colt, which was as surly and vicious a brute as ever rebelled against bit or saddle, and which (whatever could be said in his commendation) looked more like a camel than a race-horse. It was in a moment of disgust at these characteristics of the colt that Gid bestowed upon him the name of *Yaboo*, the designation by which the Persians contemptuously distinguish their native drudge horses from their highly prized Turcomans and Arabians.

He had placed *Yaboo* in the hands of Uncle Lije Heath, to whom the Major, his old master, had given a strip of ground adjacent to the Heath farm, and who, following the honored and responsible calling of a public trainer, had won the confidence of the community and so prospered as to add enough land to the Major's gift to enable him to lay off a half-mile track, on which he "worked" the horses committed to his care. It was with some misgiving that Uncle Lije had undertaken to prepare *Yaboo* for the turf. He not only felt sure that the "varmint" was "cold-blooded," but that even if there was the making of a race-horse in him it would be impossible to do anything with him on account of his temper. But, as *Yaboo* belonged to "Mr. Gid," who had been the friend of "Marse Tom" and a special *protégé* of Uncle Lije's, the old trainer consented to take charge of the colt and promised to do the best he could with him. "'Sides," he added, "dey ain't no tellin' how he mout turn out, nohow. I ain't nuvver seed de hawse yit wid a drap o' ole *Bonnie Scotlan's* blood in his veins dat anybody got any call to say he ain't no 'count fo' he's had a fa'r show."

As the winter broke and the mild weather gave Uncle Lije an opportunity to put the colt into active training, the old man began to make more encouraging reports concerning his charge. "He des ez mean ez ever, Mr. Gid—en da's de meanis I ever come acrost yit. He all heels en teef whenever you come nigh him, en wunst you git on his back de Lawd knows whah you gwiner lan' de nex' minute. Wid his buckin' en r'arin' en sulkin' I ain't nuvver seed his ekal; you git him on de track en he lunge all over it, wid his head twixt his laigs, er stan'nin' straight up on his hine feet; en ef you do git him started des likely ez not he gwiner bolt clean over de fence 'fo' you know whut he gwiner do nex'. He doin' a leetle better dough now, sence Alec Saffel commenced wukin wid him. Somehow he sorter takes to Alec mo'n to anybody else, cepn—cepn—I mean Alec's de onles boy he'll let ride him to do any good; en dis mawnin Alec he wuked him a mile in '49, en dat ain't so bad fer a hawse ez high in flesh ez *Yaboo* is yit."

It was Gid's intention to start *Yaboo* in the Kentucky Derby, the great race of the South and West for three-year-olds, if the colt's improvement should be such as to warrant anything like a reasonable hope that he might be of sufficiently high class to stand even a remote chance of winning the stake. As the time approached for the race Gid began to feel that there might be such a chance, if *Yaboo* could be prevailed upon to run kindly; for, with one or two exceptions, the three-year-olds of that season were not considered extraordinary, and even *Yaboo* might be good enough to run with them, if *Yaboo* could be induced to run at all. Of course, nothing in the race could expect to contest it with *Huguenot*, if *Huguenot* came to the post in good condition. *Huguenot*—who was the *Alsatia* colt Casey Pallam had bought at the Major's sale—had proved the best of the preceding season's two-year-olds, winning nine successive stakes, and retiring into winter quarters with an unbeaten record. It was generally conceded, and by none more freely than by Gid, that if the colt did not go amiss he would also have the principal three-year-old stakes at his mercy. But the uncertainties of spring racing led Gid to decide that if anything should happen to prevent what seemed the inevitable victory of *Huguenot* in the Derby, *Yaboo* should, if possible, be ready to compete for the prize.

Meanwhile, during the year which had elapsed since his departure from the Major's, he had not seen Jean Heath, except at a distance—across the pews at church, perhaps, or dashing over the country with her father or friends; for she was a reckless and adept horsewoman.

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About two weeks before the date fixed for the Derby Gid rode over to Uncle Lije's to look at *Yaboo*, and just before reaching the gate into the old trainer's domain, he saw two female figures on horseback ride through it and gallop off down the road. One of them he recognized as Jean; but the fact that she had visited Uncle Lije or Aunt Polly was in no way surprising to him, for he knew that those two worthies, who considered themselves members in good standing of the Heath family, enjoyed the special favor of the Major and his daughter, and that the latter had succeeded to the place in Uncle Lije's affections which perhaps only the sister of "Marse Tom" could have filled.

As the two figures on horseback disappeared behind a green swell of the undulating meadow that swept the smooth turnpike out of view Gid withdrew his eyes from that point of the landscape, and turning through the gate, rode around to the stables, where he found Uncle Lije in the act of removing a side-saddle from the back of *Yaboo*. The old trainer cast a somewhat apprehensive glance at Gid, and shaking his head wisely and grinning in a manner not to be explained by any evident provocation, hastened to say, before Gid had an opportunity to speak himself:

"He's comin' on, Mr. Gid, he's comin' on; wuked a mile dis mawnin' wid his shoes on in '47. De ole *Bonnie Scotlan'* blood begins to warm up, I tell you! Ef he keeps on disaway dey'll hear fum us in dat Derby yit, en *Huguenot* he gotter be feelin lak hisse'f ef he wanter have a walk-over."

"But why have you had that side-saddle on him?" Gid asked, with more dignity than usually characterized his conversation with Uncle Lije.

"Oh, dat ain't gwiner do no harm," evasively.

"Uncle Lije, one of those ladies who left here a few minutes ago has been riding Yaboo!"

"Well, dat don't mek no diffunce," the old negro replied, uneasily. "Alec Saffel he wuz sick dis mawnin, en Miss Jean she happen to come by, en she took it into her head she wanter breeze Yaboo 'roun' de track, en long's Yaboo need de wuk, en long's Miss Jean she alluz could do mo' wid dat hawse den any yuther livin' soul, not scusin' Alec Saffel hisse'f, I s'posed I mout ez well let her have her way."

As he thought of Jean Heath riding that fiendish brute, Gid for the first time in his life burned with anger against Uncle Lije. Taking the saddle from the ground, he tossed it with some vehemence under the shed, enjoining Uncle Lije that he was never, upon penalty of having the horse shot, to allow Miss Heath to touch Yaboo again.

"Yes, suh," he answered in bewilderment; "but," he added, under his breath, as he turned to throw a blanket over Yaboo, "I'd ruther be hamstrung den tell Honey dat."

V.

It was Derby day in Kentucky. For weeks past its approach had been the incentive to more comment than any other day on the calendar, Christmas alone perhaps excepted. For months even the papers had devoted a liberal portion of their space to daily discussions of the horses which might be expected to start in the Derby and their relative chances of winning it. This space had gradually increased as the day drew nearer, until for a fortnight immediately preceding its dawn the Derby gossip had been the most conspicuous feature of the local columns of the Louisville press, while there had been no important journal throughout the country which had not kept its readers informed by telegraph of all the news that could be gleaned concerning the race. Speculation about it was general, even among those who knew nothing of the thoroughbred and cared nothing for the sport.

It was a strong evidence of the hold this race has upon the Kentuckians that this spring, when it was conceded on all sides that it would be a "gift" to *Huguenot*, the lack of the usual element of uncertainty could not degrade Derby day from its pre-eminence in popular interest. At that time the Kentucky Derby was not only the first of the great regular events of the American turf, but it was more coveted by horsemen than any other prize of the year.

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In it the prides of the Bluegrass met on equal terms the giants of the Pacific slope and the choicest of the Eastern three-year-olds, and five minutes after the struggle was over the conqueror was worth to his owner a respectable fortune; for in addition to the five or six thousand dollars which the stake was worth, the winner also usually won with the stake that which was of far greater value, the reputation of being the best colt of his age this side of England.

To-day all roads in some way connected with Louisville. The Bluegrass plateau was virtually depopulated. The Legislature had adjourned for the occasion and come down from Frankfort the night before, followed by the Governor and the rest of the State officers. Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, to say nothing of other more distant sections of the country, were largely represented by crowds of visitors that overflowed the hotels and filled the lean maws of the boarding-houses. It was a holiday in the city; many of the shops and stores were closed; others dozed with one door open, while some clerk, less fortunate than his fellows, kept lonely vigil within. The May sun never shone with more exhilarating splendor, and by twelve o'clock the avenues leading to the race-course at Churchill Downs began to assume an unwonted animation. The street-cars were packed with people, and an unusual number of vehicles rolled over the thoroughfares. By two o'clock the principal boulevard leading to the Downs was a vivid panorama of speeding roadsters and whirring wheels, the gala procession swelled by every conveyance that could be pressed into service.

At Churchill Downs everything had been put in readiness for this long expected afternoon. Club-house and grand-stand were jauntily repainted; the hedges were primly trimmed; the lawns and flower-beds were as freshly and geometrically irreproachable as nature and man could make them; the field around which the race-course winds was one great ellipsoid of wimpling bluegrass; while the course itself had been cudgelled and cozzened into a smooth and soft elasticity whose very touch beneath his hoofs would make the veriest "plug" feel for the moment as if the blood of all Arabia bounded in his veins.

By half-past two, when the first race was called, the grand-stand was thronged; the overflowing crowd filled the grounds about it, and the grass of the field was crushed and hidden from sight beneath the feet of thousands, who stood in the sun, and joked and laughed and scuffled, waiting for the running of the great race.

Gid Bronxon had decided to start *Yaboo* in the Derby, although he had no real hope of beating *Huguenot*, whom he knew to be in excellent condition. But there is always a possibility that some accident may befall the best of horses; and, besides, it would be worth something to anybody's colt to run as well as second to *Huguenot*, as Uncle Lije had more than once insisted. Young Bronxon did not begrudge *Huguenot* his coming triumph; he was too genuine an admirer of fleetness and gameness in a thoroughbred not to admire at all times his triumph honestly won. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling somewhat rebellious against his untoward fate that he should be prevented from winning this race, which would mean so much to him, by the superiority of a horse whose owner was, of all men, Casey Pallam, the fortune-favored young Tennesseean, who, if report was reliable, was no surer of winning the Derby than he was of winning Jean Heath herself.

The first race was a three-quarter-mile dash, with nearly a score of contestants, whose coyness and fretfulness at the post were watched with impatience by the spectators, who resented anything that would delay the principal race of the day. A start was at last made, with every jockey fighting for the lead; and as they turned into the home-stretch one of the horses was seen to fall, and immediately afterward another tumbled over him. As the second went down, Gid Bronxon, who was watching the race through a pair of field-glasses, uttered a slight exclamation and hastened toward the scene of the accident. The two fallen horses were quickly on their feet, none the worse for their misadventure, and one of the jockeys also

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sprang up, laughingly brushing the dust from his gorgeously colored jacket; but the other rider lay where he had been thrown, and as Gid came up he saw that the boy was, as he had thought, Alec Saffel. A physician, who was not hard to find in the crowd which had hurried to the spot, declared that the little fellow had suffered no injury more serious than the dislocation of a shoulder. Gid had him taken to the club-house and properly cared for; and then walked out listlessly on the lawn, his hands aimlessly in his pockets and his eyes fixed vacuously on the variegated foliage of the plants that shaped a jockey's cap and saddle at his feet. His last chance of winning the Derby, insignificant as it had been, had gone, for young Saffel's mishap would prevent him riding *Yaboo*, and even if another good jockey could be secured at that late hour, it was extremely improbable that anyone unfamiliar with the horse would be able to manage him.

Uncle Lije came slowly forward, looking so lugubrious that Gid, who was not wearing a very cheerful expression himself, could not repress a smile. "Well, Mr. Gid," forlornly, "luck's gone agin us."

"It seems so, Uncle Lije."

"I knowed sumpn bad wus gwiner happen 'fo' night, case I tied one shoe 'fo' I put on tother dis mawnin, en I ain't nuvver seed dat sign miss yit."

"Well, we'll have to withdraw *Yaboo* and save him for some other day. Alec will be all right before the meeting is over, I reckon," Gid answered, with some attempt at consolation.

"We gotter try fer de Derby anyhow," Uncle Lije maintained. "Dat race wuff mo' to us den all de res' *Yaboo* kin run in de whole meetin'—you know dat widout me tellin' you, Mr. Gid. So I done got dis-yere boy Whitlock to ride him, stiddier Alec. We hatter take our chances, Mr. Gid, dough de Lawd knows dey mighty slim shakes. Alec Saffel de onles boy yit ever could do anything wid dat *Yaboo*."

Gid authorized Uncle Lije to do whatever he thought best, and then made his way absently to a seat high up in the grand-stand. There he sat until after the second race, with his head bared gratefully to the breeze, and his eyes directed toward the misty billows of the Indiana hills. And as he gazed at them they seemed, as from a majestic amphitheatre, to look down with exalted indifference upon this paltry scene of excitement and contention about him; and catching something of the spirit of their philosophical serenity, he told himself that a man was a fool who, with no more resources than his, ventured upon the turf with the expectation of keeping his head above it. Reaching this sagacious conclusion, he diverted his eyes from the Indiana hills to a certain spot in the ladies' section of the grand-stand, where Jean Heath and her aunt were sitting.

This change of view did not result in reflections that were particularly profitable or pleasing, for perhaps the most definite impressions which he received were, that the bonnet of Jean's aunt was aggressively old-fashioned as she sat among those stylish Louisville girls, and that the clothes of Casey Pallam, who was constantly saying something that made Jean laugh, were conspicuously new and his diamonds were disgustingly dazzling.

VI.

At four o'clock the bell rang to call the horses from the stables for the Derby. Most of them, however, had already been on the track for several minutes, taking their "warming-up canters," in hoods and blankets, preliminary to the desperate struggle through which they were expected to go a little later. As they brushed by the stand many were the glasses levelled upon them and as many were the criticisms passed upon their movements and prospects; while the universal inquiry was, "Which is *Huguenot?*"

If it was difficult to distinguish *Huguenot* from the other blanketed figures, there was one horse, at least, easy of identification by those who knew him; for as the others were galloping around the course, away across the field, at one of the gates opening from the stables to the track, he was prancing and plunging, resist-

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ing all efforts to coax or drive him. Gid Bronxon knew, even before he focussed his glasses upon the refractory beast and recognized Uncle Lije at his head, that it was *Yaboo*.

At the ringing of the second bell—the signal that the horses should be saddled for the race—there was a suddenly increased stir among the concourse of people that stretched far back beyond the grand-stand to the long pavilion where the odds were laid against the wise men's ability to "pick the winner." It was to this spot that hundreds were pressing, madmen for the moment in their efforts to "back their judgment;" surging like fierce breakers against the rocks to dash their money on their favorites. "*Huguenot!*" "*Huguenot!*" was the cry from all quarters. Everybody wanted "*Huguenot*," the "sure thing," and such a continuous rush was made upon him that he was "swept off the boards."

"Long odds against the outsiders!" was the iterant chorus. "Anything you want against the short ones!" "Who is this *Yaboo?* Fifty to one *Yaboo!*" "One hundred to one *Yaboo!*"

"Boss, gimme two dollars' wuff dat hunnud to one *Yaboo*," said Uncle Lije, who having succeeded in getting the horse on the track, had slipped over for a moment "to take a look at de odds."

"What do you know about *Yaboo*, Uncle?" some one inquired, eager for a "tip" from the old trainer, as he walked away with his bit of pasteboard calling for $202 if *Yaboo* should win.

"No'h'n'—don't nobody know no'h'n' 'bout dat hawse. I des reskin' two dollars on his *Bonnie Scotlan'* blood."

"Then you don't think he stands any chance of winning?"

"I dun-know no'h'n' 'bout dat; but ef he takes it into his head dat he feels lak runnin' dis evenin', en his rider kin keep him fum boltin' de track, er jumpin' de fence, er cuttin' up some er his oudacious shines, de hawse whut beats him is gotter call on all fo' his laigs, da's all."

The horses were over in the paddock now, their grooms sponging their mouths, tightening girths and giving them other last touches of preparation for the race. Most of them were ready, and were being led slowly around the paddock, while the jockeys stood about, receiving the final instructions and waiting the signal to mount and proceed to the starting-post.

The signal was not long in coming. The president of the club, with his coat buttoned tightly about him and a flower on his lapel, arose in the judges' stand, and with a deliberation worthy the importance of the moment, rang the bell for the third and last time. Instantly there was a wild break from the grounds below to the grand-stand, which was already full, and every foot of space was found and occupied by some one anxious to secure a position from which to witness the race. From end to end the stand was one serried mass of people, packed tier above tier, its right section fluttering with the ribbons and the fans of the ladies, who in their holiday attire presented, from a slight distance, the appearance of a vast matted bank of many-colored, breeze-stirred bloom. The sward between the grand-stand and the track was thronged, and over in the field the inner circumference of the course, for a quarter of a mile, was a great crescent of swarming human beings, on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. Across the field the roofs of the stables, which circumscribe the course, were black with men and boys, and even beyond the limits of the Association's grounds the trees and the telegraph-poles were living witnesses of the scene.

One of the Kentucky senators occupied a seat in the judges' stand, while the other was opposite, holding a timer's watch. On the platform adjoining the judges' stand was a bevy of distinguished strangers—a Governor or two, a rotund justice of the Court of Appeals, a few millionaires, and an eminent Englishman of letters, who was travelling and lecturing in America, as well as collecting notes which he did not expect to publish until he got safely back on the other side of the ocean.

The sprinkling-cart was hauled from the track by two sturdy draught horses, stolidly oblivious of the fact that they were literally drawers of water for their more aristocratic fellows in the paddock; the gate from the paddock was then

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opened, and the first of the Derby contestants minced daintily through it to the course, and was received with a round of handclapping. It was *Petrel*, a colt which would have been highly thought of if *Huguenot* had not been in the race; and as he paraded before the grand-stand and then dashed off to the half-mile post, at which the start was to be made, he was a striking picture of equine beauty. Following him from the paddock came *Timarch*, a well-formed, well-bred black giant, who looked, however a little too fleshy for such a race as the Derby. Seven of the nine starters thus appeared, and each was awarded some sign of applause. As the eighth leaped lithely to the track with elastic step and free stride a cheer broke from thousands, which was repeated as the intelligent creature turned his head curiously toward his admirers, and as his jockey, grinning with gratification, lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the greeting. It was *Huguenot*, of course; no other horse on the grounds would have met such an ovation; and as he came forth the orange and blue of the Pallam colors, plaited about his mane and decking his rider, were unnecessary for his identification by the public. With his slender barrel, his deep chest, his powerful quarters, his hard muscles, his smooth legs, his small, symmetrical head, his gentle, fearless eyes, his strong, flexile action, his lustrous coat, and his rich blood-bay color, relieved by a dash of white on forehead and pastern, he was as perfect a specimen of patrician horseflesh as ever sprang from that remarkable sire of handsome and great racers, the dead *Virgil*. Shaking his head from side to side as if for very joy in the ecstasy of motion, he was followed by a parting cheer as he cantered off to the starting-post; and Gid Bronxon, who was standing near the railing that separated the crowd from the track, saw Casey Pallam, a few feet away, smile radiantly as he lifted his hat to Jean Heath, who was beaming on him from the grand-stand.

The next moment Uncle Lije at his bit and young Whitlock on his back succeeded in getting *Yaboo* from the paddock to the course. As the uncomely colt plunged right and left, stubbornly refusing to obey either the cajoleries or the chastisement of his rider, laughter echoed from stand and field, and rose again as a big voice exclaimed, "Hitch him to the water-cart!" Gid Bronxon flushed as he saw Casey Pallam join in the laughter and cast an amused glance in the direction of Jean Heath. But he did not look at Jean Heath again himself.

Yaboo—and coming just after *Huguenot*, at that—was a rather laughable object, with his long, gangling body made still more grotesque by his contortions; his big, aquiline-nosed head; and his ashy color, of that particular shade of light chestnut which belonging to a plough-horse, would have been called "clay-bank"—a shade which cannot be made to take on a gloss, however great the care of the groom, and which appeared all the more commonplace under the silk of Gid's colors of crimson and creamy white.

After much persuasion and lashing *Yaboo* at last switched his tail in the air impatiently and rushed off rapidly toward the other horses, which were waiting for him at the half-mile post. Arriving there, he refused to stop, but ran on a quarter of a mile farther before Whitlock could check him; and ten minutes more were consumed in bringing him back to the starting-post. A good half-hour was then wasted in attempting to get him off with the other horses, but when they were moving forward in line *Yaboo* was otherwise engaged, in trying to dismount his rider, in kicking out lustily at the starter's assistant, in waltzing, bucking, rearing, and other favorite divertisements of his, or in suddenly turning and scudding away in the opposite direction to that in which the race was to be run.

The spectators were at first amused at these antics of *Yaboo's*, but their patience, as well as that of the starter, was fast becoming exhausted, and it looked as if it would be necessary to leave the crimson and white behind and run the race without *Yaboo's* assistance, when Gid smiled as he saw Uncle Lije go up to the judges and engage those officials in earnest conversation, emphasizing it with many obeisances and gestures. The old trainer was well known by the officers of the Association, and they proba-

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bly had dealings with no one for whom they had more respect. He was evidently well pleased with his call, for when he left the judges' stand he was wreathed in smiles. Before Gid could reach him he had disappeared through the crowd, but the next minute a messenger from the judges was galloping across the field to inform the starter that another jockey would be allowed to ride *Yaboo*, and a few moments later Gid caught sight of Uncle Lije driving a buggy furiously toward the half-mile post, with a boyish figure in crimson and white at his side. He wondered idly what jockey Uncle Lije had picked up now, but was satisfied that it was of no importance who rode *Yaboo*, as nothing could be expected from the colt in his present humor.

Through his glasses he saw Uncle Lije and his companion spring from the buggy and go upon the track; saw Whitlock dismount with alacrity, and the new jockey approach *Yaboo* in front and stand for an instant patting him on the nose; saw him vault from Uncle Lije's hand into the saddle, and then bend over the colt and stroke his neck for a few seconds; saw him lift himself in his seat and gently shake the reins, and saw *Yaboo* walk slowly toward the other horses; saw him come abreast of them, then saw, like a flash of refracted light, a many-colored platoon plunge forward. The next instant the red flag had cut the air to the earth, there was a resonant shout from the grand-stand, and the Derby had begun.

For nearly a hundred yards the nine horses ran shoulder to shoulder in a beautiful line deployed straight across the track. Then the manœuvring for position commenced. Reins were tightened and others were slackened, and the brilliant hues of the jockeys wove in and out with shifting rapidity as some pushed to the front and others restrained their impatience. At the first quarter they were all close together, but divided into two phalanxes, in the last of which was *Huguenot*, while at his flank was the big nose of *Yaboo*. At the start *Huguenot*, with a bound like a panther's, had sprung to the front, but his rider had promptly taken him in hand, and was now leaning far back in his saddle in his effort to keep the spirited animal from making his race too soon. The crimson and white of *Yaboo* had not been at all conspicuous in that kaleidoscopic change of colors except for the persistency with which they remained just in the rear of the Pallam orange and blue.

As the horses swung into the stretch for the first time the trailing division closed on that in front, and they rounded the turn all bunched. But only for two or three seconds did they run in this order, for as the long stretch was fairly entered *Petrel* burst from the ruck and shot to the van, increasing his speed at every stride until by the time he had covered fifty yards he was fully three lengths ahead of all the others. Then another rein was loosened, and the big black form of *Timarch* loomed out in hot pursuit of the flying *Petrel*, followed by a general quickening of the pace by the others. Down the stretch they came, their shining coats and burnished trappings glinting against the sun, and the dust rising luminously in their wake. As they neared the stand *Petrel* was still leading, but *Timarch* was following with a rush that was fast lessening the distance between them. Behind *Timarch*, two lengths away, were the others in a pack, from which the shapely head of *Huguenot* showed slightly in advance of the remaining six. That head was sawing from side to side desperately as the colt fought against the unyielding bit that kept him from spurning his company and leaping disdainfully to the lead. Meanwhile, at his saddle-girth, unmindful of his disdain, and seemingly of everything else, *Yaboo* lounged sleepily along.

As the end of the stand was reached *Timarch* worked up to *Petrel*, and the two raced down to the "wire," cheered on by the applause of the spectators. They ended the first half mile of the race head and head, passing lapped together under the wire, and beginning in earnest the mile which was yet to be traversed. As they dashed by the judges the other horses were four lengths behind them; but just at this point *Huguenot's* jockey relaxed his reins a little, and with a wonderful bound that shook the grand-stand with a shout of joy, the orange and blue began to cut down the gap which *Petrel* and *Timarch* had made. In a

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second *Huguenot* was clear of the bunch, and leaving it further in his rear at every one of those mighty, graceful bounds. But in another second *Yaboo's* rider had bent forward slightly, and *Yaboo* himself, appearing to wake from his dreams, switched his tail and hurried off in pursuit of his late companion. "Just look at old Water-cart!" yelled the big voice again, and before the laughter had subsided *Yaboo's* nose was back at its old place at *Huguenot's* saddle-girth: in another moment it was at his throat-latch; and in two more strides the crimson and white and the orange and blue were streaming through the sunlight blended together. The excitement now began to grow intense as the next quarter was finished with *Huguenot* and *Yaboo* side by side, only a length behind *Petrel* and *Timarch*, still lapped, while the others were struggling some lengths away. It was as if for the time there were two races, one between *Petrel* and *Timarch* and the other between *Huguenot* and *Yaboo*, with nothing to indicate which would be the winner of either. It was evident, however, that *Petrel* and *Timarch* were running at the top of their speed, while the other two each had something yet in reserve.

Gid Bronxon felt the hand that held his glasses become a trifle unsteady as he watched the good work which *Yaboo* was doing, and yielding to a sudden impulse he glanced up in the grand-stand, but he could not see either Jean Heath or her aunt. Looking over into the field, he broke into a nervous laugh as he caught sight of Uncle Lije hilariously tossing his hat high in the air.

But his laugh instantly died away when he levelled his glasses on the horses again. They were approaching the turn into the back-stretch, in the same order as last noted, when *Yaboo* abruptly left *Huguenot* and bolted obliquely to the opposite side of the track, an action which sent a murmurous commotion through the throngs which saw it, and left no doubt in any one's mind that all chances for the crimson and white were over. For *Huguenot* not only went on alone in pursuit of *Petrel* and *Timarch*, but by the time *Yaboo* had been pulled back into the course every horse in the race had passed that obstinate brute.

Along the back-stretch it soon began to look as if the result would be between *Petrel* and *Huguenot*, for *Timarch* faltered, and then dropped back to *Huguenot*, the latter going by the tired black colt quickly, and now rapidly overtaking the gallant *Petrel*. In the next twenty yards he collars *Petrel*, and a cry goes up from the grand-stand. There seems nothing in the race now except the two, and in another twenty yards the cry swells into an exultant roar as *Huguenot's* colors flash to the lead. *Petrel's* jockey draws his whip and plies it vigorously, and the brave colt makes a heroic effort to recover his lost ground. But it is useless. *Petrel's* race is run, and *Huguenot* enters on the last half-mile two good lengths in front, which it is easy to see he can make a dozen if necessary. "It's all over!" is the exclamation which rises above the pandemonium in the field and the grand-stand. "It's *Huguenot's* race!" "There's nothing in it that can make him run!" "He wins in a walk!"

Huguenot swings into the home-stretch retaining his advantage without an effort, and running with a free action that is as beautiful as it is powerful, his rider sitting motionless in supreme confidence that all that is required of him now is to hold the horse to his course.

The great crowd is laughing good-humoredly at *Huguenot's* easily won Derby. Many in it are shaking each other's hands, and Gid Bronxon observes that those near Casey Pallam are boisterously congratulating him.

Suddenly there is a new tumult. "Look!" "Look!" "Who is that?" "See how he comes!" For out from the rear tears a tornado of dust, swirling by horse after horse with a swiftness that is electric in its effect on those who see it. "Who is it?" "Who is it?" "What are those colors?" And a big voice bellows, "By the great Geehosaphat if it ain't old Water-cart!" "*Yaboo!*" "*Yaboo!*" "*Yaboo!*" proclaim a thousand straining tongues, and the reverberant shouts startle from his fancied security *Huguenot's* jockey, who, turning in his seat, looks over his shoulder and sees swooping down on him that pillar of dust, out from which, even as he looks, there leaps like a gleam of light-

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"A good half-hour was then wasted in attempting to get him off with the other horses."

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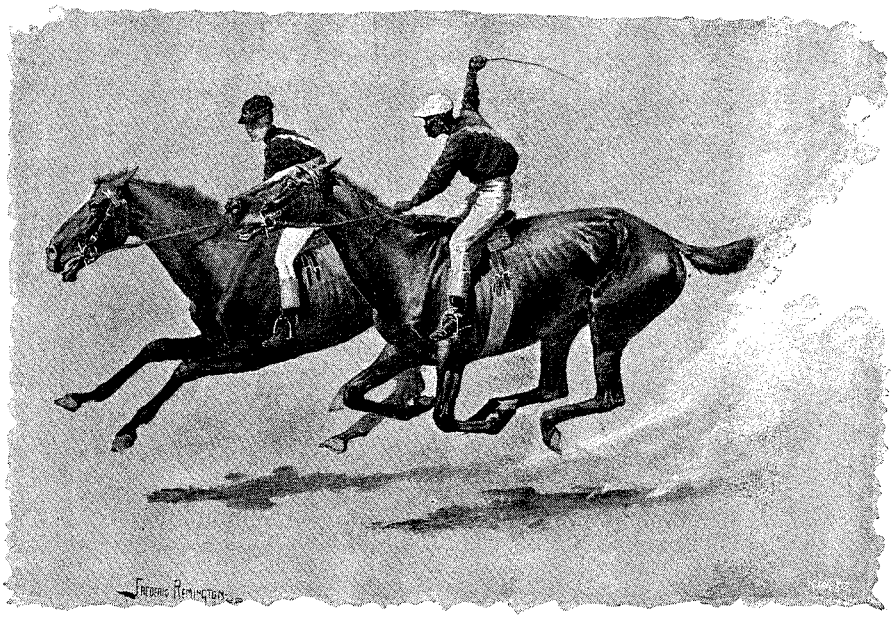
ning a sheen of crimson and white—and *Yaboo* is once more alongside of *Huguenot*. The rider in orange and blue storm were sweeping down the course, from which those two terror-stricken beasts just in front of it are fleeing for



"Winner, by a head, of the Kentucky Derby."

is no longer motionless in his saddle; his arms beat the air rapidly as he shakes the reins, and his heels strike against *Huguenot's* sides incessantly, as, for the first time, he begins to urge the son of *Virgil* to do his best. But *Yaboo* is not to be gotten rid of easily. It is as if he were borne on by some preternatural force, on which he has been hurled forward with a momentum that is resistless. Do what he can, *Huguenot* cannot shake that demon from his side, and an eighth of a mile from the end the two are neck and neck, and each is running as he has never run before. On they plunge, stride for stride, the dust rising and hanging over the other horses a few yards behind them, whose riders are now making a last desperate attempt to force them to the front. And as they respond with their final rally, and dash furiously forward in a close cluster through that lowering dust, their hoof-beats echo like the rhythmically rolling rumble of low thunder, the quick lashes cleave the dust-cloud against the light like wind-writhen rain, and it is, indeed, as if a their lives. On they fly, from one storm into another—from the storm behind them into the storm that bursts before them from ten thousand throats. They are so near now that the play of their tense muscles can be seen without the aid of glasses; but near as they are, those myriad eyes cannot see which, if either, leads the other. They are so near that the delicate nostrils of *Huguenot*, dilated to their utmost in this mighty struggle, glow like opalescent fire. They are so near that, straining, as if almost they would leave their sockets, the whites of *Yaboo's* eyes are plainly visible. *Huguenot*, with every faculty of his beautiful body and dauntless spirit thrown into this supreme effort, is superb, and more than worthy of every one of those deafening plaudits, "*Huguenot!*" "*Huguenot!*" *Yaboo* in motion, now the incarnation of a terrific power, is grand, and deserves that frantic acclaim, "*Yaboo!*" "*Yaboo!*" Pitted together they are magnificent, and "*Huguenot!*" "*Huguenot!*" "*Yaboo!*" "*Yaboo!*" "*Yaboo* wins!" "*Huguenot*

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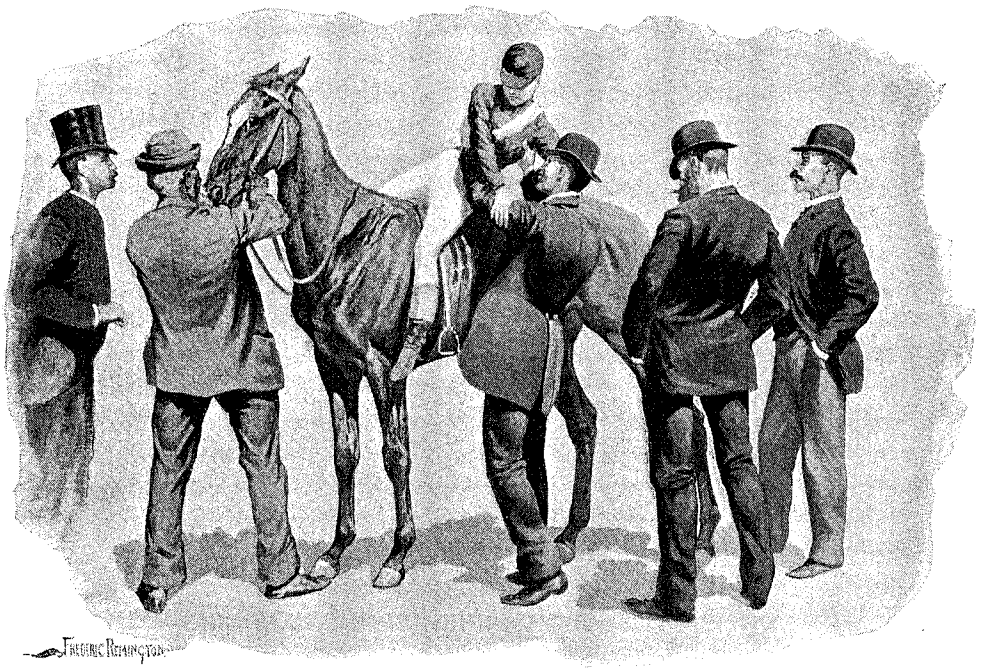
wins!" rend that mad multitude with a warring chaos of enthusiasm. On they come, even yet as though yoked together; but now as they reach the sixteenth pole, is it—can it be that the crimson has forged just a hand's-breadth in front of the orange? "*Huguenot* is beaten!" rises from the people like a groan of defeat and a yell of victory. His jockey immediately raises his whip, and *Huguenot* for the first time in his life feels the sting of raw-hide. "*Huguenot* is whipping!" is heard above that wild uproar, if there is any one to hear. The sensitive creature springs gamely from the lash, and with a herculean bound wrests the lead from his competitor. "*Huguenot* has him!" "*Huguenot* wins!" and the multitude sways and storms over the triumph of the favorite—for triumph it must be, as the goal is now not fifteen yards away. *Yaboo's* jockey bends lower over his horse's withers; there is a tremulous motion of his hands, a convulsive pressure of his knees, a quick lifting as if of the horse by the rider, and while the cruel blows yet fall on *Huguenot's* flank, *Yaboo*, amid an outburst that must startle the far Indiana hills, hurtles past the judges, winner, by a "head," of the Kentucky Derby.

As the jockeys rode back to the judges' stand to dismount after the finish of the race, Gid Bronxon suddenly sprang through the gate to the track, and hurrying to *Yaboo*, lifted his drooping rider from the saddle. His own face was as pale as the boy's, and as he held the exhausted figure for an instant in his arms he saw tears trembling on the little fellow's lashes. "Put me down, quick, quick!" came from the quivering lips, and like one in a dream Gid placed him on the ground. The crimson and white jacket disappeared immediately into the latticed weighing-room. In a moment Gid saw it come forth and slip away through the crowd. A minute later he caught a glimpse of it by Uncle Lije's side as the old trainer drove away in the buggy; and while the eyes of perhaps all in that throng were directed upon the horse that had won the Derby, and upon the time of the race, which had just been posted, Gid, going to the top-



"Put me down, quick, quick."

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most railing of the grand-stand, followed with a dazed look the buggy as it left the grounds, turned into the old road that extends beyond them, and stopped in front of a little cottage back among the trees. Then he saw the crimson and white jacket leave the buggy and run up to the door, into the arms of a lady who was standing there, and on whose head was an aggressively old-fashioned bonnet.

The cottage, he happened to know, belonged to the old woman who had charge of the women's dressing-rooms beneath the grand-stand, and glancing in that direction as he made his way below, he saw her sitting faithfully at her post.

About eight o'clock that evening Gid met Major Heath in the lobby of the Galt House, and after receiving the old gentleman's congratulations the two engaged in a conversation which concluded in this way:

"I'm afeard not, Gid. Jean is in a turrible tantrum. Cryin' all the time, an' says she never wants to see nobody ag'in."

"But, Major, if it is possible, I *must* speak to her, somehow."

"Come along then, an' I'll see if I c'n manage it."

VII.

AMONG the "Notes" which followed a long description of the Derby in a Louisville paper next day were these:

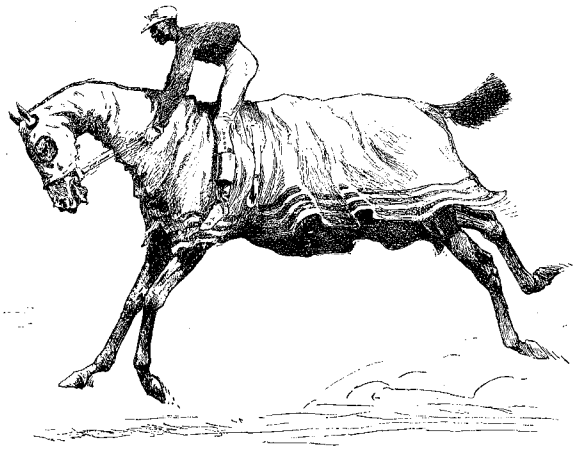
"IT is reported that the owner of *Yaboo* was offered $10,000 for him within half an hour after the race yesterday."

"IT was noticed that the jockey who rode *Yaboo* had neither whip nor spurs. It is said that the horse will not submit to punishment."

"THE most important and happiest man in town last night was old Uncle Lije Heath, who trained the Derby winner. He says he knew all the time that *Yaboo* was no half-breed, and that his *Bonnie Scotland* blood was bound to pull him through. Uncle Lije won two thousand dollars on the result."

"IT is said that young Smith, who piloted *Yaboo* to victory, never rode in a race before. If such is the case the lad's performance was nothing short of marvellous. Smith is from the country, and was discovered by Uncle Lije Heath, who says, however, that the boy's parents would never consent to his going upon the turf. This is unfortunate, as there is no doubt that he would soon rank with the premier jockeys of America. Uncle Lije explains that Smith would not have ridden yesterday if the horse had not been a favorite of his, and if the ridicule with which the crowd greeted *Yaboo* had not made the boy indignant."

"THE genial Major Heath, of Woodford County, was seen by a reporter in front of the Galt House late last night, in company with Mr. Bronxon, the owner of *Yaboo*. The Major seemed as radiant over the result as Mr. Bronxon himself, as the great son of *Glenely* and *Brunhilde* was bred by the Major, being the first Derby winner he has yet produced. He sold *Yaboo* as a two-year-old, he says, for $160. Mr. Bronxon, in response to an inquiry by the reporter, said he thought that yesterday's experience would satisfy him, and that he would seek no further honors on the turf. Major Heath intimated that there was some probability of the formation of a partnership between himself and Mr. Bronxon for the management of the former's stock-farm, an intimation which Mr. Bronxon did not deny."



"Yaboo."

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LOST LIGHT.

By Edward S. Martin.

I CANNOT make her smile come back—
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem,
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But, oh! the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still; I went
With her the other day,
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back, for me to see,
That old-time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me;
They say I might have fame.
I like those gewgaws quite as well
As others like those same.
But I care not for what I have,
Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back!
And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
That in thy stead would thrive.
Who wants the earth without its sun?
And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me robbed of thee!

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THE ROCK OF BÉRANGER.

By T. R. Sullivan.

I WAS still a young man ('tis twenty years since then) when I first made the journey into Switzerland. And I paraded a fine festival-flower of enthusiasm, which ought to have been immensely gratifying to the jaded senses of older travellers, but which my one companion did his very best to blight—with no success whatever. We were thrown into the close intimacy of travel for little more than a fortnight, and we have never journeyed again together. But this is due rather to the sundering force of outward circumstances than to our peculiar dissimilarity of sentiment, remarkable as that undeniably was. When we meet at rare intervals, we still smile over some half-forgotten incident of that memorable comradeship—we have so little else in common to smile over. For he is gruff and grizzled; his oldest child is in society, and of all but her he is now more ruthlessly critical than ever. He has his wife to ko-tow before him, ugly old Chinese curio that he is! while I——

It was at a crowded *table d'hôte* in Geneva that fate, one August night, allotted me a chair next to Hans Worden, whom I took for a German at first; not on account of his name, which I did not know. He has, in fact, a drop or two of Dutch blood in his veins, but is as thorough-paced an American as any ever shod, and this I soon discovered. I saw, too, that he was broad-shouldered and bald, with a spike of hair upon his forehead; that he wore a stiff yellow beard and mustache, clipped into bristles; that he must be at least ten years my senior, and must measure considerably less than two yards in height, but almost all of that in the girth. His answers were short and somewhat too direct. Though we were alone in a crowd, and I was lonely, I did not care for him. But when I, by an awkward accident, projected half my pint of *vieux Macon* into his portion of the *raie au beurre noir*, he was unexpectedly civil about this trying circumstance, which he certainly could not have foreseen. On that account I felt bound to him by a tie of gratitude, and accordingly tried to say as little as I could, and to say it in his way. This flattered him, perhaps, for he began to do his share of the talking, and when dinner was over he invited me to take coffee and *fine champagne* with him upon the terrace. There, continuing our talk, we found that we had friends in common at home, that we were still alone in the crowd, that we were going the same way on the morrow. The twilight grew murky round our ears; the lighthouse flashed out upon the jetty; the lake lapped the shore gently; under the wall a wandering Savoyard struck up a plaintive love-song. And in the dark we exchanged the cigar of peace and became fellow-travellers.

The next day, which seemed intermin-

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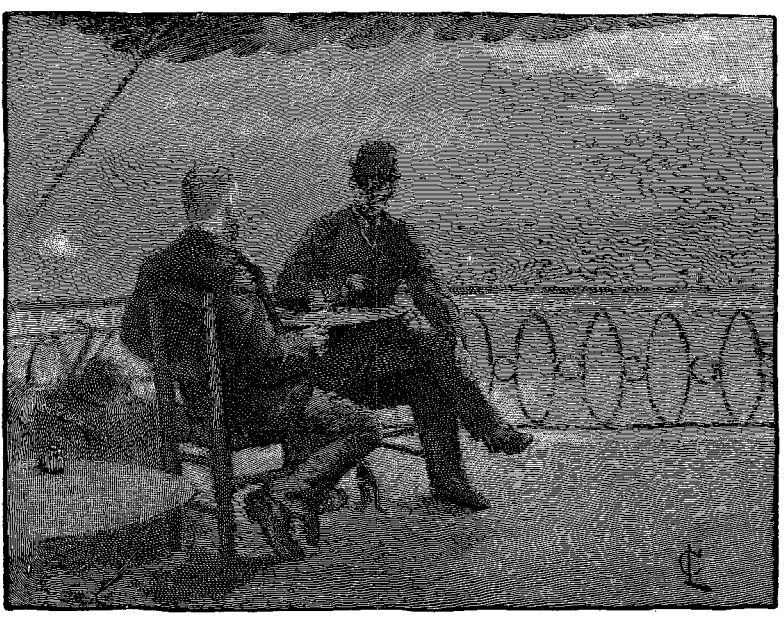
able, we took the steamer for Chillon. I was oppressively conscious of myself, all the time on guard against the possibility of boring my new acquaintance; to do that would not be difficult, I felt. He did not bore me, but he hampered me by his indifference to the cool northwesterly breeze, the sunshine, the glistening water. I could not get accustomed to his presence; he was constantly on my mind, and yet I was lonelier than I should have been without him. I did not demand exciting incidents; I found room for diversion in the mere sight of these new shores. But here, at my back, hung my Old Man of this inland Sea, who would neither divert himself nor let me be diverted.

At Chillon I let myself go, and enjoyed things in my own way, which was not at all like his; but he was not bored, and seeing this I took heart and found his attitude amusing. The oubliettes and cells of the condemned he inspected gravely, but with a shrug of the shoulders. A certain torture-post, that bore marks of heated iron, looked, he said, as if it had been freshly roasted over night for our especial benefit; and this I could not deny. Concerning Bonnivard he was reticent and sceptical, but two or three of the famous names carved in the dungeon pillar he read aloud with a faint show of interest. Just above Lord Byron's, one of our own nation, a female sculptor, or, as she would say, a sculptress, had recorded herself in letters an inch long. The name, newly cut, had not hardened in the limestone; and with the stick he carried Worden quietly obliterated it. One swift stroke of the ferule, and it was gone. Here, for the first time, we were in perfect sympathy. From that moment I knew we should get on.

And so we did, admirably. He took the lead and made the pace, while I followed, frequently out of step, but always within hailing distance. That night we passed in Vevey at the famous hostelry of the Three Crowns, well termed grandiose by the fluent author of the guidebook. This straightforward work, by the way, was Worden's pet aversion; the scarlet of its covers made his eyes flash fire like a bull's; in vain I protested that much wisdom lay between them, and that we were ignorant. I might keep it by me, he said, might even quote from it, if I chose—he could not prevent that; but it must never be flaunted about in his presence. We were not



"There, continuing our talk, we found that we had friends in common at home."

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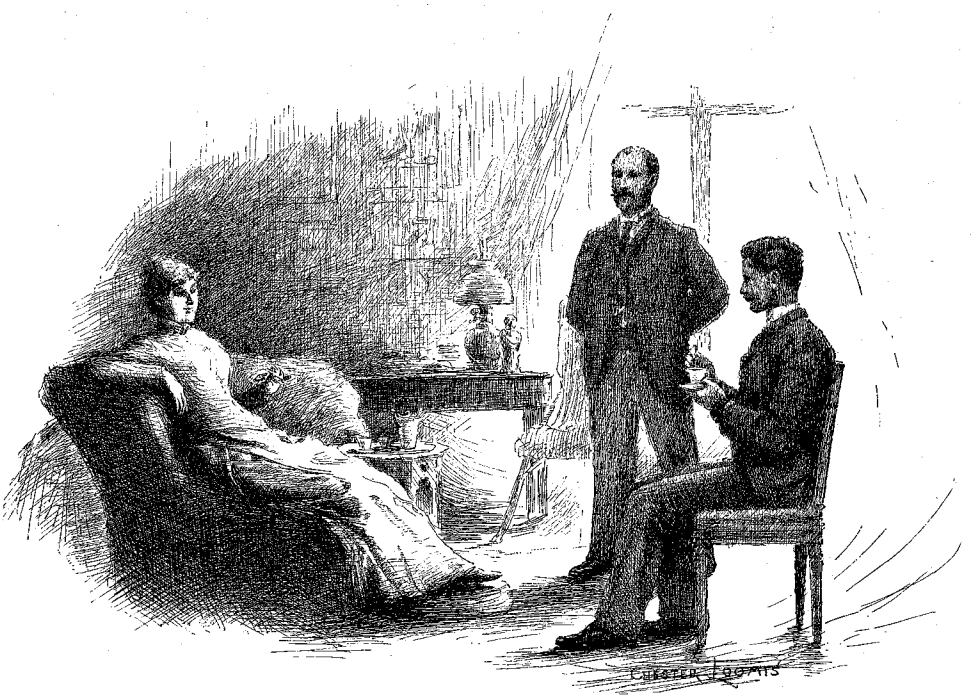
tourists, "doing" things from a mistaken sense of duty; we were moving this way and the other way, as our souls incited us, for pleasure only; God willing, without formulæ.

For our pleasure, therefore, we descended at the Three Crowns; walked out toward a glowing sunset, and, turning, saw its colors die away in the distant peak of the Dent du Midi; while just across the lake, from behind the crags of Meillerie, a storm-cloud raised its head, glaring and growling fitfully like some monstrous chimera of the mountains. Then the unexpected happened, and we encountered a wonderful Russian princess of literary tendencies, who greeted Worden heartily. "What! Not married yet?" she inquired. And upon his answer in the negative, we were given the freedom of her salon, a marvel of barbaric luxury, overhanging the lake, where we took coffee and liqueurs, and smoked, all three, while she told tales of obvious point in many languages, and deplored our early departure.

"I came here for a month," she said, "and, lo, I have stayed three years. There is no place like it in all Europe. But to-morrow you will leave me." And when we assured her that our one desire was to be always there with her, but that—she sighed, and said all men were of the brutes and cruel. One might have done worse than to accept her lotos-branch thus invitingly extended;



"We encountered a wonderful Russian princess of literary tendencies."

but, as Worden remarked afterward, one usually does worse, somehow, on this side of the planet.

"What! Not married yet?" The woman of the world had asked it with a note of intention that kept recurring to me. Did he want to marry, then? Was that the clue to his incapacity for enjoyment, his preoccupation, his feverish desire to push on—for pleasure—to see all, and think of nothing? Pleasure, indeed! Could he see anything as I saw it? Could he dismiss from his mind the thought I did not know? Was he not, really, blind with some old pain, and brooding always upon that? The fancy stole into my brain, and would not out of it. *Habet!* The princess knew what she was talking about. A woman has jilted him; he is trying to forget her.

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His face and figure had a wofully comic cast in them; he was not the man to command affection at a moment's notice; not at all the kind of lover that I, for instance, would make if my time ever came. But in spite of that, perhaps because of it, my interest in him deepened wonderfully. The quenchless spirit of opposition, that I laughed at, became charged with pathos now. I understood his imperfect sympathy with the landscape, his contempt for the beautiful, even among women, all of whom he affected to regard as of a race apart, inferior to our own. Evidently this was a case of acute mental strabismus; his mind's eye, turning inward and not outward, caught but a poor half-light, distorting everything.

Constant and severe as his pangs must have been, they were not permitted to impair his appetite. We put up, accordingly, for our next mid-day meal at the queer old town of Saint Maurice, in the Rhone valley, where, after our first word or two, the smiling peasant-maiden of the inn treated us with great deference, yet with unaccountable familiarity. Never was a simple second breakfast served with such circumstance, with such chattering about each dish as it was set down.

"For whom does she take us?" I asked. "I told her in my best accents that we were voyaging to Chamouni from the Three Crowns."

"For princes of the blood, perhaps," said Worden. "Eat your gruyère with a good conscience. If need be, I will assume the rôle."

He had hardly spoken when to us entered the landlord, carrying a bottle of choice wine, which he pressed upon our acceptance. Without knowing why, we were forced to drink his health, and with much bowing and scraping he pledged us, in return, enduring prosperity.

"And since it appears," he added, "that these gentlemen travel onward in the service of the Three Crowns——" Thereupon, drawing from his pocket a handful of the hotel cards, he begged the gentlemen to honor him by distributing these in his favor along their road.

My lips parted for a shout of derision, but Worden silenced me with a look. Quietly accepting the situation and the cards likewise, he told our host that we would do all in our power to oblige him. The sharp-eyed Switzer fairly beamed; he had known intuitively that we were men of much distinction; but when informed by his servant that the first and second butler of the famous Three Crowns chose to sustain themselves a while with him in a course of recreation, he had felt that his best would be all too poor and crude for palates of such refinement; and he prayed our indulgence, since he was thus taken unawares. Of course, the stupid girl had either misinterpreted my statement or had wilfully embellished it. And here stood Worden nodding assent to all this with the utmost tranquillity. I could not control my features, and left the room abruptly for space to laugh in.

Upon the rough pavement before the door lay stretched a huge dog of Saint Bernard, snapping at the flies. And round the corner of the house I saw our coachman and another of his class consorting with the foolish, tittering maid; otherwise the street was vacant. Absurdly narrow and primitive, it was, nevertheless, the main thoroughfare of the town. Half-way down the opposite side a rival hotel displayed its sign of blue and gold. "We should have gone there," I thought; "it is the better house of the two." The guide-book, to which I now tardily referred, confirmed me in this impression. Just then the little group of Swiss broke up, the strange man lounging off to the stable-yard of the other establishment, out of which he presently reappeared, this time on the box of a well-appointed travelling-carriage that drew up at the opposite door. Wraps were stored away in front, trunks were strapped behind; a handsome old fellow with gray hair took his place upon the back seat; the bustle subsided, the street was still again; but the old man waited on, impatiently glancing up at one of the windows.

"Yes, papa, I am coming," called down to him in English a silvery voice. And in a moment more the daughter came. The coachman shouted, cracked his whip; the horses tossed their heads as they dashed by me. All were gone

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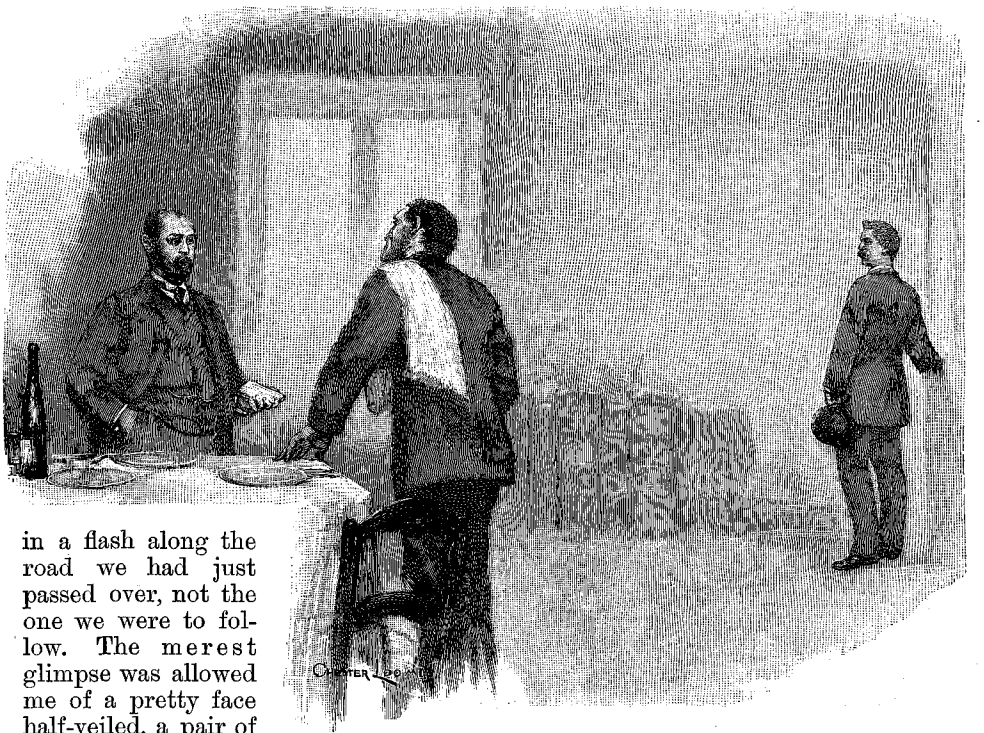

"Here stood Worden nodding assent to all this with the utmost tranquillity."

in a flash along the road we had just passed over, not the one we were to follow. The merest glimpse was allowed me of a pretty face half-veiled, a pair of brown eyes bent on me coquettishly, as I could not help believing; but that glimpse I caught.

"Atrocious chance!" I muttered. "If we had gone to the other house! if they had only turned our way!"

Worden now appeared, with the jovial landlord still in attendance to speed our departure by strong injunctions to the driver for our safe-conduct, and by renewed expressions of good will toward us.

"Did you undeceive him?" I asked, when we, also, were well out of the town, but in the wrong direction.

"No," said Worden. "Why spoil the joke, and make the worthy man uncomfortable? He actually declined, at first, to give me a bill for our breakfast. But I told him it was not our habit to demand such favors. Why did you take yourself off?"

"For a pair of bright eyes, monsieur the butler-in-chief," I answered. Looking back down the valley as I spoke, I caught sight of the other carriage afar off, a mere speck upon the Villeneuve road. "And after the eyes I flung my heart; see, it is there."

Then I informed him in a word that we should have gone to the other hotel, and why. But he congratulated himself upon our fortunate escape.

"Some school-girl in vacation," he continued. "A bundle of American nerves, as your description proves—given to sheep's-eyes and hysterics. Bah! Did you notice the young person who waited upon us just now at the inn? Admirably robust."

That afternoon he did amiably enough all that was expected of him, alighting for a nearer view of the lovely waterfall with an unspeakable name, and in the Gorge du Trient following up the wooden gallery to its very end. At both places he amused himself by sticking his hotel cards into every crevice of rock he could find.

"To whom it may concern," he explained. "Was I not asked to distribute them along the road?"

Then observing the look of satisfaction on the face of the coachman, who posed as our guide to all the wonders of the wayside, Worden added:

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"The merest glimpse was allowed me of a pretty face half-veiled."—Page 46.

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"The end is not yet. We shall reap our reward for this, as you will see."

Oddly enough, we did so almost immediately. For upon arriving at Martigny we found the hotel crowded to overflowing. It appeared for a moment as if we must sleep under the stars. But the coachman whispered to the *portier*, the *portier* to the *chef de bureau*; and behold, we obtained a gem of a salon with two alcoves, upon the main floor, fronting the prospect.

"We are powers in the land!" cried Worden, the deceiver. "I have mastered the art of European travel. I am a butler evermore."

"A false position may have its inconveniences," I suggested.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he retorted. "I tell you we are kings!"

That night our coachman, Victor, who knew the mountains, begged for the privilege of guiding us across them. We could ride the horses, he said; and for the luggage, there was the sweetest of joyous little mules, eager for employment, to be had for a song. Of course, we closed with him at once.

"There, you see," said Worden; "we carry all before us—even to the mules."

I could only hope meekly that good would come of it. So we got up with the sun, and went on, bag and baggage, horse and mule and foot, over the pass of the Tête-Noire, a route "commone, hackneyed in the eyes of men," as my companion took great pains to tell me. But what of that? I had not seen it, nor had he. Was ever cynic argument so weak? Must we give up the Rhine, then, because poets for ages have loved to call it blue, when it wears, in fact, the yellowish-green hues of jade? Has the photograph solved the riddle of the Sphinx, and is she, from over-scrutiny, no more inscrutable? Shall we hunt for new sensations in the heart of Ethiopia and the squalid suburbs of great cities? No, thank Heaven! The old world's face is not worn out so easily by vulgar eyes. The Tête-Noire was my first mountain-pass, and it will always be my best one. The view of the winding Rhone from the height of the Forclaz still remains to me a marvel; and the dark wilderness of fir-trees along the sharp descent to the hidden torrent of the Eau Noire overshadows my remembrance, as though it were the *selva oscura* of the "Inferno." Great sheets of mist enveloped us there that day. The wind howled, the rain beat down; but, save only the mule, who was no longer joyous, we jogged on merrily.

"Behold," cried Victor, pointing with his staff to a boundary-stone by the roadside, "*La France!*" And out of a chest of appalling depth he intoned the Marseillaise. So with a song on our lips we came down into Savoy, and all around us, but invisible through the driving mist, lay the vale of Chamouni.

Suddenly, high above me, on my left, the nearer clouds parted for an instant, and disclosed an enormous mass of heaped-up crystals, pale-blue in color, towering into space and ending there abruptly, like the broken arch of a rainbow. I could not trust my eyes, and thought the light had played some trick upon them.

"Look there!" I called to Victor. "Do you see that?"

"Does not monsieur know?" he answered, calmly. "It is the glacier of Argentière."

The fog swept back, and it was gone. It had seemed as far removed from earth as the summer-cloud that melts before one's eyes, never to reassume its former shape, unreal as a vision. I was convinced that I should never find that light again in Argentière or any other glacier. And, indeed, none has ever looked to me as that did then.

Night overtook us; the storm grew fiercer. We could hardly see our horses' heads; we were soaked to the skin. But the village lights shone larger and brighter, and before long we plunged in among them, found our hotel, and steamed before a roaring fire. The old comedy of whispers went on between Victor and our last new landlord, who immediately transferred us to luxurious quarters befitting the state we had again tacitly assumed. Worden's eyes twinkled as he pulled from his pocket various clinging masses of wet pasteboard, reduced almost to their original pulp by the penetrating rain.

"May Saint Boniface, patron of ho-

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tels, grant me his forgiveness! I quite forgot them."

"You did your duty by them yesterday, Heaven knows," said I.

"So with a song on our lips we came down into Savoy."

"Not a bit of it," he returned. "These were given to me this morning. They are the hotel cards of Martigny."

"Then I, for one, will wear a wine-label no longer. I shall go down immediately, and disclose the whole fraudulent business to the gentlemanly proprietor."

"And lose these rooms!" cried Worden, catching me by the arm. "Are you mad? Leave everything to me. I'll discuss all the vintages of the country with them, if necessary. Hold your tongue, and let the innocent fraud go on. It hurts nobody; besides, I like it."

He had his way. Nothing was said, and we remained marked men and honored.

The next sun came blazing up into a cloudless sky, rousing me at an early hour and drawing me out upon the balcony, while I was still clothed in picturesqueness. With the silent wonder of youth I beheld the narrow, level meadows and the brawling Arve; the great brown crags rising abruptly on either side through their green fringes to snow-fields of dazzling whiteness; leading up at last to one clear summit

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whiter than them all. I needed no guide to tell me which among these peaks was royal. There he sat with his guards around him, high on his immutable throne, splendid as a god. I had slept for hours at his feet in the darkness of ignorance. Now I knew all upon the instant, as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand.

I went along the balcony and startled Worden out of a sound sleep. Just as he was, I dragged him to the window.

"Well, what of it?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"The Mont Blanc!" I stammered.

He yawned audibly. "Disappointing, isn't it? I have seen more snow than that in Madison Square."

"Good-by," I said, making for the balcony. "I give you up."

"Wait a bit. What time is it?"

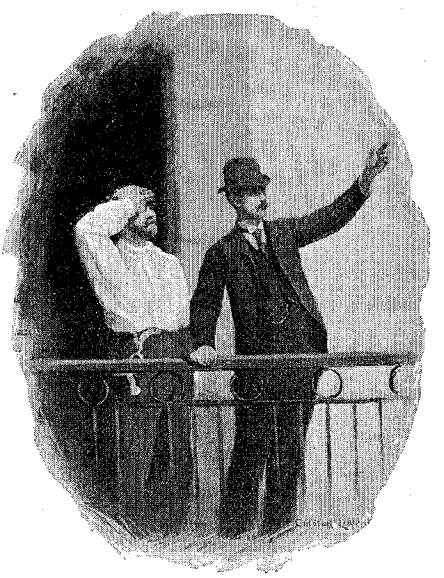
"Seven o'clock."

"Why on earth did you wake me? I was having such a superior dream; I shall never know the end of it now. No matter; coffee with you in just two hours." And he went to bed again.

What could be done with such dull eyes as these? Nothing, I concluded, but religiously to let them alone. The scheme worked to perfection. Upon coming in that morning from my first solitary stroll, I found Worden pacing his room furiously. Where had I been? Why had I crawled off by myself? If there was anything to see, he wanted to see it. For what else had I brought him? I aped humility, proposing that we should take shares forthwith in one of the village guides, and explore the neighborhood exhaustively and systematically. There fell to our lot, as it happened, a friend of Victor, who, on departing that day for his native pastures, assured us that we should find the guide, Franz, a good comrade, very sure of foot; and so he proved. I caught a sharp attack of the climbing fever, which communicated itself in a milder form to Worden; though I could not help suspecting that his interest, such as it was, in our daily life arose less from my influence than from the contents of a certain telegraphic message that came to him, as it were, out of a clear sky. What information it gave I had no means of knowing, but I could see that it was of a soothing nature.

As it now appeared that he desired to go where I went, he was dragged up the Flégère and down the Brévent; over the Mer de Glace, and under it to the crypt-like source of the Arveiron; through half the long list of *courses ordinaires*, treating everything lightly, turning all he could into ridicule; and if nothing was left him but to admire, undemonstrative. When I asked why feelings were given him never to be expressed, he replied that since I expressed mine so well, competition would be useless; it seemed to him, sometimes, that I had feelings enough for two. And with this shaft of sarcasm I was for the time silenced, if not convinced.

It was pleasant to see him perched on the wiry apex of a mule, following my lead, now up many a zigzag bridle-path, along the verge of many a precipice; always imperturbable, even when the beast who bore him craned its neck toward some scrubby thistle-blossom a yard or two down the awful gulf. He consented, though reluctantly, to have his shoes spiked when I inclined to glaciers. But upon one point neither I nor Franz could shake his strong opinion. He pronounced the common mountain-staff, or alpenstock, tipped with goat-horn and



"Just as he was I dragged him to the window."

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smoothly rounded to the hand, a foolish and detestable incumbrance, chiefly, I think, because custom makes it also an Alpine souvenir, by branding it with names and other data in a decorative spiral. Every village cobbler has his set of iron type ready for heating and stamping at a small fee. In Chamouni our windows commanded that functionary's little shop, and the line of tourists constantly closing in at his door to have their exploits indelibly recorded. This exhibition of innocent weakness always stirred Worden to wrath.

"A melancholy sight!" he said once. "The world depresses me hourly more and more. Look at that string of people; every mother's son and daughter in it a fool, if not a liar! For, of course, all the feats in Switzerland, whether performed or not, are duly chronicled; and each stick that comes goes home with 'Aiguille Verte' burned into it, or I'm a Dutchman."

"The Aiguille Verte is inaccessible," I remonstrated.

"But the letters of the alphabet are not, my boy. They may be bought for one centime apiece, as I am informed; and that wretched shoemaker will die a millionnaire through the folly of your countrymen."

"Let the ill wind blow him good," said I. "It does no harm to you."

"Yes, it does. It strokes me the wrong way; it ruffles my sweet temper. See that sexless thing with a veil around its head. Is it a man or a woman? Neither; it's an American tourist, personally conducted. Pah! Let us do the Aiguille Verte to-morrow, if only to escape from such monstrosities."

The morrow for that rash attempt never came, though we prolonged our stay in Chamouni—on the whole, no worse a place than any other, Worden said. But this admission, be it noted, was made after the receipt of a second mysterious telegram. We had been there ten days before I was left alone again. All that morning rain had threatened; the afternoon promised to be clear, and I therefore suggested a climb along the Glacier des Bossons to its attendant cascade. Worden said he was sleepy, and would rather dream about it; but I must go, that he might know the place through my emotions afterward. I consequently set out with Franz, on foot, and took the walk so leisurely that when we came back into the high-road, a mile below the village, the sun was already out of sight. The afternoon had climbed too, and had outstripped us; but to follow it we needed only to lift our eyes, for overhead the peaks still shone, keeping night at bay a little longer. There was not the smallest hurry, and I stopped first to examine a rough way-side shrine with its glazed portrait of the Madonna, then to drink from a spring that trickled over some mossy rocks near by. Franz pulled out his pipe.

"It is not late," said I. "Let us sit here and smoke comfortably. Hark, I hear horses. Is that the diligence from Geneva?"

"No," said Franz, after cocking his head to listen. "That is not the diligence."

The click of the hoofs drew rapidly nearer. We watched curiously a turn of the road, round which in a few moments the travellers must reveal themselves. Suddenly the sound stopped. Then we heard voices raised in discussion. Apparently the strangers had come to grief, and were bewailing it in at least two languages. My ear detected the confusion of tongues, but not the words.

Franz caught up his ice-axe and coil of rope.

"An accident!" he cried, dramatically. "To the rescue!" It proved to be no more than a broken trace. O fortune! No more, and very much more. For here were the self-same father and daughter who had been whirled away from me out of Saint Maurice. He did not recognize me at first; in such a case the father never does. But the girl's cheeks colored a little when our eyes met. She knew instantly that they had met before, and she remembered where.

While Franz and the coachman mended the harness, the old man thanked me for our timely aid. He had seen my face, he thought, but could not tell when.

"Ten days ago," I explained; "in the Rhone valley."

"At Saint Maurice, papa;" his daughter added.

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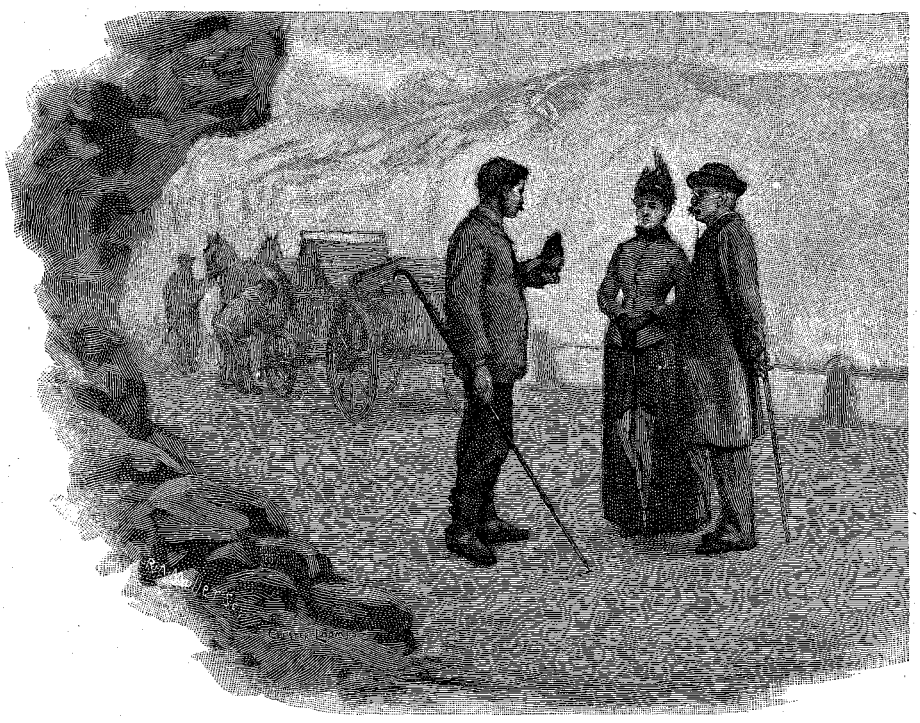

"The girl's cheeks colored a little when our eyes met."

"Oh, to be sure," said he, with a smile. "You must have come the other way."

"Yes," I answered, silently wondering why the fact should afford him any amusement. An awkward pause followed, during which I read the words painted on one of the trunks: HARGRAVE —NEW YORK. Their nationality would thus have been established, had any doubt of it existed in my mind. The man's features were of a good American type; the fashion of his gray beard and a scar upon his forehead gave him a martial look. "A veteran of the last war!" I thought. "Colonel, perhaps; or General—General Hargrave!" The girl was very like him, with brown hair and eyes, and a very clear complexion; an imperious and fascinating little beauty of one or two seasons—not a school-girl. She, of course, was Miss Hargrave, though it appeared that I was not to be told this formally. Well, introduction was a bore; I should make no move in its direction. I knew her name—what did mine matter?

"Jump in, Letty!" said the old soldier, "and tell the man to walk his horses. The village is very near, and I shan't run any risks. Won't you take the other seat?" he asked, turning to me.

I excused myself. I would go with them, but on foot.

Upon further talk, as we proceeded, I thought the acquaintance was, in a certain way, too informal. They were evidently trying to be civil, but the effort was always apparent, and at times my presence seemed to be ignored. It was too late for me to drop behind; I could only keep on with them, and do my best to seem at ease. Finding that they had never been in Chamouni, I pointed out its wonders, calling the mountain-tops by their names, familiarly. Miss Hargrave listened and admired, but with some absence of mind. Suddenly she asked me if there were many Americans at the hotels.

Her father gave a dry cough, as if to emphasize her words or his own. "Do you expect to find anybody," he asked; "anybody whom you know?"

She shook her head, and brought the talk directly back again to the view.

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"It is finer than all the rest," she said, "but we are too far below it; I want to climb—up, up, away from people—American people, I mean."

This speech struck me as most discourteous under the circumstances, and for a moment I was confounded by it. Did she take me for some outlandish foreigner? Or, worse than that, was I a nobody, to be forgotten, as well as ignored? Her words had made her father smile unconsciously.

"Why do you always laugh, papa?" she asked.

"I wasn't laughing," he replied, becoming preternaturally solemn at once. But I saw the smile getting the better of him the moment her attention was diverted.

"Are the hotels good?" she inquired of me.

I was not forgotten, then. Her rudeness was unintentional, of course; to her I was a foreigner. How could I have doubted it? The joke was capital; but what kind of foreigner, I wondered.

"Oh, yes," I returned, "as hotels go. They are not grandiose—not like the Three Crowns."

"Naturally not," she said, with what seemed to me a tinge of contempt in her tone. Then, more graciously: "We were there a day or two ago. Papa calls it the finest hotel in the world."

"Particularly as to its service," her father added, "and to its wines."

It was my turn to laugh now, as I did most heartily. Then, remembering that they were out of the joke, I prepared to explain it.

"I beg your pardon," I began; "the fact is that I—that we—" But at that moment the report of a cannon startled us all. We were just entering the village, where the gun had been fired in honor of the latest successful ascension of the summit. The horses made a forward plunge, whisked wildly round the corner, and were then brought up quietly enough before the door of a small hotel remote from Worden's and mine. I reached it almost at the same moment, breathless, but in time to help Miss Hargrave down. She permitted this small courtesy, and acknowledging it by a slight inclination of the head, without so much as a look she swept by me into the house. Her father, following, stopped and turned to me.

"We are grateful to you for your kindness," he said. "I shall hope to see you again one of these days—in Vevey." And he was gone.

In Vevey? Why not in Tokio, or in Khartoum?

In Vevey? Suddenly a light broke in upon me. Reviewing, bit by bit, our fragmentary talk, its constraint was all accounted for. Misinformed at our first meeting through their coachman's gossip, they had taken me for a servant. My own words, as chance willed it, far from disproving this, had strengthened the case against me. To Miss Letty Hargrave I was no more, no less, than the second butler of the Three Crowns.

I posted back to Worden in a rage, and hastily told him the story. His delight was immeasurable.

"After all you're not unlike one. It's delicious."

"I can't agree with you."

"Why on earth should you care a copper? You will never see these people any more. By the way, who are they?"

"The Hargraves—father and daughter."

"The Hargraves!" Then there was a pause, so long that I looked up; but he only drummed upon the table and added: "Ah! indeed."

"Did you ever hear of them?" I asked.

"Yes; I have heard of them."

"Is the old man a general?"

"General, no! He served for a week or so in the Northern army, as a major at the most. Yes, that's it—Major Hargrave."

"What else can you tell me?"

"Very little. He's an idle old beggar, living on his means. His house has a high stoop and a brown-stone front. Do you want the number of the street? I haven't it by me; but as it's a street in New York we may be sure that it has one. The daughter—well, you've seen her."

I sighed, then laughed. My position in the matter was somewhat ludicrous.

"I can't say much for Miss Hargrave's discernment," said I.

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"Don't be harsh with her. At night all cats are gray. Had you made now that little speech about your heart——"

"What speech?"

"Why, you flung it after her down the Villeneuve road—your heart, I mean—how many days ago?"

"Pish!" I cried, impatiently. "She's pretty, but she's—well—obtuse."

"Good honest talk!" said Worden. "Stick to it. While you have been masquerading for her benefit, I have been devising means to make your last impressions of Chamouni agreeable. Listen, and forget her. One woman will be as good as another—or as bad—when you come to my age."

"She is forgotten. Go on, patriarch!"

With all the contemptible ardor of a tourist, Worden, in my absence, had actually planned an expedition, and a long one, to a rock-bound slope, high up among the glaciers, called the Jardin.

"It will take us ten hours—or twelve, at most," said he.

"An all day's journey—and on foot," I answered, doubtfully. "Where is the Jardin?"

He found it impossible to tell me in words, but taking from one of his pockets a scrap of paper he made upon that a rough diagram of the spot and its approaches.

"It will be a hard pull," I objected.

"Nonsense. Women do it frequently, I am told. Where is your enthusiasm?"

It is hardly necessary to say that I had opposed his scheme from diplomatic motives only, to avoid bearing the burden of it in case things went wrong. It was accordingly arranged that, if the weather were fine, we should attempt the excursion on the following day at an early hour. Upon going to bed that night, I found in my pocket Worden's diagram, which I had unconsciously carried off. As I studied for a moment the blurred lines of his drawing, I noticed a peculiar tint in the paper, and turned it over, wondering how he came by it. On the reverse was written:

Don't go yet.
Olga Andréevna.

I perceived then that I held in my hand a part of one of Worden's pale-blue telegrams—an important part, since it bore the sender's name, which was that of our old acquaintance the Russian princess.

"Oho!" thought I, as I wrapped the drapery of my couch about me. "Monsieur the butler-in-chief is himself a diplomatist. It suits him to stay on a little longer; and to lull my suspicions, to keep me in good humor he has racked his brains. The mountain has labored, and brought forth its mouse. Worden has invented the Jardin."

But neither in the pleasant dreams to which I then lay down, nor in my subsequent waking hours could I conceive why the Princess Olga should wish at this particular moment to detain him, nor why he, who commonly chafed at all restraint like a stubborn horse, should now submit to be detained. Could it be that she—? No, the princess had a husband somewhere, I believed; an ill-favored thing, as Touchstone puts it, but her own. And there had been no semblance of a sheep's-eye, however faint, on her part or on Worden's.

The next day and the next it poured in torrents. Of course we stayed at home; Worden refusing to put even so much as his nose out of doors. We devoted ourselves to chess, and I was checkmated so many times in succession that Worden inquired satirically if I would not prefer to try some game that I knew how to play. Then he was beaten badly, and while my spirits rose he shut up the board and said it was stupid sport after all. Your fine player at anything, one observes, must always win.

Toward the close of the second day I went out for a lonely walk in the rain. But the storm was really over. Broken patches of cloud went scurrying by, revealing rosy light behind them. Somewhere at a lower level of the world there was a sunset.

"To-morrow will be marvellous," said Franz, when I returned, splashed with mud from head to foot. "One day in a thousand!"

"To-morrow, then, the Jardin!" I replied.

"Did you meet anybody in your walk?" demanded Worden.

"No one," said I; "not even the Hargraves."

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"'Not even' is good," he retorted. "I don't trust you out of sight. To-morrow, perhaps, you'll be engaged to her."

"Was it for that," I asked, "that you invented the Jardin?" He looked at me sharply. I think he knew that I meant more than my words did. But he pursued the subject no farther.

The dawn was cloudless, as the Swiss had predicted. Though we were up betimes, the peaks got the start of us, lifting sublimely above the lingering night their fresh, unblemished faces. The valley, still asleep, lay dark and cold, chilling us with heavy breaths of vapor. We three seemed to be the only human creatures stirring in it. But the Arve was awake and boisterous; and everywhere we heard the song of birds. Half-way up the Montanvert we met the perfect day, and watched it stride down below us to greet the meadows and the châlets, one by one. Then, coming out upon the shore of the Mer de Glace, we turned from the beaten track that leads straight across its frozen waves; and following the mountain crest for some distance we descended to the glacier by means of *Les Ponts*, a series of small ledges, each of which affords a foothold with little room to spare. This passage, though not dangerous, absorbs one's thought; here, in one of his chamois-leaps, Worden contrived to break his colored eye-glasses, informing us of the mishap profanely. His loss was somewhat serious, for in spite of all that Franz could urge, he had refused to wear a veil; and the ice-glare already dazzled us. He would have leisure for repentance, but I was too busy in crossing the ugly crevasse below him to tell him so. In a few minutes more we had passed the one small peril of our journey, and our course stretched away before us up the central portion of the glacier, over a field of ice almost unbroken.

We walked on toward the heart of this vast solitude, where man finds himself swiftly dwarfed into insignificance by the sight of nature at her fiercest and grandest—shut in on all sides by an insurmountable barrier, the splintered points of the Aiguilles. No two are alike, and all are terrible. Their deep ravines overflow with jagged ice pressing forward into the field, and their shining surfaces of rock lead down to instant death upon their own fragments, the high, loose walls of the moraines. The ice beneath assumes strange shapes, now regular, as if a skilful hand had formed them, now distorted and unnatural, more fantastic than barbarism itself. There is no roundness, no softness of vegetation. It is a land of sharpness, angularity, cold and fearful, except for its color, like a landscape in the moon. But the colors are of startling beauty. In this shallow glacial pool lurks a transparent, vivid green, peculiarly its own. And those well-like shafts near by, as yet unsounded by any scientific plummet, sink into a blue deeper and clearer than that we call the blue of heaven. The lustrous rocky pinnacles have been well compared to spikes of metal, once molten and suddenly congealed. All things here seem to be of marble or of copper, with all the cunning processes of alchemy at work in them.

"Beware of the *moulins!*" cried Franz, pointing toward a small hole down which a surface rivulet went roaring away, drowning itself in savage music; "they are dangerous; one would not desire to step into them." Just then we heard a sharper sound, breaking into a rattle, dying off in reverberations like a peal of thunder. "An avalanche!" explained the guide. "Look! Another!" Far up a distant mountain-side we saw a faint trail of icy smoke, moving so slowly that Worden had time to turn the field-glass which he carried full upon it. A minute later came the noise, prolonged as before, echoing and re-echoing.

"That is fine!" said Worden, under his breath. So far as I know this was the only word of unqualified approval that he wasted upon Switzerland. We had come, indeed, into an atmosphere of exhilaration.

Nevertheless, the old contest of the wind and the sun went on around us; and the sun got the better of it, precisely as he did in Æsop's fable. His mighty blaze tried more than one of our mortal senses. But when I offered compassionately a strip of my veil to Worden, he scorned it as though it had been

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Cupid's blinder. He took this occasion, moreover, for a fling at my alpenstock, of which, thus far, I had found little need. Nothing should ever induce him to brandish this ornamental weapon. Did I not feel myself to be a model excursionist, got up for show? What had I done with my personal conductor and my ninety-nine enrolled companions? Franz inquired what monsieur was saying, and when I told him, he only laughed discreetly, and called Worden "*un gros farceur.*"

But when we left the ice, and toiled up the yielding granite masses of a steep and treacherous moraine, the use of the *bâton* became at once apparent. Worden went slipping about, making all his progress laboriously. At last he fell, and after that he suffered Franz to lend him a hand at the difficult places. Aided by my lighter weight, even more than by my staff, I could have distanced them easily, but purposely lagged behind, satisfied to enjoy my obvious triumph in contemptuous silence. In this order we gradually left behind us the great terminal wall of the Talèfre, and gained at length one of the most important stations of our day's march, a promontory of solid rock, jutting out grandly into the rough, noiseless sea. Here Franz wished that we should repose ourselves for a while. And here, in some former age, an enormous boulder stopped to rest in its downward course, and never has gone on. In its shelter a patch of long grass has grown; grass of the richest green, as soft and fine as though it were the fresh sod of an English lawn, grateful to any eyesight that turns toward it from the scorching waste of the débris; doubly grateful, now, to Worden's. He threw himself down there in the shadow of the boulder.

"*Un beau point de vue,*" said Franz. "This, *messieurs*, is called the Rock of Béranger:

> "'Ah! qu'on aspire de courage
> Dans l'air pur du sommet des monts!'"

Though we did not know it then, he had quoted to us the merry poet of the "Roi d'Yvetot," drawing largely for the lines, no doubt, upon his slender stock in trade. Then he dropped back into prose, and gave us a catalogue of Alpine names, to which I listened with indifference, envying his knowledge less than his nationality, that made this prospect an old story to him.

Directly at our feet, but far below them, three huge ice-streams met to form the Mer de Glace, the whole length of which we had just surmounted; and on three sides the ice was hemmed in by the bristling summits told off by Franz so glibly. Above them all Mont Blanc showed us a new face—a wild and frowning one. No mist veiled it, no shred of cloud crept into the clear blue of the sky. Now and then came the white rush of an avalanche, shouting up to us in tones of thunder; the only sound, the only movement in all this splendid desolation.

"And where," asked Worden, "is the Jardin?"

"Up there," said Franz, pointing at a high moraine behind us. "Up there—and beyond; a trifle of another half-hour or so."

Worden eyed for an instant the formidable wall of rock. "That settles it," he said; "I shall wait for you here."

In vain I urged that this was not all he had come out to see.

"I shall see the rest through your observant eyes," he answered, making, as he spoke, the circuit of the small plateau, to explore a rude stone shelter thrown up under the boulder. "This is my domain. If I am molested, which is most unlikely, I shall take refuge in my dog-kennel, and bar the door."

He limped a little as he came back to us, and frankly admitted that he had bruised his knee in falling. There were no bones broken; amputation would not be necessary, he fancied; he did not care to climb, that was all.

We left him food and drink, therefore, and scrambled on without him. The way was not easy; more than once Franz lowered his stick, and pulled me up by it. At the top we looked back, and saw Worden just where we had left him, smoking his cigar alone. But, as we turned away, Franz stopped to point out to me three other figures farther off upon the Mer de Glace; mere points of moving darkness, that, while

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we looked, passed out of sight among the rocks below the boulder.

"They are coming to the Jardin," said Franz. "The day is too fine; we cannot have it to ourselves."

I chuckled at the thought of their speedy encroachment upon Worden's philosophical repose.

"He will take to his tub, and shut them out," I reflected. "Poor Diogenes!"

We found the Glacier du Talèfre ankle-deep with wet snow, through which we floundered to another low moraine, and, crossing that, we stood at last on the green slope of a little heart-shaped island, completely enclosed with ramparts like a citadel. A spring bubbled up at our feet. Bright Alpine flowers of strange hues nodded and sparkled in the grass. I thought the breeze had blown one from its stalk; but the color darted here and there with a motion of its own; it was a butterfly. No wonder that its discoverer had named this place the Garden.

We sat down to rest, to eat, and drink away the time. Then Franz curled himself up like a marmot, and went to sleep, while I watched the avalanches, until the long silences between them grew oppressive, bringing me a shuddering sense of loneliness. The very air felt too pure for humanity with all its faults and passions. Voices! It was a relief to hear them. The other party must be very near. In a few moments a guide peered over the wall, and then came down, bringing with him no less a person than Major Hargrave.

He greeted me in civil surprise, while Franz shook himself awake, and hob-nobbed with the guide.

"And the rest of your party?" said I. "We thought there were three of you."

"Oh, yes—my daughter. She had enough of it, and is waiting below at the other halting-place."

"Alone?"

"Yes. We are only three."

"But—alone?" I repeated.

"Of course," he answered, laughing. "Why not? There are no wild beasts, I believe, and no banditti."

Unhappy Worden! He had really imprisoned himself, then, at the sound of their voices.

The Major's luncheon was now produced, and with it a bottle of Rüdesheimer, from which he filled a glass for me. He looked somewhat vexed when I declined to drink with him.

"I have lunched already," I explained.

"A glass more or less is nothing," he urged. "But I suppose you prefer the native wines. Every man to his taste. Which, now, do you call your best one?"

"I have never compared the Swiss wines."

He stared at me in silent wonder. "I see," he said, at length; "Swiss grapes are like prophets—for exportation only."

"Perhaps. I really don't know."

He grew more and more perplexed, while I quietly enjoyed his confusion.

"May I ask where you learned English?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Oh, yes—in a land where it is spoken fluently—the United States of America."

"Is it possible? But I understood ——"

"That I was in the service of the Three Crowns. Quite the reverse. I am a good Yankee, but I can't 'keep a

"A lonely walk in the rain."

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hotel!' Perhaps because I have never tried."

He burst into a loud laugh, and begged me a thousand pardons; when I told him the whole story, he begged ten thousand more. Then we buried our little hatchet in his Rhenish wine.

"It was your own fault, after all," he said, amiably. "You spoke French so well."

I had heard him try to speak it, and could therefore appreciate the true value of his compliment; but I thanked him none the less.

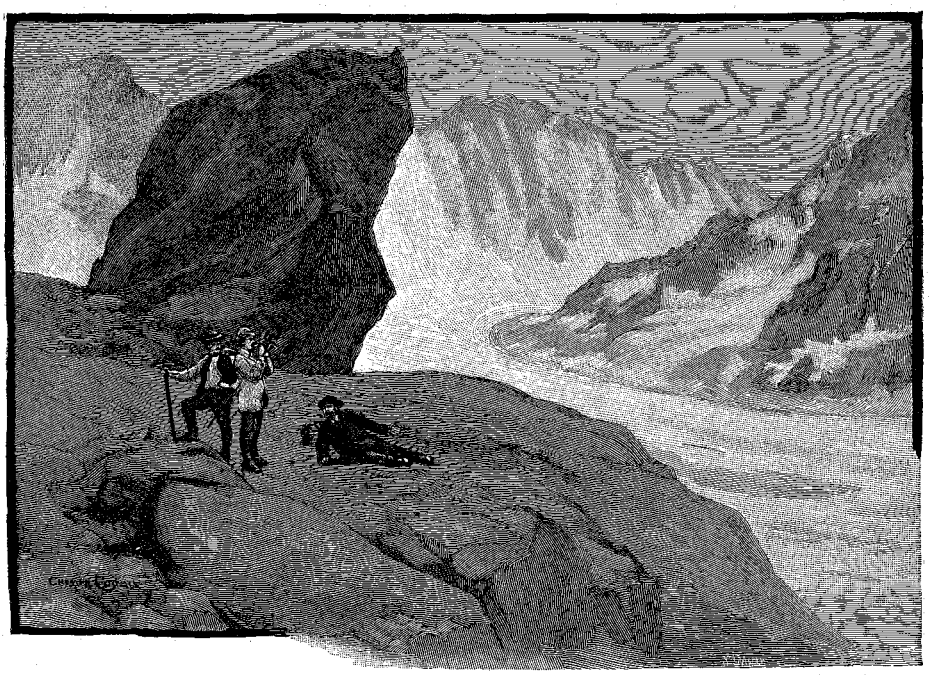
"And you can read it, too, of course?"

"Well, yes—a little."

"Then help me out with this," he said, unfolding a newspaper, and letting his voice fall into a whisper. "It came by post yesterday—from whom, I can't imagine. These long words puzzle me, and I could not ask my daughter. I did not like to let her know."

The French journal, printed at Geneva, was three days old. In a long letter from the regular correspondent at Vevey, I found a marked passage recounting the loss of an American tourist near the summit of the Mer de Glace. He had gone out to walk alone, and had not returned. There could be no doubt of his sad fate, for untiring search had brought to light an alpenstock with his veil tied to it, at a point known as the Rock of Béranger. The man's description followed, last of all his name. The story was told in a florid style, with many mournful interjections; and it was signed, *Trois Couronnes*. I caught its purport at a glance, and was thus enabled to translate it gravely, word for word, in a firm voice. This feat, however, was more than difficult, for the description and the name were Worden's.

"Yes, yes, I thought so," sighed Major Hargrave, as I read on to the end. I was just preparing to laugh at



"We left him food and drink, therefore, and scrambled on without him."

him, when he grew strangely confidential, after the manner of your good American, who comes upon a sympathetic compatriot in some lonely corner of the world.

"It is terrible," he whispered. "I hardly dare to tell you what I fear—and yet——"

"You may trust me. What is it that you fear?"

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"A case of suicide," said Major Hargrave, turning white at the word. "The man was dead in love—desperately so. I happen to know it. He has killed himself. It is as if I knew that too."

For one instant my face must have been whiter than his own. What if this nameless, petty fiend, this printer's devil, with cunning prescience, had lied like truth? What if Worden, desperate to folly, had dismissed me that shining morning to take his own life, and had chosen for his fatal deed, by a strange chance, the very spot the lie had branded? He *was* dead in love; I knew that; but he was not a fool. And so the color came back into my face, and I laughed at the doleful look in Major Hargrave's.

"Don't laugh!" he cried, imploringly. "To me it is a most distressing matter. He was a capital fellow. You could not laugh if you had known him."

Not know my fellow-traveller? At this absurd suggestion I only laughed the more. But the Major lost his temper, and turning red as a turkey-cock, he shook the lying letter in my face.

"Damn it, sir, do you call that a joke?"

"Excuse me—I can't help it. Your dead man isn't dead—that's all."

"Not dead?"

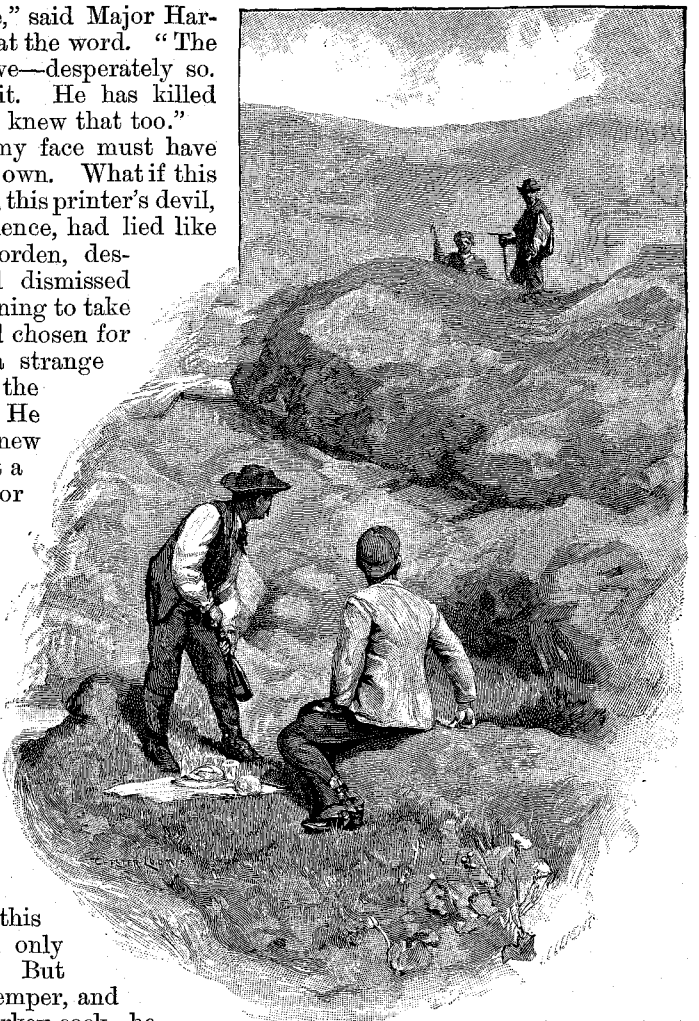
"Dead in love, yes; but in the flesh, alive and well. He has turned hermit, and gone into a retreat. Present address, the Rock of Béranger."

"Where is that, in the devil's name?"

"Why, the great boulder—the halting-place there, below us."

"What! Where my daughter——"

Then Major Hargrave turned from red to purple, and laughed till he woke the echoes like an avalanche; till the very guides, without knowing why, joined in the laugh, and prolonged the echo; and I, too, but for cause. Worden loved in vain. The Major knew it. Well and good, but how? Why should he take my companion's small affair of the heart so seriously and so merrily, unless it concerned his own companion, Miss Letty Hargrave?



"In a few moments a guide peered over the wall."

I asked no questions, and he told me nothing. As we came out into the land of snow, his mind wandered off into a maze of conjecture regarding the origin of the tale in print. I had found my own clue to that, but I kept it to myself. At the green plateau we found Worden and Miss Hargrave chatting

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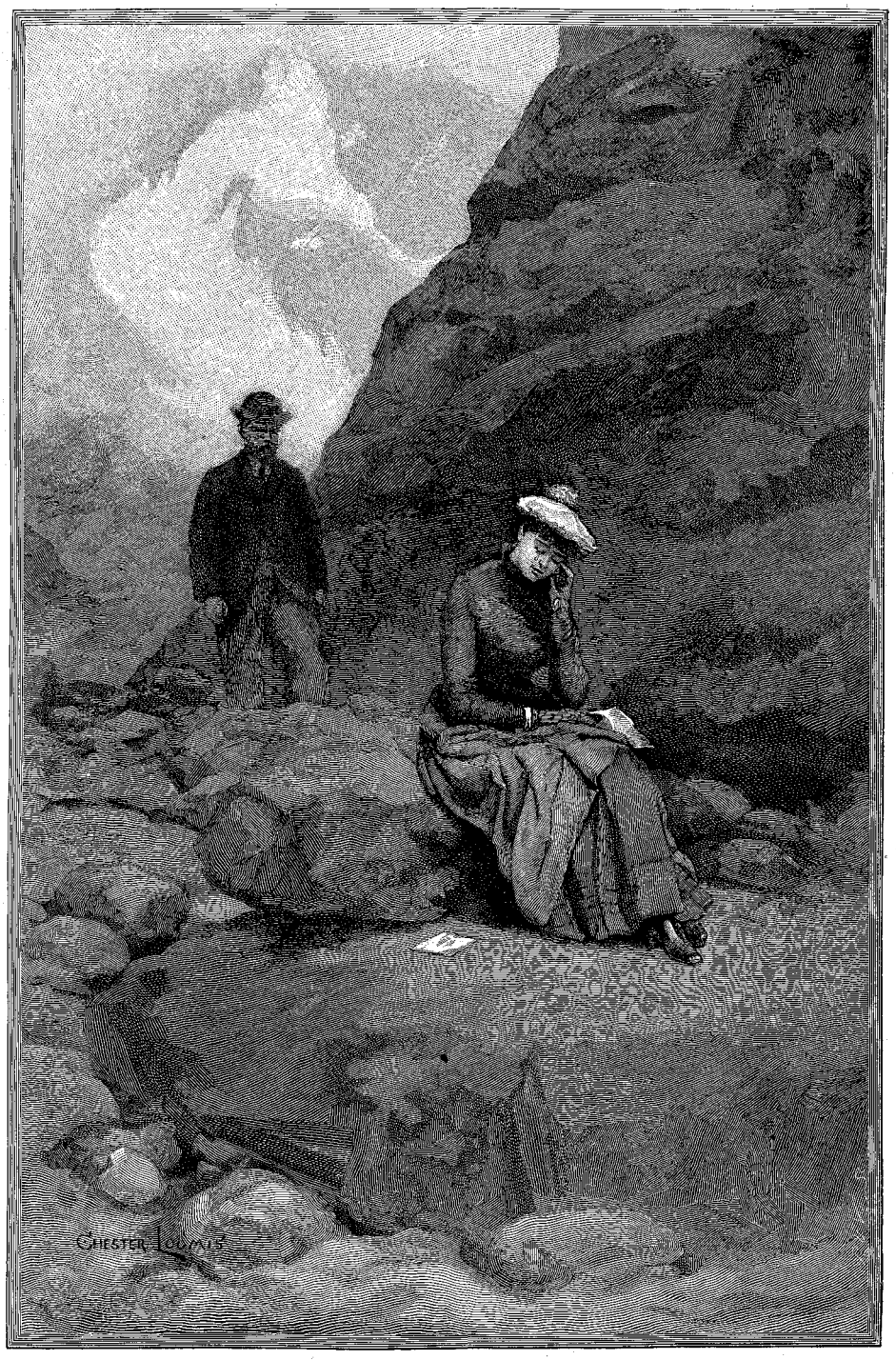

"There was Letty, crying like a child over a letter."

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pleasantly like old friends. She smiled when she saw me, and at last we were introduced. But she made no allusion to the stupid mistake concerning my identity, of which she had been the victim; perhaps because she thought me too dull to notice the difference between reserve and cordiality.

While we talked, Worden and Major Hargrave exchanged confidences with much suppressed hilarity. "I assure you I knew nothing of it," I heard Worden say. The guides called us to order; we looked our last at the waning splendor of the glaciers, along which the shadows were slowly lengthening; and then we all came down together.

Worden, still limping though not disabled, dropped behind with the Major, leaving Miss Hargrave entirely to me. She was all charm and sweetness now, with that air of bewitching coquetry which had impressed me at the very first. Without vanity I may record my conviction that she tried her best to captivate me that day. For had I been a monster of deformity I believe she would have done the same. Luckily for my peace of mind I could not forget that she had just mistaken me for a servant, and she left me as she found me, irresponsive. But under other circumstances I should have gone to bed that night madly in love with her—and much she would have cared. She, of all women, had the least right to such a conquest then. But what of that? Your brilliant blue-and-gold macaw, to the last gasp, will allure you with a pretty attitude, only to turn and rend you. You cannot change its nature. Macaws are made so.

It was late when we got back to our hotel; but I followed Worden to his room, went in after him, and shut the door.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me," I demanded, "what all this means?"

"To the best of my ability. But first, perhaps, I ought to tell you——" He hesitated.

"What?" I asked, impatiently.

"That I am engaged to Miss Hargrave."

"Since when?" I stammered, too much startled for congratulation.

"Since this morning. We agreed to let you know."

I quoted Franz, and, through him, Béranger.

"'Ah! qu'on aspire de courage
Dans l'air pur du sommet des monts!'

For this, then, you invented the Jardin."

"No," he said, laughing. "It wasn't in the programme. After you left me, I fled into the hut at the sound of voices. When all was quiet, and I thought I was alone again, I came out. To my amazement there was Letty—Miss Hargrave—crying like a child—over a letter."

"A letter?"

"Yes—or rather its enclosure; half a newspaper column, describing my awful death—a duplicate of that the Major showed you."

"She knew of it, then?"

"The writer took good care of that."

"I see. And so——"

"So she screamed at the sight of me, and I thought she would have fallen. I caught her, I believe. And then—odd, wasn't it?"

"Very. Your lead of trumps has been fully justified."

"Don't be an ass," he cried, indignantly. "I didn't lead. I only followed suit."

"What? That obituary notice was not your work?"

"No, I tell you. I knew nothing of it—absolutely nothing. All I knew was this."

And he handed me the following letter.

"Cher Animal, Ask her again, and you will get her. She has refused you once, twice, you will say—a dozen times, I care not how many. Some women are like that. And this one loves you, I am sure of it. So I have telegraphed you again to wait in Chamouni. Disobey me at your peril. In proof, I venture upon a small experiment. It shall do no harm, perhaps it shall do good. I pray for this, for you, and for myself. It would be such joy for me to accomplish this good action, since there are not too many to remember in my life. Be discreet there-

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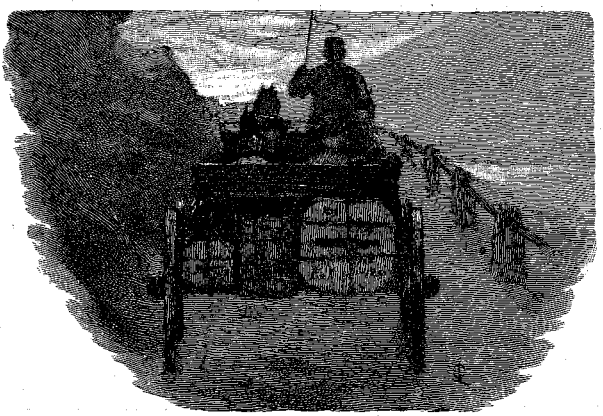
fore, and, if I go wrong instead of right, forgive

"Your best—or worst—of friends,
"OLGA ANDRÉEVNA."

I looked at Worden. If any man on earth could be called completely happy, it was surely he.

"The Princess is adorable," I said. "My dear old man, with all my heart I congratulate you."

With what a vengeance Time can turn his tables! She, who led him such a dance, now sits at his clumsy feet, and has no thought that is not his. He loves her, too, in his own way, which is a shade less devotional than hers. But that you know him, you might almost reproach him with indifference. Who, not knowing him, would ever guess how much she made him suffer, how freely he forgave her on the instant, putting all but love away? And I, who longed to climb, now hobble painfully, content if I can hold my own on level ground. Rheumatism the doctor calls it; but I know better, it is gout. I know, also, that the rare blue we call the blue of heaven is but an aqueous evaporation. Ah! were all to do again, the upper air should never tempt me. I, too, would lie down and rest most gladly under the Rock of Béranger.



GRIEFS.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

THE rains of winter scourged the weald,
For days they darkened on the field:
Now, where the wings of winter beat,
The poppies ripple in the wheat.

And pitiless griefs came thick and fast—
Life's bough was naked in the blast—
Till silently amid the gloom
They blew the wintry heart to bloom.

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BALLADE.

TO SANDRA, IN ABSENCE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

When Spring was high on every vale and hill—
  When great winds buffet the hollow barns and tease
The foaming surface of each riotous rill;
  When fragile spring-flowers blossom at the knees
Of beeches budding for June's canopies—
  You often walked these grassy hills, and shed
The very spirit of spring where'er you led;
  But now the season's wrong, the time is dumb,
The sod is callous, dry the year's well-head,
  You come no more as you were wont to come.

You often came when June was deep and still,
  To let your spirit have its joy of these
Spring promises which summer hours fulfil,
  The flowering locusts and the singing bees,
The shadow-headlands upon grassy seas,
  The filmy clouds dissolving shred by shred;
Alas, these leave the soul uncomforted,
  They pass unheeded now, as if the sum
Of summer joys was but a rhyme resaid,—
  You come no more as you were wont to come.

Now Autumn dreams amid her haze until
  The change is wrought within her vision of peace;
Gone is the thrush, no more the whip-poor-will
  Calls to his mate from out the dark fir-trees,
The saffron reed-beds shiver in the breeze,
  The fields are vacant, all the bloom has fled;
Alone beneath the cold low clouds I tread
  Up these wide slopes, which I have often clomb
To pluck heartsease, to gather sedge instead—
  You come no more as you were wont to come.

The Winter, when the world is wholly dead,
  Spreads gently for his bones a pallid bed,
Ah, Love! when memory is stricken, numb,
  Leave this last trace of time remembered—
  You come no more as you were wont to come.

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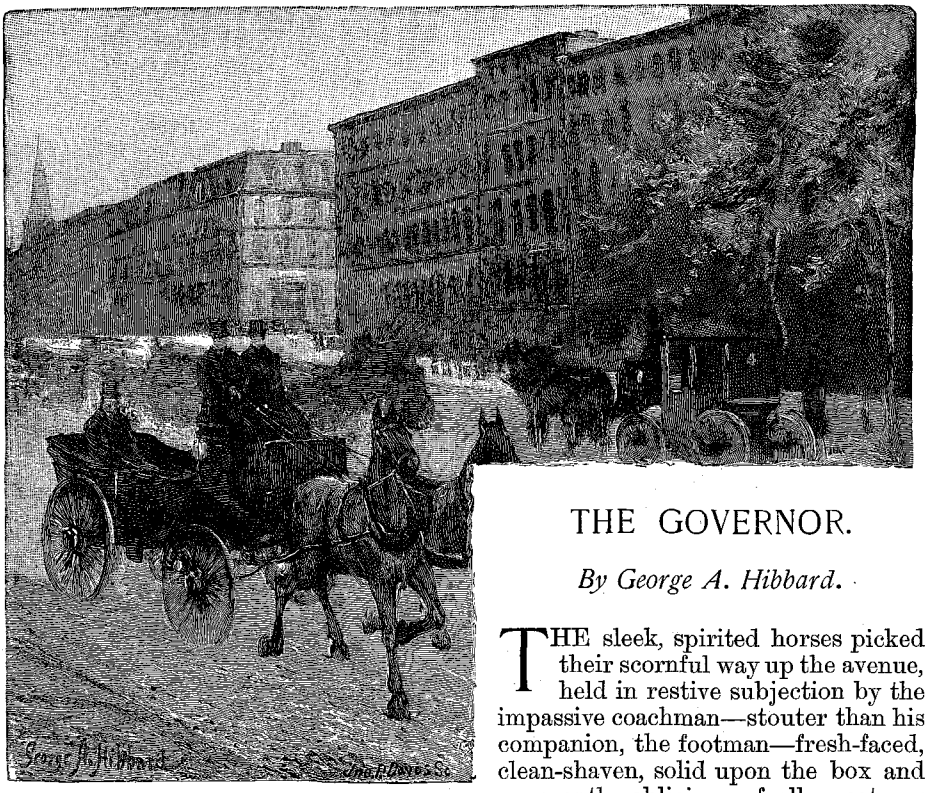

THE GOVERNOR.

By George A. Hibbard.

THE sleek, spirited horses picked their scornful way up the avenue, held in restive subjection by the impassive coachman—stouter than his companion, the footman—fresh-faced, clean-shaven, solid upon the box and apparently oblivious of all greatness save his own as a coachman should be. The glossy carriage, almost noiseless in its slow motion, held only a grim, gray-haired old man. Many eyes were bent upon him. Pedestrians paused to look at him. The occupants of other carriages broke short their conversations, and turned to catch another glance as he passed. Here and there a hat was lifted. Without change of expression, however, except when the light of personal recognition occasionally lit up his face and he half automatically returned a bow, the tall, thin, commanding, much noticed and most noticeable man sat almost motionless.

"At last it has come," he thought. And what had come at last? The accomplishment of a life's ambition. Thirty-nine years before he had entered that city a boy of twenty, with scarce money enough in the pocket of his coarse, ill-fitting coat to pay for a week's subsistence. It was an afternoon like this, and the wealth and fashion of the town then as to-day glittered along this same avenue. Then as now he looked away up the broad street, bordered by stately buildings, at the glistening carriages flowing in counter-current up and down; at the scattered hundreds upon the sidewalks; at the whole animated scene, all given tone by the mellow autumnal sunshine. How different it all was and yet how much the same. He had envied them then, with the feverish, impatient, unreasoning hatred of unsatisfied ambition. He had sworn then that he would possess more than any of them possessed; command more than any of them controlled. And he had kept to that resolve, through all the thirty-nine years, that resolve that was after all only a renewal of another resolve made not long before. He thought now with almost pitying contempt of the impetuous fashion in which the first had been made; of the eager impulse with which, that summer afternoon under the old willow, he threw down the book that had struck at him in Macaulay's crystalline, many-faceted English, with the wonderful career of

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Warren Hastings. As the boy Hastings had kept his resolve made by the river, that he would win Daylesford, so he had kept his own that he would win power, fame, and wealth. In what exaltation, in what passion of the moment he had made it. "I wonder," and the thin, close-drawn lips for the first time approached change of expression—a slight smile that was quickly gone, flickering over them—"I wonder if I can find the marks of my blows upon the old tree, when, with only the possibility of mere physical exertion to satisfy my longing for immediate action, I pounded its twisted trunk with a fallen branch until I was tired."

There was a block at an intersecting street, and the carriage pausing on the cross-walk brought its occupant within ear-shot of the knot of people waiting for the way to clear.

"The Governor. They call me the Governor. The Governor. And the Governor of a pivotal State. The newspapers I see grow stronger about it every day. It may come to me—it has come to others—to me, as things come to those who—go to meet them. And I am rich, richer than I ever dreamed I should be. I've a right to my holiday if ever a man had—the first in forty years."

He drove out of the avenue into the park. The wheels ran with softer, hollower roll upon the smoother road. The rattle of the harness was more noticeable. The hoofs of ridden horses in rhythmic beat could be distinctly heard. The stream of humanity poured here with hurrying pulsation, and lagged there with slower eddy.

"I'll go back and look at my own past, my own youth. I'll go back to the old place. I wonder if it will be greatly changed. I wonder if I will find any of them there—after forty years? No doubt I shall—held there by the insidious strength of habit, effortless, almost brainless in the stupefying turn of slow, dull routine. Yes, I will go back. It is a whim, almost a romantic folly—but I've a right to it. I haven't done so many senseless things in my life that I haven't a right to do this one."

And so disconnectedly, and with frequent interruption as attention was caught by what he saw or overheard, ran the Governor's thoughts as he drove on—the man whose slow, steady, inexorable advancement, never retarded by over-scrupulous method, never impeded by even the record of many an obstruction thrown sometimes relentlessly in wreck out of his path, made him one of the most remarkable figures of the day—the man who now, sanctified by success, had reached unquestioned eminence throughout the land.

Shadows steal across the country from the west—renegade deserters of the day, seeking to join the main body of invading darkness advancing from the east. A train has just arrived at the small station—a platform and a shed merely—which is the stopping place, on this particular line, nearest to the village of Farmstead. Two passengers only alight. One an old man, tall and spare, the Governor, who, the day before, as he drove along, had so held the gaze of the avenue, where there were so many and so much to attract attention; the other a trim, decent-looking, middle-aged person, who, as the two stepped from the train, unfolded a light overcoat with the easy, unobtruding care that indicates the watchful and skilful servant.

There was the sound of empty milk-cans hastily set down, and then the conductor raised his hand to the engineer, leaning, pipe in mouth, from his cab. The train started, and, grumbling dissatisfaction at having been stopped at all, steams down the track. There are the usual surroundings; the gallows-like affair giving warning of the railroad crossing; a pile of empty barrels; a freight car or two on a side-track, with doors wide open.

The Governor, shading his eyes with one hand from the rays of the sinking sun, looked long and earnestly over the country, from which rose the heavy, sweet perfume of a warm autumn day.

"Nothing—nothing at all like," he mutters, and then, reassuringly, "but I was seldom here. There was no railroad in my time."

But still he did not move. The warm ultramarine, in the west, was shrinking into a cold, delicate green; and soon

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the horizon would become a dull, glowing yellow. The platform was already deserted. There was but one vehicle in sight—a one-horse wagon into which a boy was loading the clattering, dented, brass-rimmed milk-cans. The Governor was a little impatient—was growing angry in fact, with the indefensible, wholly unreasonable irritation natural to gentlemen of his years. How could he get to Farmstead? Why was there no means of conveying travellers thither?

"Do you want anybody?" said suddenly a thin youthful voice behind him. The Governor turned and found himself face to face with the boy who had finished loading the wagon, and who had mounted to the platform. With feet wide apart he stood looking at the Governor. He was fresh-faced, round-cheeked, sturdy. His attire verged upon raggedness—not the raggedness of poverty but the natural raggedness of healthy boyhood. He looked at the tall grave man before him with a steady, straightforward stare, free, however, from both assurance and embarrassment.

"I want some means of getting to Farmstead," answered the Governor.

"Going there myself," replied the boy not too smartly and with a good-humored friendliness. "I'll take you over if you like. If you don't go with me I guess you'll have to walk. Many don't come by this road and the stage isn't sent over here. Want to come?"

He glanced up smiling, and the Governor nodded his assent.

"Does he want to come too?" continued the boy, jerking his thumb in the direction of the servant busy with the luggage. The Governor nodded again.

"I guess there's room for the lot of you," answered the boy, cheerfully.

"Williams," said the Governor, "take the bags and get in behind."

The vehicle was of the kind once known as a carry-all, with a straight, stiff stick rising at each corner to support a hard flat roof. The leather tags by which the curtains were upheld flapped raggedly, giving it an altogether dogeared appearance, and the rusty ironwork and splashed wheels and body told of long and hard usage. It was not a luxurious or even a very comfortable turn-out. But the Governor was very glad to make use of it.

"There," said the boy, after he had jumped into the wagon himself, "give me your hand. Now then."

The Governor so aided stepped on the muddy hub, climbed slowly up and seated himself beside the boy on the front seat.

"Most people come by the new road that goes right through the village," said the boy, after they had started.

"Ah," responded the Governor.

"Go 'long," said the boy to the horse.

If the Governor had ever attempted to form any such mental picture, he probably would not have imagined himself returning to the home of his childhood in this fashion. As his thoughts ran when he drove up the crowded, noisy, glittering avenue, so his thoughts ran now as the staid old horse drew him slowly along the silent, shadowy country road. The nearer he came to Farmstead, the more distinct became his memories. He remembered things—often surprisingly trivial things—that he had not thought of for years. The aspect of the trees, the lines of the fences, he recollected, sometimes with singular clearness. And the people—he had not seen any of them for forty years—yet he could remember exactly how many of them looked. He wondered what had become of the old school teacher, and of all the boys with whom he had gone to school. What had become of Joliffe—Joliffe of whom he had not thought for so long a time, although once he had thought of him often enough. And with this memory his features became suddenly even more severe and then quickly relaxed into an expression almost of eager pleasure. Joliffe! How that name brought back the past. It was jealousy of him, as much as anything else, that had led to the famous resolve by the willows, nearly half a century ago. Jealousy—absolute jealousy he thought. For then Joliffe had seemed blessed with all favors of fortune. Only a country doctor's son, but yet the holder of almost all the prizes of that humble life. Jealousy finds its cause not only

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in what others have, but in what we have not, as well. And he was the possessor of so much that was desired, and the representative of so much more only imagined. "How I would like to give him a twinge of regret, of envy," thought the Governor. "If I could but make him realize the pettiness of his own life and the power of mine, that would repay me for the hours of boyish misery he caused me. Has not someone said that we do our meanest acts on account of those we most despise? Should anyone know that I, after forty years, still feel resentment against the insignificant son of a country doctor, he would think me contemptibly beneath contempt."

"I don't do this sort of thing every day," volunteered the boy, finally, looking back at the cans. "They are pretty busy at home," pausing to see if his companion caught the full significance of his words; "I did it as a particular favor."

"Indeed," said the Governor, absently.

"Yes," continued the boy, disappointed that he had made no deeper impression. "You see they are going to have a wedding, and they've got a good deal to do getting ready. Somebody had to get the cans and I said I'd do it."

He flapped the reins on the back of the staid old horse, and, for a moment, was apparently lost in the contemplation of his own condescension. "I didn't much like to do it, 'cause there's so much going on at home. Say," he exclaimed, "you aren't one of his relations, are you?"

"Whose?" asked the Governor, blankly.

"Mr. Lysle's, who's going to marry Sue."

"No," confessed the Governor, almost humbly, "I am not."

"I thought you might be," said the boy. "There's a good many of them been coming lately."

There was silence for a few moments.

"You know the place—the people about here pretty well?" asked the Governor, abruptly.

"I was born here," replied the boy with a fine scorn which the oldest inhabitant could not have excelled.

"Do you know anybody by the name of Joliffe?" the Governor demanded.

"Joliffe," and the boy opened his eyes wide with astonishment, and twisted himself in hilarious contortion. "Why, my name's Joliffe, John Joliffe. It's my father's name too. Ever seen father?"

"Yes," answered the Governor, slowly; "he's a physician, isn't he?"

"Why certainly, father's a doctor. He's retired though. You get sick around here and you'll find out that he's the doctor, if you can get him. He's a great doctor, he is. No one can give you worse tasting things than he can."

"No doubt—no doubt," murmured the Governor, utterly unconscious of what he was saying or to what he replied. "And so," he thought, "Joliffe has lived on here. I suppose the slim boy—by the way how much this boy looks as he did; I'm surprised I did not notice it at once—has become a coarse, overfed country dullard. Married early, of course—I never have found time for that, early or late." Then, turning to the boy again, he asked:

"How old are you?"

"Twelve and a half," answered the driver, promptly. "I'm the youngest."

"Any brothers?"

"Two."

"Sisters?"

"Three."

Of course, thought the Governor, Joliffe was the very man to have such a family—a ruminant, a calm-lived bovine.

"Sue's the third oldest," continued the boy, his desire for conversation causing him to forget his haste and to suspend his chirruping and clucking at the horse.

"And she's to be married."

"Married to-morrow to Mr. Lysle," responded the youngster, meditatively. "He isn't a bad sort of a fellow, and I used to like him first rate."

"You liked him?" the Governor was surprised at the interest he took in the matter, and at the number of questions he asked.

"Before Sue said she'd have him, he used to give me a lot of things. Somehow he don't now."

"I should like to see your father," said the Governor, suddenly. "If you

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will take me to your house my servant will walk on to the hotel, and have a wagon sent for the bags and myself."

"It's more than a mile," said the boy.

"Why," said the Governor with some surprise, "I thought that you lived in the village."

"Oh," cried the boy, "you've been here before. But that was the old house, before father gave up practice. We live now in the one just outside, that used to be the minister's house, and that father fixed over. You wouldn't know it, there's been such a lot done to it."

"I was born there," thought the Governor. And then, with a sudden contraction of the brow, "I had forgotten all about it. I wish I hadn't. I might have bought it. I'd rather that Joliffe did not have it—John Joliffe of all men."

"My father's a rich man," continued the boy. "Are you?"

He looked at the Governor with clear, unabashed eyes, that held no evidence of consciousness of the impropriety of the question. His unembarrassed innocence made a direct answer even natural and proper.

"Some people think so," answered the Governor.

"But are you?" persisted the boy.

'Yes."

"Very?"

"Very."

"I don't believe you are as rich as he is."

"Possibly not," responded the Governor.

The light had diminished. The lulling sounds of the coming twilight, the quelled noises of the field, the rustle of the trees scattered along the highway, the slight clash in one place where some stalks of corn were left standing in their ripened leaves—like Arabs in their loose-hanging robes—all deepened by a multitude of dim, half-realized associations, softened the hour to the Governor, as they now drove silently along. The occasional lowing of distant cattle, clearer than it could have been earlier in the year, the boom of a night-hawk swooping down, the small, shrill, stridulous pipings in the bedusted bushes—the Governor heard it all—heard it with that finer sense with which present perception has but little to do. A grove cast deep shadows across the road. It ended abruptly, and they came in sight of a large house, perhaps half a mile distant.

"That's our house," said the boy. "Our farm's back of it."

"How very much changed," mused the Governor. And then as they came nearer he saw it—the house in which he was born—and Joliffe owned it and had changed it to what it was. Modern architecture had made of it one of those structures now scattered in such number through the country, and which, in ready adaptability, in evident comfortableness, and in relieving picturesqueness appeal pleasantly to the eye and to the mind. It had been painted a deep red. It was low and with low-hanging eaves; broad balconies ran around all parts visible from the road. With its many chimneys it was easy to see that it had many rooms. Evident prosperity dwelt therein. No one could doubt that broad halls ran through it; that in many of its rooms there was place for the stir of happy life, in others, for stillness and peace. It was something much more than walls and roof. It was a home, where children could be joyous in sunshiny spring days, and where sorrow could be softened to men and women, when autumn winds tore through clashing branches—a home consecrated beneath the changing hands of human gladness and grief.

They passed through the gateway, over which two great elms—one on each side—dropped their branches. These were changed, grown larger, but the Governor recollected them. They were the first things that he remembered altogether, and the sight of the trees filled him with a strange, troubled joy.

They rattled up to the side piazza. The horse stopped of his own accord. The boy jumped out. A couple of dogs tore around a corner of the house, and one of them putting his paws upon the boy's shoulders licked his cheek. A puppy tumbled along. The boy caught it up and with a hand under each shoulder, held it out for the Governor's inspection; smiled, shook his head in negative upon the claims of all others to equal this puppy, and then placed it

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upon the piazza, where it sat solemnly, its eyes fixed upon a dead grasshopper, as if it comprehended at least six modern philosophies. A half-dozen boys and girls of young Joliffe's own age were at full run across the lawn toward him.

"Go away, every one of you," cried the boy as the racing group reached him. "What!" and he stooped to hear what the youngest was eager to whisper. "You don't mean to say they're going to have that!"

"Lots of it," said one, evidently aware of the subject of the confidence.

"I say," cried young Joliffe, at last becoming conscious of the duties of hospitality, "I've got to find father. There's a gentleman here wants to see him. Cephas!"

A brisk young fellow whom the boy, it was evident, delighted to think he domineered appeared, and with quick glance at the Governor, gathered the reins in one hand while with the other he turned the horse by the bit and led him down a short lane bordered with huge butternut-trees, toward the stables, half hid by the descending ground, a troop of marauding turkeys, just in from a day's scout, scattering out of the way.

The children all turned and gazed at the Governor with the frank unconcealed interest of youth often so disconcerting. He who had so many times borne the stare of curious crowds, without confusion, felt suddenly embarrassed; he who had so often received important and importunate committees; who had ruled the stormiest of national conventions; who had poured words in abundant flow over packed thousands, could find nothing to say. He seemed to himself awkward, clumsy. If Williams had not at that moment asked him about the luggage and given him an opportunity to answer with grim, relieving severity, he would hardly have known what to do.

"Will you come in, sir?" asked the boy, the consciousness of the dignity of his position sobering his speech, "or will you sit here?"

The Governor preferred to sit on the piazza. The boy had been gone but a moment, his companions following him, when a young girl stepped out of an open window, and—evidently she did not know there was anyone there—walked toward him. Stealthily as the image steals out upon the negative under the alchemy of the chemicals, but still with almost instantaneous action, another figure took form before the Governor's inner sight, another figure, like this one,

> "A child of nature's rarest making,
> Wistful and sweet and with a heart for breaking."

Where were those forty years? He felt a sudden, startling contraction of the heart. The same, almost the very same—slight, but with the slightness of pliant strength; the sun-burnished hair; the eyes so possessed with happiness; the grace, delicate as a novice's espousal robe, the light lingering that it might fall upon the clinging white dress. Can a rock drink in the dawn of a spring morning, and hold it in ribbed fastness for many years; were such the delicacy, the truth, the tenacity of an old man's memory? She was even twisting a piece of blue ribbon between her fingers as he had seen that other do so long before.

"I thought the children were here," said the girl, a little startled, a little puzzled, as her eyes fell on the stranger. "Do you wish to see anyone?"

"Doctor Joliffe," said the Governor.

She stood turning the ribbon with a certain shyness, for she realized that the man before her was not one of the many who insisted upon coming to the old doctor for advice though he had so long been out of practice. And then a man's voice, positive, rich, of generous amplitude, was heard in the house.

"There he is," she said. "I will call him."

But upon the instant, he who had spoken stepped upon the piazza. He was a man of that sturdy strength so rarely found at his age, and which, when found, is so impressive, telling as it generally does of a healthy, active, untroubled life. For the man was old. He had white hair, whiter even than the Governor's, whose hair was a dull, heavy gray. He was old, but still he stepped with an alertness that showed that years had no more impaired his spirit than

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they had weakened his voice. He walked rapidly toward the Governor.

"Do you want to see me?" he said. "Do you? I'm invisible, positively invisible. I've got a wedding to look after." He glanced involuntarily at the young girl, who instantly found a new interest in the landscape. "A man's got a right to be let off on an excuse like that—a wedding's better than Fourth of July or Christmas, it doesn't come anything like once a year."

The same laugh—a laugh over forty years older and yet the same. It was that laugh, so round, so broad, so full from centre to vanishing outskirt, so filled with the satisfaction that derides all dissatisfaction, that had been such exasperation, such provocation, such an irritant, to the restless, envious, ambitious boy so long ago. How he had despised the light temperament that shook out such laughter, as you shake the blossoms from a thorn-bush in the spring! How, when too young and too inexperienced to conceal the aspirations that then seemed so obscure to all but himself, how the wild rhodomontade of his boyhood was checked and chilled by that very laugh! And now when he heard it again after forty years, did it carry the same aggravation, the same torment? Was it petulant querulousness that another could still be apparently so vacant-mindedly happy, that troubled him; or was it dissatisfaction, rising in revolt against himself, with what he was, with all that he had earned and got? There was a flash of the same old fierce envy that had burned in his boy's heart. Envy of what? Must he seek rehabilitation in himself because a country doctor, beaming with common happiness, rotund with common prosperity, laughed loudly in his every-day house? Was it envy handed down from his former self, like an heirloom in a family, through the line of changes that he thought were in himself; or was there no such change? Was the laugh that had helped to fuse together and anneal those discordant desires, hatreds, determinations, abilities, passions, qualities of heart, into a character dominated by an all-powerful ambition, now as then something to make him scorn what was his—the very superlatives of the world—wealth, power, celebrity? Could this man, who possessed but the every-day excellences of existence, thus render his own possessions almost contemptible in his own sight?

So lag the words struggling to express all that the Governor's thoughts spanned in an instant—so do mere words lag and fail.

He had determined not to announce himself so soon. But he was impatient, half angry with himself. If he spoke, would he not be satisfied?

"You do not know me?" he said, holding out his hand.

Joliffe did not answer at once. He looked at the Governor in that doubtful, conscious way in which, fearful of committing a rudeness, we look at those demanding recognition and of whom we have no memory. But the trace of doubt in his smile quickly vanished, as he broke into a laugh.

"Not know you!" he shouted. "Not know you," and he caught the Governor's right hand in his own left and struck his own right into the Governor's. "I didn't at first. Time does his work well if you give him forty years. But I know you now, and it does my soul good to shake hands with you. How in the world did you get here?"

The Governor explained. He added that the young gentleman was to drive him over to the hotel as soon as the milk-cans had been unloaded, or, he concluded, if it was not far he would walk.

"Hotel!" cried the doctor. "Much you'll see of the hotel," and he stepped to the corner of the piazza. "Cephas!" he called, and the young man appeared running to answer the summons.

"Take those bags into the house," commanded the doctor.

The two old men stood silently gazing at one another.

"You look well," said the Governor at last.

"If you don't worry the world, it won't worry you. Now you have worried it a good deal."

"And show it," responded the Governor, grimly.

"We know all about you up here," Joliffe went on. "Because we're a little out of the way you must not think that

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we don't keep our eyes pretty sharply on what is going on."

"I've no doubt," replied the Governor.

"We only stand aside."

"You always did, Joliffe."

"Yes, Governor," replied the doctor. "I always took the world easily. You didn't. You always had a grudge against it. You hated it as an enemy to be conquered. You hated it, but still you were always bound to succeed in it."

"Success," responded the Governor in his severest tones, "is the only revenge we can take on the world."

"That sounds like you," said Joliffe, looking curiously at the man before him. "Only the edge instead of dulling has grown keener. But come, you must see the rest of us."

The Governor followed the doctor along the veranda and around the corner. On a lawn stretching beside the house, young people were flying about, not even noticing the new arrival, for the game of tennis must be finished before the net and court-lines should be obscured by the darkness. On the veranda, on the steps, and on the gravel walk were yellow-haired youngsters and gray-haired elders—the extremes of age, that find so much in common.

"It is long since I have been here," explained the Governor, as they walked along. "I thought I would like to look over the old ground a little."

"You've come just right. There's nothing like a wedding to brighten up old memories. Even if it's not one of your own that's leaving you, still you can't help catching something of the spirit of the time."

The Governor glanced uneasily at the tall girl beside his old companion.

"You see we change, in our own slow way, even here," continued the doctor, looking proudly about. "You will hardly know the village."

The two old men slowly approached a group about the doorway. A little apart from the rest, on a long, low chair such as an invalid might use, sat a lady holding back the vines that she might see the conclusion of the game. Her delicate face would instantly have reminded anyone of the young girl whom the Governor had just seen, for despite the many years difference in their ages, the mother's face, besides possessing a striking similarity to the daughter's, held the same expression of bright intelligence and kindly interest. Hearing footsteps, she quickly turned. A smile lit up her delicate features, as her eyes fell first upon her husband.

"Mary," said the doctor, his voice softening, "I bring you an old friend."

There was no need to speak his name. It was evident that she knew him at once. And he, no wonder that he started. In her daughter he had seen her living apparition, and here—ethereal almost, but plainly in steadfast life—here in reality, and more beautiful in the Governor's sight than her likeness in her spring-time, was the woman he had loved nearly half a century ago—whom he had then almost worshipped in the strength of his strong and then not wholly perverted nature; who of all human beings alone had ever had the power, unconsciously exercised, to make him for an instant falter in his purpose, and who alone, that purpose fully resumed, could have had power to awaken in him a question, a regret, a doubt. And Joliffe had won her! She was his, as was also his old home. Strange that he had not known all this before. But was it so strange? He knew that she had not married within the first year, and after that—well he had not taken thought about her after that. Then came a dull ache at his heart, another sharp pang of envy struck at his very being. These were instants of quick retrospection, of sudden recognition. Could it have been that those years were barren, heart-breaking years to her, as they would have been to him perhaps, if he had not been in abject suppression beneath himself. And Joliffe had won her! They had been rivals here as in so much else, even in childhood, in that bitter rivalry, bitterer perhaps than is ever found in after-years, for it is direct, outspoken, untempered by the amenities of life; but in this rivalry he had never really feared Joliffe. From the very first had not the hundred somethings in which men learn their fate been in his favor? Did he not know always that they were more than light impulses, casual and passing likings, that bent toward him in the old time, and

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that told him he had nothing to fear if he should but speak. But he had not spoken. To speak would have been renunciation of ambition, a self-condemnation to village insignificance. He remembered well the morning before he went away. It was much such a morning as to-day's had been, or as to-morrow's might be, an autumn morning, glad in the possessed ripeness of the year, sad in its suggestion of decay. The apples were red upon the orchard trees. The birds held sad family consultation, for they were to leave their homes. The smoke from a near fallow dragged no higher than the low tree-tops, and a man not far distant shouted dully to oxen rebelling under their yoke. And he had talked excitedly with cruel vain-gloriousness about his plans, while she gave but little heed to what he said. But had he himself been very heedful of his own words? Was he not thinking how pleasant it would be to tell her all he really felt, and to hear the avowal that he was almost sure must follow—wholly assured as he saw her downcast eyes and sad preoccupation. But he did not speak. And after he had gone—cruel to himself as he had so often since been cruel to so many—her last look, her puzzled, grieved, sorrow-weighted look, had followed him for days and months and years. And so, in another of those instantaneous, all-embracing flashes, not of memory but of that sudden expansion and enlightenment of the whole being, when one sees, in complete revealment, aspects of life with which time and memory's processes have nothing to do, there came to the Governor a vision of what had been and what might not be.

"We never forget such old friends," she said, giving him her hand. "I have never forgotten the Governor."

One by one all were brought up and presented to the Governor—some to find themselves a little awed by the presence of the man of whom they had heard so much. Indeed the Governor held quite a little reception on the veranda, shaking hands in his most approved, automatic, political fashion.

The supper that night was widely different from the supper that must take place the next night. This was a mere prelude, a mere family affair. To-morrow night the wedding would be over, and all would be there to see the bride depart. But all the Joliffes were there now. Mary, the oldest daughter, was there, with her husband, the editor from St. Louis. Evelyn, too, the second daughter—her husband an officer stationed at Fort Laramie—had only arrived that afternoon. You would have found that Susan was there, and Lysle, if you had looked around; otherwise you might not have noticed them, for they said but little. Robert had short leave and was home from Harvard; and Martin, seventeen, from Exeter. Then there were Susan's two best friends—the tall blonde from Salem and the little brunette from Baltimore—and with them Lysle's best man and two ushers. At the left of the hostess—the Governor, of course, was at her right—was the lawyer from the village, a trifle deaf, rather interjectional in style, and with the air of a man who if he had made the law would have made it different in several particulars. The clergyman was not to be seen. The initiate understood that his wife would not let him come, and that she would not come without him. She knew the digestion of that divine to a mouthful, and two such suppers—of course he would be there on the following night—would not do at all. Everywhere, wedged in here, popping up there, were children of all ages. The table was not of the kind that groan beneath the weight of what they bear. Why should it? Had it not upheld the family's hospitality for half a century? It was dressed in its full regalia. The pure white cloth lay as softly as if snowed upon it, and somebody, something had wrought in its web devices in such delicate tracery as the frost, plying its small implements, works upon the winter panes. It wore all its honors: its old blue, willow-pattern china; its glass insignia of the great order of Thirst; its silver decorations of St. Bounty. And what the table bore could not have been given in any scant menu, with epitaph-like, monumental inscription. The madeira, laid down with the port by the grandfather for great occasions—several undecanted bottles lay on the sideboard, as thickly encrusted

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as might be the backs of hippopotami just above water, with sun-burned clay —the madeira trudged down one side of the table, while the port, a little tender as to one toe, it might be fancied, travelled up the other. The two old decanters who—not which—had kept the road together as long as the table had done service as a table, moved on sedately, while their clear heads—the decanters could dispense with their heads while on a business tour, and if they were changed it did not matter, so alike were their ideas—lay winking approval at each other, at the doctor's right hand.

Memory is a very strange thing, and plays us very strange tricks. Apparently without adequate cause, there steal at times into our minds half-forgotten fancies, long-unremembered facts, distant scenes, that seemingly have nothing to do with anything about us. As the Governor sat at the table with the home-like realities of this home life around him, he suddenly remembered —what suggested it at that moment he could not for the life of him have told—that once when he was the country's representative abroad he had been present at a great review, held after a bloody but successful war, and that he had seen a regiment march past, the gaps made by the fallen left in its ranks. The aspect of these broken lines was now vivid in his memory. He stirred uneasily. What had reminded him of all this? For the first time he wondered if it would have been better not to come. Sitting there at his old rival's table, he wondered if there were such spaces in his life—spaces where, in the conflict, living things had gone down—living things, vital as life itself.

A dance, a mere carpet affair which the young people insisted upon, followed the supper. The doctor's remonstrance was of no effect—his remonstrance that there must be so much to do to-morrow. The oldest daughter played, and the doctor danced with Susan. The girl, the glad but saddened significance of her future life already stealing upon her —for the tender, joyful, tearful to-morrow drew very near—swam through the dance as if in a happy dream. But Joliffe—what was there to compare with his flow of abundant life, with the light elasticity of his every motion? To be sure his waltzing was somewhat antiquated, but then the astonishing thing was that he waltzed at all. The dancing, however, of the bridesmaids and ushers quite made up for what might be deficient, and toned down what might be too effusive in the doctor's performance. The children danced too, without respect to time, or place, or remonstrance; danced as dance spots of sunshine upon the sward amid the shadows of breeze-shaken leaves. The Governor sat quietly beside his hostess. They said but little. His thin lips tightened in rigidity at times, as if drawn together by the strong lines of resolve; but they were lax lines just then—softened as might be the strings of an old Cremona left out in the dew.

As the Governor sat saying nothing, he saw Susie looking at him curiously. She had often, since her sisters' marriages, been her mother's aid at the frequent entertainments of that hospitable house. No one as easily as she could put the awkward at their ease or as pleasantly deal with the idiosyncrasies of the diffident; but now she hesitated. She was accustomed only to the weak and the unattractive, the embarrassed and the unpopular, and she felt that it would be almost presumption for her to assume a moment's care of anyone so high and mighty as the Governor. But something in his look—it must have been his look, for no muscle of his face stirred—encouraged her, and she timidly approached.

"It is a long time since I have been at a wedding," he said. He was about to add that funerals—the funerals of distinguished fellow-citizens—were almost the only gatherings of his kind, not political or financial, that he had been in the habit of attending. But he did not do it. It seemed to him that it would not sound very well.

"Oh, it is to be so very simple," she answered; "it will not be like a wedding in the city at all. It was almost too bad to ask the girls to be bridesmaids for only this."

"They do not seem dissatisfied," remarked the Governor, dryly, glancing critically at the quick whirling dance.

"Everyone has been so, so kind," re-

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sponded Susie, enthusiastically, "and I have got such lovely things."

Of course, thought the Governor, they always give presents to a bride. And he had none. It was strange, how humiliated he felt. However, he remembered with an altogether disproportionate joy, considering the trifling nature of his difficulty, that here was something that could be remedied.

"I did not know that I was coming to a wedding," he said, apologetically, "and I have nothing. I hope—I believe—that I am none the less welcome."

Susie grew red with sudden confusion. Speaking of her happiness she almost felt that she was sharing it with others, and in her great gladness and friendliness for all, she had spoken quite frankly and without thought to the Governor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, confusedly, "I only spoke of them because—because they were a part of the wedding."

"Won't you show them to me," said the Governor.

He rose and followed her to a room where, on assembled tables, the offerings to the bride were displayed. There was the silver given by Joliffe—forks and spoons in shining array; there were the silver tea-pot, the cream-pitcher, the sugar-bowl from her mother; there were a salad-spoon and fork from an uncle, and a soup-ladle from the lawyer. There was Lysle's gift, a gold necklace with one small gem at the clasp—Lysle's father and mother were dead, and his only living relative was an ancient and wealthy maiden aunt, an aunt of very aristocratic connections and possessed of a somewhat mysterious, but unquestionably all-puissant influence, that it was hoped at one time might do great things for him; she had not entirely approved of the marriage, and she now sent a bronze thermometer. There were the presents from the bridesmaids: a silver-backed mirror, and a tortoise-shell fan with silver monogram. There were the presents from the "best man" and the ushers: a silver jug, silver candlesticks, and a silver inkstand. Then there were bronzes, books, etchings, a throng of pretty things of twisted brass and carved wood, and dainty stuffs from cousins, friends, and even from old servants. It was not a very grand display—all could not have cost very many hundreds of dollars, and if the Governor had estimated what he saw at its pecuniary value he would not have greatly considered it. But he saw the radiant, triumphant joy of the girl; he noticed with what pride she called his attention to the fact that she had received three sets of coffee-spoons and duplicate sugar-tongs—saw her satisfaction with the somewhat meagre collection, and it seemed to him precious beyond price. He thought of dusty piles of securities in cold bank vaults; thought of hideous buildings in crowded city neighborhoods; thought of all the wealth he possessed, and wondered, if these few gifts could evoke such pleasure, what could not be done with his huge slumbering fortune; busy even while it slumbered in gathering what for the instant seemed like usurious spoil; wondered if it were not possible to draw a greater revenue from some new use of his vast capital than was to be obtained from the very closest, richest "trust"? He had never thought anything of the kind before, and it struck him with the force of a new idea. He thought that he would like to buy her something rare, dazzling, wonderful; hold it before her astonished eyes, and say to her that it was hers. Then he wondered if, after all, it would give her more pleasure than some of the trifles that he saw.

"And will you always live here?" he asked, when they were finished with the inspection.

"No, indeed," she answered. "We are to live in New York. Jack is in business there."

"And what—" began the Governor.

"He is the cashier of a great firm of brokers in Wall Street."

"Do you know the name of the firm?"

"Ryde & Broxtowe," she answered, proudly. "Perhaps you have heard of them. Jack tells me they are very well known."

"Ryde & Broxtowe," repeated the Governor, looking up with a sharp look of surprise. "Yes, I have heard of the firm of Ryde & Broxtowe."

"They have such confidence in Jack," she went on, "in his integrity, in his ability;" she thought she had heard these

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words used in connection with someone who held an office of responsibility and she now rather shyly employed them. "They wanted—were going to take him into the firm, but one of the troubles came that come so suddenly there, and they got into difficulties and had to be helped by someone, a great capitalist—Jack does not know who—and now they can do nothing themselves, and so can make no change."

"It is strange I have not seen him. I have been at Ryde & Broxtowe's often."

"He has seen you. He told me so to-night."

"Possibly," responded the Governor, absently. "I suppose he was in the outer offices and—and I am afraid that I do not notice very much."

There was silence while Susie made the last of a long series of experiments in the arrangement of the presents. The photograph frame from her old school-teacher certainly looked best behind the alligator skin portfolio from her Sunday-school class.

"And you are going to live in New York?" said the Governor at last. "How do you think you will like that?"

"I am sure I shall like it," she answered. "We have taken a flat. It is pretty high up, but I tell Jack that we'll see more sky, and that will be nice for me for I'm from the country. We will be very comfortable, and then some day he will be taken into the firm and then we shall be rich."

"He wishes to be a member of the firm?" asked the Governor.

"Oh, if he could be, it would make him so happy. You see everyone has thought that we ought not to be married—and though they have all been perfect about it at home, still I can see that they are a little afraid—but of course if he were that, it would settle everything."

"It would settle everything," repeated the Governor, slowly.

She sighed slightly and the first look of sadness the Governor had seen in her face lay for a moment on her delicate features, but this quickly gave way to a smile and the Governor turning discovered Lysle in the doorway.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said to Susie. "They are waiting for you for a dance."

"I was showing the—our presents," she said.

"Yes," broke in the Governor. "They are very beautiful. But do not let me keep you any longer. Go and join the dance."

He followed her as she walked to the door, and when she turned to see if he was not coming with them she found that he was quite near her.

"Young man," said the Governor, somewhat stiffly, "you have youth and you have health, and you have," he paused and glanced at Susie, "you have the best this world can give. You have the three simple elements of happiness, by no means as complex a thing as some suppose it. Remember this, that what you have now is more than you can ever reasonably expect to attain—can ever attain, no matter with what expectation. He who in this world does only what the world would call wise is a fool—a fool. A penny spent, sir, is a penny gained."

These were singular words for the Governor. They were simple, plain words for one famous for his eloquence; they were strangely unpractical words for one pointed out as the very type of success; they were even obscure, contradictory words to be uttered by one so cool-headed, cold-hearted as he; but they were the words the Governor used, turning sharply on his heel when he was done.

"Go and join the dance," he added, a trifle peremptorily, turning again to Lysle and Susie, who stood gazing at him in great astonishment, "and could you be kind enough to have them send my man Williams to me."

Williams found the Governor in what Joliffe called "the study." He was writing, and from the yellow paper with printed top and ruled lines that he had taken from his pocket it was easy to see that he was preparing a telegram. It was a long despatch; he pinned together four sheets, before he affixed his signature.

"This," he said handing the papers to Williams, "must go to Ryde & Broxtowe the first thing in the morning. Do you know where the telegraph office is?—you can find out and be there when

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it opens. And be careful to let no one know what you have."

"You see, Governor," said Joliffe, very much out of breath from the dance, as he approached his guest a little later; "there isn't much wisdom in it all, but much happiness."

"But much happiness," repeated the Governor, "and that is something that cannot be won by wisdom. A man cannot win happiness—true happiness is always given."

They stood for an instant silent.

"You look tired," said the doctor, glancing at the other. "Shall I take you to your room?"

"Yes, the day has been rather too much for me, more than I thought any day could ever be."

"See," said the doctor, as the two men entered a room above stairs, "this is in the old part of the house. I shouldn't be surprised if you knew this place. This may not be one of the rooms—there's no use in bothering about remembering when you've six better memories than your own around you."

The two men stood for an instant looking curiously at each other in the strong glow of the lamp.

"Joliffe," said the Governor, slowly at last. "We didn't get on very well when we were boys."

The doctor did not answer.

"Possibly I was the most to blame," continued the Governor. "But no matter now. We have come to an age when we have little but our past. Let us try to forget what was unpleasant in it."

Joliffe understood the halting speech—almost the first of retraction that had ever passed those rigid lips—and held out his hand.

"Good-night," said both, and for the first time in their lives they were friends.

The doctor tramped out of the room, shut the door with a slam, coughed, and went down the stairs with even more noise than usual.

The Governor stood still in deep thought. Had he not in substance asked his old rival's pardon? It certainly was not a thing he had expected to do when he started for his old home. But he felt the better for it. He stepped to the window. Indeed he knew the place now. It was his own old room. The moon had just risen and the broad stretch of country lay before him. It was changed of course. Clumps of trees had disappeared. Here and there buildings he had never before seen were visible in the cold, clear, white light. He, however, recognized much—remembered detail upon detail. The line of the hills lay there delicate, almost pathetic, against the sky. The sweep of the river was there always the same. But he had never felt anything like this before—peace-giving and with soothing promise. Many and many a time had he looked out that window, the phantasmagoria of hope in full whirl, with inexperienced ambition throbbing with quick grasping desires for imagined, uncomprehended things; and now he stood there with the bitterness of victory at his heart—stood there the possessor of the pieces of silver, the prices of his own self-betrayal. The realization of the real worthlessness of all things won was upon him—the realization so often, if we could but know it, panged with pain, such as defeat, that may leave us our ideals, never brings.

At first the sound of music from the distant dancing-room, sad as a modern waltz can be—is it typical of our half-hearted joyousness that there must even be a plaint in our dance music?—kept him awake, but even when the music ceased, his hurrying thoughts prevented sleep. It was well on toward morning before he fell into what was even then a broken slumber. Who can give account of the occult influences that mingled the experiences of the day with his last waking ideas, and filled that strange chamber in the house of life with his dream. He was in the old orchard again, the late golden-rod glowing in the sunlight; the ferns shrinking in the shadows. But the peace of a great contentment was upon him, for he had asked and been answered, and the world had nothing more to give. No longer was there any haste, or restlessness, or the leap of mounting ambition. Life was no longer a means, a mere opportunity; it was an attainment, an end adequate in and of itself, explanatory, all-sufficient. He felt what he had never known—the

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free spaciousness of youth. The lengthening vista of coming years was no longer a succession of prisoning spaces leading perhaps finally only to mere ampler life; it was a sweep of graceful arches, each in itself beautiful, bending over a progress, the end of which was the best that life could give. And now scene and circumstance changed with quick magical craft. It was his wedding-day. There were many people; some of them with the faces seen in the evening. There was the bride, white-robed, silent, a little frightened; there he was himself, awkward, self-important, proud, happy. And then the church, cool, dim, shadow-trodden; the wedding march wandering from stiff pew to stiff pew, stealing, pealing along the narrow aisle and low gallery. And from outside came the glad laughter of the tumbling bell. Now came years, changing in season, but as the course of nature, fully foreseen, assuring, satisfying. Children were born and one died, but a kindly growth covered the wound as the closing wood grows where the lightning stroke has torn the green tree trunk. And he grew old—for time and place are but for the fleshly self, they have no denizenship in the realm of dreams—he grew old and by some strange law, common in that strange country, he was—Joliffe, strong, hearty, as he had seen him. And there was talk of another wedding—a daughter this time. Gently as comes the remembrance of some evanescent perfume, there came to him memories of his own love-making; and he watched that old drudge, unoriginating nature, make this repetition without bitterness, for he felt that he, too, had had his day and that his day had not been wasted. But now, most surprising of all, there came to the house a man of the same age, rich, famous, alone, who was also himself; and then, in strange dual existence, he compared each self with the other—the one in the lush meadow where the grasses are, and the other, footsore upon some barren place where the treading crowd wear smoother the well-worn stones. And—the morning light was shining full in the room and in incomplete consciousness

"Half in a dreme not fully well awake,"

gradually, it almost seemed, the figments of the night stole from him, and with sharp anguish, he found himself—himself. Where were resolution, self-confidence, persistence, insistence; where the consciousness of strength, of eloquence of speech; where wisdom born of experience in affairs; where the arts of intercourse, the indescribable power of influencing men, the joy in large, comprehending thought, in forceful character? What were wealth, power, fame—what in comparison with wife and children and the accumulated happiness, sorrow-enriched, that is the abiding atmosphere, the vital air of family and home? What was it—what he had thought the rapture in some crowning moment of great achievement—what was it, beside the gifts ever recurring, the unchanging realities of man's natural, wholesome, common life?

And he might have had all—all that he now knew was so much—if he had but spoken. As he thought then, so he thought now, that the answer must have been "yes," and the belief was agonizing to him. If he could only know that it could not have been; that no matter what he had said, the past could not have been different. To have held happiness within his grasp, and to have thrown it away! If he could only know that the meeting in the old orchard could have brought him nothing, then it seemed that what remained of life might be borne.

A stone wall bounded the orchard, an irregular mosaic of browns and blues and grays. Tall weeds grew plentifully beside it, grasses sprung from its crevices, moss covered its broken face, vines hung over it, and even here and there the branches rested on it. The wall could hardly be seen at all in summer, but it was autumn now and the rain had beaten down the stalks and scattered the leaves, and in places it was wholly uncovered. The Governor leaned upon its rounded top and looked across the ribbed fields. It seemed to him that he had been almost forgotten at the house in the excitement of preparation, and not wishing to intrude upon the peculiarly personal interests of the time, he wandered forth alone. The morning

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was bright, sad, however, with that sadness felt in the brightest autumn day. Each tree, larger and more gnarled, perhaps, than when he had last seen it, was loaded with memories; each boulder enriched with an association. The bright, richly colored, fallen leaves seemed embroidered upon the dark tissue of the grass. The polished apples were bright in the sun. He strolled along a path—one of those paths turning here and there as the accordant fancies of the first passers made it, kept worn as others had followed with routine feet—and coming to the wall he rested his arms upon it and looked wearily beyond. As he stood there he felt that his life, too, had encountered a sudden barrier, over which he could only wistfully gaze.

He turned quickly as he heard a light footfall and the rustle of a dress.

It was the woman who was in his thoughts—the woman whom he had loved so long ago. Again they were together, in an autumn orchard, and after forty years.

"I missed you," she said. "It is hardly hospitable that you should be left alone."

"One is never alone," said the Governor, "where much has happened. I was never less alone. I am in the midst of many memories."

She said nothing. Were her thoughts, with his, in the tract known only to them?

In the strange sameness of the situation he felt almost as if he were again in his unworn youth. But he looked down upon his corded, blue-veined hand, rough-cast with years, hard of grain, it seemed, as the stone upon which it rested; he glanced at her, and saw the gray threads in the dark hair, saw the tracery of time upon the white forehead, and he was old again; the forty years had passed.

"I want to speak to you," he said. It seemed to him that the distant, indestructible past must permit, to them both, frankness and absolute directness of speech, and he hastened to say what it had been at his heart to say since daybreak.

"Yes," she replied.

"Are you—are you wholly happy?" he asked slowly.

"Wholly," she answered, looking up in some surprise from a branch of ruddy leaves which she had gathered.

"You remember the last time we walked together?" he asked, abruptly, hesitatingly, as he had spoken before.

"Yes," she answered, breaking some dry twigs from the branch. "That was a long time ago. We were very young then."

"Perhaps too young to know," said the Governor.

She did not speak.

He felt strangely; as if scarce naturally existent. The visual scene seemed trembling, dissolving, to be hardly as real as his vision of the night. The aspects of the place and of the day were the same; but was he looking at that day long gone, or at this through the glimmering, misty atmosphere of the past? He too was silent for a moment. He was thinking sadly that it was not a little strange that it was only now, and with weakening voice and lax lips, in passionless and measured accents, that he was to tell his love story—a love story that had waited nearly half a century for its dénoûment. "We are so old," he continued at last, "that we can talk of what has been, almost as if we were already—somewhere else."

"Yes."

"I loved you once."

She did not speak.

"Then."

"I thought so."

"More than all else, except myself."

"As you say," she said gently, and with a quick glance toward her home, "we can indeed talk as if we were—somewhere else. Why did you not tell me—then?"

"Because"—he spoke with the even, unbroken tone of quiet resignation—"because I was mistaken. Tell me—we may say anything now—if I had told you then, would your answer have been—yes?"

"Perhaps," she replied, with the serene laugh of a woman so strong in a present and long-abiding love, that all else is as nothing. "We were very young then."

She broke another twig from the branch, shook it, that any of the autumn-loosened leaves might fall, and glanced at her companion.

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"I am afraid they will need me at the house," she said. "Will you not come back with me?"

She turned to go, but the Governor, with his arms again on the wall, remained gazing over the barren fields; barren, but not in the sterility incapable of promise; barren, but still covered with the stubble left by the gathered harvest.

The wedding was over. It was singularly like the one in the Governor's dream. The faces were a little clearer, the forms slightly more distinct; that was about all.

The church—it was a small brick place, with meagre stone corners and slender, small-paned windows, and a small open stone steeple, through the openings of which the bell could be seen from the outside; the church, innocent of the adornments non-secular architecture now permits itself, and not unlike the rigid houses bordering the village street, could they be dressed in prim Sunday array—the church, not unpicturesque even in its unpretentiousness, for time, dulling and staining the once bright-red brick into pleasing consonance of tone, had, it seemed, also softened and rounded its abrupt angles and sharp corners, an effect aided not a little by a Virginia creeper, now gorgeous in the livery of the passing year, that had clambered up the front, stretched across the slate roof and in graceful tendrils, stealing through the openings in the belfry, played in the gentle air as the tentacles of some huge, resplendent marine creature, hidden in some recess, might sway in a falling tide—the church was crowded, packed. All the village had turned out, and there were many guests from away. The church could not hold half that came, and many stood along the narrow stone walk and on the leaf-strewn grass. But all saw the bride and were accordingly satisfied. The influential female relative had relented at the last moment, and, arriving on the morning train, now occupied the place of honor—a large front pew—with the Governor. As the wedding march sounded from the organ—the wedding march that has become almost as much a part of a wedding as the veil and ring, the march that few hear without anticipatory tremor or retrospective thrill—all seemed, for an instant, as all had seemed to the Governor, in the orchard, but a continuation of his dream. Then the influential female relative moved uneasily—she was truly not

> "such stuff
> As dreams are made on,"

and he knew that he was awake.

The wedding was over. The bride had been driven to the house, and now in its largest room she stood against a background of flowers and foliage receiving the wedding guests. One by one they passed before her, many among them who had known her as a baby, as a child, as a young girl—saying their little speeches, some awkwardly enough perhaps, but not one without earnest desire that all happiness should be hers. The influential female relative, evidently moved by her youth and beauty, had even kissed her. The room was so full that it was difficult to make way through it. The press about the bride was so great that only occasionally could anyone not near catch even a glimpse of her white dress. And then the crowd swayed and in strong current seemed to sweep the Governor from where he stood by the door, swiftly along, and he suddenly found himself before Susie. The stillness that at once settled on those about him half appalled him. Something was expected of him, he understood that, but in his trepidation he could hardly command himself enough to be able to realize what.

There was quick laughter, almost a burst of applause.

He did not know how he did it—he hardly knew at the time that he had done it—but he had kissed the bride. He had done it and he was proud of it.

At the wedding supper the Governor made the speech when they drank Susie's health, and although no busy stenographers were there to catch the words as they fell and send them swarming along the spider-web wires—the gossamers of this over-vexed earth—he never spoke better in his life.

Lysle paused for a moment on the stairs as Susie threw her bouquet among the crowd in the hall, and such

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uproar as always follows that event had not subsided when one of the ushers handed him a telegram which had just been received by a servant. He opened it, read it, and handed it to Susie.

It ran:

"We are happy to say that the arrangements for partnership of which we spoke to you can now be easily consummated. See us immediately on your return.

RYDE & BROXTOWE."

The Governor stood by the doorway, awkwardly holding an old satin slipper which someone had thrust into his hand—why, he did not know. He looked up when Lysle began reading the despatch. He watched Susie take it; he watched her as she read, and saw the light of infinite happiness dawn in her face, saw the girl as she turned and cast her arms around her husband's neck; saw Lysle, for they must go, since time and tide and train wait for no one—not even a bride—toss the despatch with glad gesture to the doctor; and as the carriage which bore so much away started, following the example of the others, he threw the old slipper after them with such surprisingly good aim that it fell directly on the roof of the carriage.

The city again. It is early evening but the darkness is as intense as it will be at midnight. The rain falls in persistent, insistent drizzle. Each light is the nucleus of a long, luminous, cometic tail streaming over the swimming pavement. In the streets around the great railway-station the confusion of cabs and omnibuses is chaotic; on the sidewalks and in the waiting-rooms humanity is anarchic.

The Governor, jostled by the passengers eager in the first rush of their enfranchisement, slowly made his way down the long platform at which the train has stopped. Usually he travelled in a special car, and attentive officials waited upon him at every step, but as he had gone upon this journey, so he returned—unheralded, unreceived, and with only Williams for attendant. He walked the whole length of the huge, resonant building, his eyes downcast or fixed upon the great clock at one end. Since he had seen it last the hour-hand had travelled around the face hardly half a dozen times and yet it seemed to him that he had been away from the city for many days. As he approached the iron railing that crossed the broad, flagged walk, a young man stepped quickly through the opened gate and walked rapidly toward him.

"We telegraphed you, Governor," he said hastily, "but couldn't reach you before you started. We tried to catch you on the train, but I suppose it was no use."

He was the Governor's private secretary, the man who knew the most of his affairs, the man whom he trusted as much as he had ever trusted anyone.

"What's the matter, Warner?" asked the Governor, detecting an unwonted excitement in the secretary's usually measured and inexpressive voice.

"You haven't heard, sir! There hasn't been such a day on the Street for years. They are waiting at the house for you now."

"Who?"

"It's all out about the syndicate—came out this morning—how, no one knows. They all want time—they all want money—they all want everything."

The Governor coughed.

"The presidents of three railroads and two banks have been waiting for you ever since dark," the secretary suggested nervously. He had been brought up in a broker's office, and the great "King" of the "Street"—his

"round
And top of sovereignty"—

inspired him with a reverence that no crowned monarch could have excited in that strictly American heart.

"Yes, yes," said the Governor abstractedly. "Tell Williams to see about the luggage and have the carriage brought up."

Warner hastened to obey, and the Governor remained standing in the draughty passageway. The arrivals by the train had dispersed and he was almost alone. Two men who had come in hurriedly from the street stood beneath the flaring gaslight. One held a

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newspaper that he had just bought and both were looking eagerly at it.

"It's the last edition," said one, "but there's nothing new."

"He's still away," said the other; "just like the sly old fox, to keep himself where no one can get at him. He's managed it well. It's the long-headedest scoop that's been done in my time."

"To think of a whole country waiting for him—for when the Street is crazy the whole country is excited from Boston to San Francisco. He has surpassed himself. He commands success; he compels fate. Happy—I'd give a year of my life for a moment of his to-night."

"How much do you suppose he'll make?" asked the other in awed tones.

"Millions! and he has millions now. What can he do with them?"

"Buy another railroad or another party—or his soul back from the devil."

And all this the Governor heard or half-heard.

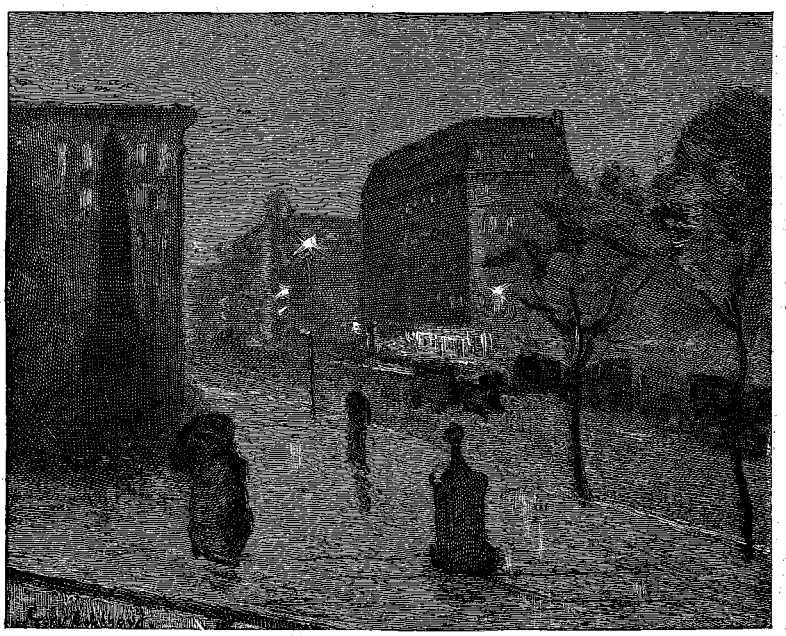
The secretary returned, and shaking off the rain drops, he pointed through the doorway to the carriage with its flashing lamps. A sharp gust of wind bustling along the street stirred the uneasy gaslights. The dull, ominous, threatening roar of the great city fell upon the Governor's ears. Was he thinking of the men anxiously waiting his coming—the satraps of the provinces of Finance—as he stood gazing into the darkness; was he thinking of the throbbing city where during the day his name had been uttered with wonder, with praises, with curses, by so many tongues; where it had appeared weighted with so much significance, upon so many printed pages? It was strange, but as he stood there—there at what the world would call the most successful moment of his most successful life, he only thought of the amber autumn light falling through twisted branches upon a young girl's face. It was a bright vision, and as it slowly faded, the night seemed even more dark, more bitter than before.

"Yes," he thought, remembering vaguely what he had said to Joliffe. "Success is the only revenge that we can take upon the world, but——"

Splashing through the muddy pools, the horses made their way down the desolate and deserted avenue.

"Governor," said the secretary as the carriage drew up before a great house with great darkened windows, "you have reached home."

But the Governor did not speak or stir.



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THE COPELAND COLLECTION.

By Margaret Crosby.

SEVERAL years ago a desire for rest and change took me for some winter months to Newport. An ocean watering-place is supposed to be a desolate spot in winter, yet I did not find it so. The attractions of the winter society had been strongly represented to me, but I happened to be in an unsocial mood and lived, from preference, a solitary life. In clear weather I spent my leisure hours in taking long walks. Sometimes I struck inland, sometimes I skirted the shore for miles, walking on the smooth, hard beach. When the ground was covered with snow, this place had a curious charm for me. There was a cold beauty in the steely glitter of the sea, the long sweep of dun beach with its lines of foaming waves, and the vaulted blue overhead. On stormy days I took refuge in the Redwood Library, and spent hours there in desultory reading. It was an imposing building with massive columns before it, in the style of a Greek temple. At the time of which I speak a wooden fence separated it from the street. It was remarkable for three things: disorder, liberty, and the numbers of old men who frequented it. By disorder and liberty I do not mean confusion and bustle, for within its lofty rooms all was subdued to absolute quietness. I mean that ever-increasing dust lay on the books which filled the shelves; that the classifying and arranging of them was sufficiently incomplete to make the finding of a book a search which added a subtile interest to the volume when found. By liberty I mean that a printed placard of rules and the presence of a librarian were merely nominal restrictions. I have heard that time has worked many changes, but then you selected your books yourself and went through the form of having them registered or not, as you pleased. I sometimes waked to the consciousness that I was in guilty possession of nine or ten books, being entitled only to two. I used to take them back in instalments, as an experiment, and found that my excess was never discovered. I once offered a fine to the librarian, but it was refused in deprecatory surprise.

The place was, as I have said, haunted by old men. The librarian should by rights have been young. That is to say, he could not have been more than thirty-five, but he was prematurely old. He was tuned to the prevailing key and stultified by the influences around him. He never spoke, scarcely seemed awake. Apparently he had no duties. Once I saw him go wearily to a shelf where the confusion was greater than in the surrounding ones. After looking vaguely at the books he lifted one down, blew the dust from it in a helpless way, and replaced it on another shelf. Then, after waiting irresolutely for a few moments, he drifted back to his place at the desk.

His aged companions permeated the library—they lurked in the alcoves and surrounded the two stoves with their newspapers, occasionally speaking to each other in confidential murmurs. At the long table in the centre of the second room, two or three were always seated poring over their books and magazines. At intervals young girls with fresh faces and quick youthful movements came into the library. They usually retired to the novel-alcove, and after a whispered conversation, interspersed with stifled bursts of laughter, departed. Sometimes, but even less often, a young man came in, stayed a few minutes, and taking his book went away. These were but episodes—the habitual atmosphere of the place was one of age. There was nothing sufficiently prosperous or buoyant about these old men to jar on my sombre mood or rouse my envy, and I soon came to watch their actions with a curious interest. I noticed that some of the oldest of them, those whom I should have thought would of necessity have given up any active interest in the hopes

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and passions of the young, read nothing but novels. This puzzled me at first, but I finally accounted for it on the supposition that they thus supplemented their recollections of their youth—a youth that had failed to bring them the experiences that belong to it. Sometimes two or more disappeared through a large door at the back of the library into a mysterious room. There they remained for some time, and emerged looking, it seemed to me, strangely grave. I began to feel a consuming curiosity about this room. At length I asked the librarian if I might enter it. He looked at me absently—"Yes, certainly," he replied—"I would find it damp, however."

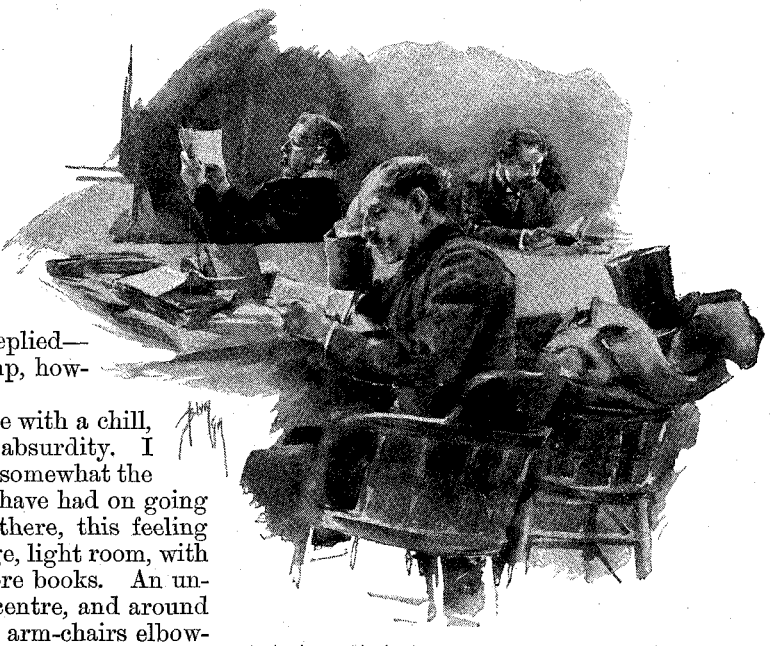
The words struck me with a chill, of which I felt the absurdity. I opened the door with somewhat the feeling that I should have had on going into a tomb. Once there, this feeling was dispelled. A large, light room, with more alcoves and more books. An unlighted stove in the centre, and around it a dozen cane-seated arm-chairs elbowing each other in social disorder, as if they had just been vacated. The shelves were filled with bound volumes of magazines and files of newspapers. The place was cheerlessly cold and uninteresting, and I left it willingly.

A few days later I was seated with my book at the table in the front room, when I heard the voice of the librarian close beside me.

"If you want to go into the back room, sir, there is a fire there."

It happened that I wished to look over some old magazines; I thanked him and went into the room. The black funnel of the stove was glowing with a coal fire, and the chairs were ranged in a decent circle around it. They invited one to sit down; accordingly, when I had collected an armful of magazines, I seated myself in one of the chairs and began to read. I had a trick of becoming absorbed in what I read, to the extent of being unaware of all that went on about me. An hour must have passed, and I was sunk in the depths of my story, when the fact that there was a subdued noise and movement near by sifted into my consciousness. I came to the surface with a mental gasp and looked up from my book.

Each of the chairs around the stove,



"At the long table, in the centre of the room, two or three were always seated."

of which mine was one, had been almost noiselessly occupied by an old man. There they sat—a white-haired circle, gravely regarding me with their mild eyes, as silent and motionless as the gray ruins of Stonehenge. For one instant my visionary awe of the room returned. Had I been decoyed here, and was this an ancient *Vehmgericht* about to sit in judgment upon me? At that moment I became aware that the librarian was speaking to me in his customary murmur.

"The committee are about to have a meeting—I am very sorry, but I shall be obliged to ask you to go into the other room."

I think I laughed—I know I was much embarrassed, and stammering my excuses hastily left the room. Was it possible that the Redwood Library pos-

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sessed a committee who went through the form of a meeting? I wondered what they did and said, and devoutly hoped that no practical measures would ever be taken to change the existing order or disorder of things, which constituted part of its charm.

It was about this time that I began to distinguish one of this silent brotherhood with peculiar interest. I first remarked him from his loneliness. The others I learned were many of them men of position and wealth, who were known in more important places than Newport. They met around their dinner-tables and at their clubs in commonplace, every-day intercourse, beyond their mysterious fraternity of the library. But this personage seemed entirely alone. He belonged to no secret councils; he exchanged no countersign or pass-word around the stove. He was a tall man, shabbily dressed, with a gray mustache, and evidently in wretched health. He must have been over sixty, but he had preserved in certain lines of his figure an oddly youthful air, at variance with his feeble step and bent shoulders. The same contrast was in his face. It was wrinkled and haggard, his hair was white, but his eyes had a look that one sees sometimes in the eyes of a child, an expression of innocent faith, yet a faith that had been sadly disappointed. I asked the librarian one day what his name was. He silently turned over the pages of the register and indicated a place on the page. I read the name Alfred Toyle, and saw that there was not a single book registered as having been taken out by him. Yet I realized that I had always seen him reading.

"Who is he?" I inquired.

"I do not know," answered the librarian. "He has belonged to the Redwood for four years, ever since I have been librarian, and comes here very often. He lives somewhere in the lower part of the town. He seems a quiet, respectable man."

This was a long sentence for the librarian.

"You have never made any inquiries about him?"

"I never felt enough curiosity to do so," he replied.

It was true. What had so vital a thing as curiosity to do within the walls of the Redwood Library?

When Toyle came into the library as usual that afternoon, I encountered his eyes. I bowed and wished him good-afternoon. He started with pathetic surprise, but answered my bow in very good style. Soon after, when I was searching for the day's newspaper, he

"My eye was caught by the gleam of a brass door-plate."

seemed to divine my wishes. He left his seat, found it, and brought it to me. Thus a kind of freemasonry was established between us. A few days later I

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was in the library when Toyle came in. He went to the farthest alcove and emerged from it with a book that I remembered to have seen in his hands before; a small volume bound in tree-calf. He took a seat near mine, but after opening his book did not seem to read it, but to look at it in a profound reverie. He sat thus until I was tired of watching him. I did not inquire too deeply of my feelings to find whether it was curiosity or a kindly interest that induced me, the next afternoon, to go to the alcove whence I had seen him bring his book. The only thing that attracted my attention in it was a small tin placard, nailed above one of the shelves, with an inscription on it in gold letters. At the top was printed "The Copeland Collection." These words suggested china, but under them, in smaller letters, I read the following: "This collection of books is presented to the Redwood Library by William Davison on condition that none of the books contained in it are ever removed from the Library." I found the books to be a small but valuable collection: old chronicles in quaint antique bindings; one of the earliest editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and more modern editions of books of miscellaneous description, all of rare value. I took one after another from the shelf, examining them with the somewhat ignorant admiration of an amateur. In doing so, I came across the book for which Toyle showed such a predilection. It proved to be an old copy of "Paradise Lost." Here and there on the pages were delicate marginal lines in pencil. On the fly-leaf was written, in a girlish hand, in faded ink, the name "Edith Copeland." There is some romance here, I thought. As I replaced the book, someone came into the alcove. I looked around and saw my old friend standing before me. If he suspected my curiosity he felt no annoyance, or at least his air betokened none.

"Good-afternoon," he said. "I see you are examining these books—some of them are very rare." The tone and manner were those of a gentleman.

"Yes," I answered; "but I really know very little about their valuable qualities—I have merely an æsthetic pleasure in them."

He moved a step away and then returned.

"You have been for several months in Newport," he said, courteously. "I hope that it pleases you sufficiently to make it your residence."

"No," I said, "I am going away in the spring. I may return next winter."

"I, too," said Toyle, "pass my winters here."

"And go away in the summer?" I asked, merely for the sake of saying something.

"Not exactly," he returned. "I stay here, but I retire into my shell when the first summer visitors make their appearance, and do not come out until the last ones have gone. Newport loses its peculiar flavor in the summer. It becomes cosmopolitan. For me the place no longer exists. In a single night, as if by enchantment, the sleepy old town is transformed into a racketing, dusty watering-place. Toward winter another transformation occurs, and the real Newport reappears, and I with it!"

"Decidedly," I thought, "he has some imagination." After a few more words he moved away.

I sat down in a chair and thought about the name I had just seen. *Edith Copeland*—who was she? What had she been? A sweet English name—she must have been like it. She began to assume a shadowy personality to me, as I sat there in the waning light. By my chair she seemed to stand—lovely, of course, but sad. I yearned to know her history.

Outside the high curtainless windows, at the end of the alcove, snowflakes were whirling silently by. It had been snowing all day, and the soft covering on the ground deadened the sounds of the infrequent vehicles. I was tired, and the silence was soothing. I fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream in which old Toyle and Edith Copeland were inextricably confused. He, just as I had seen him, in his disappointed old age, with a touch of despairing grief added. She, as I had imagined her—young, beautiful, and desperately sad. Toyle seemed to be pursuing her and she to elude him. The dream was one of those wearily long ones, in which years seemed to elapse in this vain chase. At

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length I thought that she stood still and Toyle, approaching her, laid his hand on hers with a singularly happy smile. He seemed to change to a young man as I looked. Then both their figures vanished suddenly, as I awoke, with a sense of chill and fear.

I was seated in almost complete darkness; a darkness in which my surroundings were so obscure that at first I scarcely knew where I was. After a moment I realized that I had slept past the usual hour for closing the library and was doubtless locked in. Whether it was early in the evening or midnight I could not tell. My profound sleep and vivid dream had obliterated my sense of time; I felt as though I might have been sleeping a week. I found my hat and umbrella, and made my way out of the alcove. Once in the large room the dim light from the stoves guided me to the door. It was locked, as I had supposed. I was standing by the door meditating on the discomforts of a night on one of the long tables, when I heard the sound of a key turned in the lock. The door opened. With my dream fresh in my mind it was scarcely a surprise to be confronted by old Toyle. It was still snowing, and he looked a shadowy, haggard figure as he stood in the doorway.

"Then I was right!" he exclaimed as he recognized me in the dim light. "An hour after I reached home I remembered that I left the Library with the librarian and that I had not seen you go out. I went for the key and came up here at once."

I had only slept two hours then! I was keenly touched by his kindness.

"My dear sir," I cried, "you really are very thoughtful. I can't thank you enough!"

"Not at all," he said with a deprecatory wave of his hand. "I was locked in here once myself, and I know how unpleasant it is."

I reiterated my thanks as we left the building together. At the gate he turned away, wishing me good-night. I saw that he had no umbrella, and it cut me to the heart to think of a man of his age walking home in a driving storm without any protection.

"I see that in your haste you have forgotten your umbrella," I said. "You must let me go as far as your home and share mine with you."

"No, no," he answered, hastily, "I should much prefer not. I do not mind the snow." There was a painful alarm in his manner. "I am as much obliged as if I accepted your kind offer," he added, with a return of his usual courtesy.

I saw that it would be a rudeness to attempt to persuade him further. I bade him an unwilling good-night, and watched his bent form as he slowly made his way down the dimly lighted, snowy street. Then I walked rapidly to my lodging-house.

For the next few weeks I pursued my acquaintance with Toyle as far as he would permit. I saw that he was poor, proud, and reserved; yet at the same time I felt that he liked me and was pleased with my interest in him. I pressed him to call upon me, but he refused, on the ground that he went nowhere. He did not follow his refusal by giving me a like invitation, but I felt that this would come in time. After this he failed to appear at the library for two weeks. At first I scarcely noticed his absence, as a succession of springlike days tempted me to begin my long walks again. Then a drizzling rain brought me back to my allegiance to the library. When a few days had passed I began to wonder where Toyle was. The librarian told me that he had not been in the library for two weeks. He added, somewhat to my surprise: "I thought I might as well find out where he lived, as you seemed to want to know. He lives in an old house on Thames Street, near Long Wharf."

My sleep that night was haunted by thoughts of Toyle. I pictured him ill and alone. All through the next day this feeling troubled me, and in the evening I determined to find him out and at least offer my assistance, should he need any. The upper end of Thames Street was one of the oldest quarters of the old town. The gabled houses that still stand on this portion of it used to have gardens behind them running down to the harbor. Long before I came to Newport these gardens had been changed into coal and lumber yards, fronting the wharves that jutted out into the harbor

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I rang the door-bell of two of these houses that evening before I succeeded in finding the right one. It was a large, rambling house with many gables, rather picturesque by the flickering light of a street-lamp. In a window above the door a light was burning. There was no bell, but a brass knocker instead—a common thing in Newport. I rapped loudly and while I waited for the door to be opened, my eye was caught by the gleam of a brass door-plate. I stooped and read on it the name *Copeland*. The sight of this name gave me a subtile thrill of excited expectation. I heard a stumbling, shuffling footstep within, and the door was opened by an old woman, who looked at me in startled surprise. She held a lighted candle in her hand, and the hall behind her was completely dark.

"Does Mr. Toyle live here?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, shortly; "but he's sick; he can't see any one. He's been sick for two weeks."

I reflected for a moment; then taking one of my cards I wrote on it: "May I see you? If you are not well enough to see me, please tell me how I can be of service to you."

"Will you please give this card to Mr. Toyle," I said.

The old woman took it and unceremoniously shutting the door in my face departed. After a few moments of dubious waiting she came back, and opening the door escorted me up-stairs, with a perceptibly softened manner. By the light of her candle I received an impression of a bare, spacious hall and an imposing staircase. The atmosphere was damp enough to strike a chill through the most warm-blooded person.

"He's been real sick," said my guide, confidentially—"fever, and sort of light in his head, but he's better to-night I guess."

At the door of his room, on the second floor, Toyle met me. He welcomed me with grateful surprise, and gave me a seat in an easy-chair by the fire. The room was a small one, shabbily furnished as a sitting-room, and through an open door I had a glimpse of a bed-room beyond.

"I must apologize for bringing you up-stairs," said Toyle; "but although this is a large house, with the exception of the regions below, where my old retainer lives, these two rooms are the only furnished ones in the house."

"Do not apologize," I said; "you are not well enough to leave your room."

Indeed I had scarcely glanced at him before I observed a marked change in his looks. He seemed wretchedly ill, and his eyes were those of a man who had not slept for many nights. They had a wakeful, tireless expression, and his manner was filled with suppressed excitement. The nervous grasp of his hand affected me like a shock of electricity. He stood leaning against the mantel, a somewhat fantastic figure. He was entirely dressed, but instead of his usual black coat he wore, as a dressing-gown, a species of surtout. It was of yellowish brown cloth and elaborately decorated with braid, in the style called frogging. It was very old, and looked like a relic of past luxury.

"So you have found me out at last," he began suddenly. "I appreciate your friendship—I believe it comes from that. It is a long time since I have had a friend—let me enjoy the luxury of one before I die. You are much younger than I am, and I have felt the difference in our ages to be a barrier to anything like intimacy; but for to-night I am as young as you—it is an anniversary." He paused with momentary hesitation, but looked at me with flashing eyes.

I felt instinctively that my coming at this time had broken down the barrier of reserve that he had built around him. I could see that he longed for someone with whom to share the feelings and recollections that were overpowering him.

"I feel no difference in our ages," I replied, quietly meeting his eyes with a look of persistent sympathy. "I feel older than I seem." As he did not reply I continued: "This is a lonely place to live in alone, Mr. Toyle. I am sure that this damp old house must be unwholesome. Why do you not move to a more cheerful situation?"

This question unsealed his lips.

"I live here," he answered, "because it is the only place where I can be at peace. If you had passed your life in a search for the woman you loved and

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never found her, you would drag yourself back to the place where you had seen her last, to die—as I have."

I could not help uttering the words which leaped to my lips.

"Edith Copeland!" I said.

He repeated the name slowly: "Yes—Edith Copeland."

"Tell me about her," I said.

He began to speak abruptly; at first with hesitation, but soon with feverish eloquence.

"I saw her first in church. She used to come in quietly and sit listening and praying earnestly. I was a stranger in Newport, and I soon found that she was also. Her father was an Englishman, and had come to Newport for the winter. He rented this house and lived a lonely life with his daughter. No one seemed to know him, but it took only a glance to see that he was a gentleman. As for Edith—I can't describe her. Don't ask me to—I have no picture of her—nothing that belonged to her—not a line of her writing—nothing that tells me she ever lived, but my undying love and misery." He paused for an instant, and then went on speaking more rapidly. He seemed to live in the vanished Past of which he spoke. "Her father used to come to the Redwood Library. He had a passion for books, and possessed a remarkable collection of his own. He was a man with agreeable manners, but with a stern mouth and a wary, suspicious glance. At the library our acquaintance began, and finally he asked me to come to his house. When I knew Edith it was all over with me. I admired her because she was beautiful, I pitied her because she seemed unhappy. I loved her because she was—herself. At first I could not find the cause of her unhappiness. Then I traced it to her father. She loved him with entire devotion, there was perfect sympathy between them, but at times he seemed to have a blighting influence over her. Sometimes, when she talked frankly to me and seemed happier than usual, her father would dart a sudden glance at her. Her manner invariably changed, and she would make some excuse to go away. I began to hate Mr. Copeland, but I kept on good terms with him.

"One day I went to see her, and found her at home. She was in the library when I was shown into it, sitting on a great tiger-skin rug before the fire. The sun streamed in at the windows, touching the gilding on the backs of the books that lined the walls, and shining on her fair head, as she bent over the book she was reading. It was 'Paradise Lost.' I had found my Paradise when I went into that room. The shadow that hung over her seemed far away that day. She looked at me and spoke to me trustingly. I do not know how it was, but before I knew it I was pouring out all my love—all my hopes. In an instant she had repulsed me—not coldly, but with a passion that equalled mine. With clasped hands and imploring eyes, she begged me to go away, not to make life harder for her than it was. Before I could answer the door was opened and Mr. Copeland came into the room. She went to him and laid her hand on his arm, looking with appealing grief into his face. He put her quietly aside and began to talk to me, completely ignoring Edith's agitation and mine. This very calmness made me feel that opposition from him would be dangerous. For a month after that I found no opportunity to speak to Edith. A blank wall seemed to separate us. I went to the house, but I never got beyond the door. I saw her in the street, but always with her father. Then I wrote to her, telling her all that I felt, and to Mr. Copeland, making a formal offer of marriage to his daughter. Not a line from Edith, and from Mr. Copeland a short note simply saying that his daughter was honored by my proposal, but in her name he must decline it. I began to feel an angry, incredulous despair. I was convinced that she cared for me. In the nineteenth century fathers did not lock up their daughters—to prevent their marrying. What did it mean? In this mood I went one afternoon for a walk and climbed Miantonomi Hill. It was a warm, springlike day, twenty-five years ago to-day. I wandered about its rocky summit and gave myself to futile anger. The golden sunset, the calm distant sea, failed to soothe me. Their peace only mocked me. When

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the dusk was falling I started listlessly to go home. I had not taken half-a-dozen steps when I saw the slight figure of a girl just beyond me. My heart leaped as I recognized Edith Copeland." Toyle paused here for a moment; I saw that his agitation had increased instead of lessened. Then he continued:

"I saw her first in church."

"Some people hold that every human being has the same measure of happiness during his or her lifetime. It has not been my experience, and yet sometimes I think that possibly the concentrated elixir of all bliss was meted to me as my portion during that hour of delirious joy on the hillside. I had read of love. I had thought about it. Then I felt it. *It possessed me!* Twice Edith sent a strange fear trembling through me. She said once: 'Here, with you, I am happy; but don't let us think of the future.' Again: 'I never should have let you say all this to me, never should have told you that I loved you.' She made me swear to trust her, to believe in her, whatever happened; if anything happened to separate us, to know that she had not been able to prevent it—that it would break her heart. Think whether I loved her less or more after this! I took her home, and when we reached this house it was dark. Edith opened the door, and I stood for a moment on the door-step holding her hand. 'I will see you to-morrow,' I said. The hall was dark, but as I said these words a ray of light struck down the staircase. Mr. Copeland stood at the head of the stairs with a candle in his hand, looking down at us in stern silence.

"Go," said Edith, hurriedly; "I entreat you to."

"Let me see your father first," I said. I tried to detain her, but she escaped from me, saying as she shut the door: 'To-morrow come, if you wish; but go now.' The next day they had left Newport."

With these words Toyle stopped speaking. I looked at him in surprise. His face had glowed with youthful energy, but the fire had burned out. He seemed again the hesitating, disappointed old man I had known. He sat down in a chair by the fire, and leaning his head on his hand looked wearily into the embers. I had somewhat the feeling that one has when one is reading an exciting story and finds the last page torn out. I repeated his words stammeringly:

"Left Newport! I don't understand."

He answered slowly: "They left by that night's boat. I discovered as much as that—but that was nothing. It's enough to say that I never found them again."

"What do you mean? Something must have been heard of them," I said, incredulously.

Toyle looked at me with a spark of anger in his eyes. "If there had been, do you think I would not have known it?"

"But Mr. Copeland's furniture and books?" I asked.

"He had rented the furniture with the house, but his books he took with him. He had been packing them for weeks in the boxes that he had brought them in. A few of the most valuable were found on the floor of a garret room, under the eaves of the house. He had left them until the last, but he must have been hurried, for there they lay, wrapped in paper beside the box as if they had just been left. They were seized by some tradespeople to whom Mr. Copeland owed money, but they were bought by an antiquarian

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here and given to the Redwood Library, where you have seen them." He paused again.

"And you?" I said, involuntarily.

He met my eyes with his usual expression of patient disappointment.

"I could not doubt Edith. I remembered what she had said, and I trusted her. I believed that some innocent complicity with crime or disgrace of her father's bound her lot to his. I determined to find her, and when I had spent my youth and manhood in the search I came back here, where at least I knew she had once lived."

"You never saw her again?" I almost held my breath as I waited for the answer. I felt that there was something more to come.

"I was in a theatre in London," he answered, "three years after I left Newport, when there was an alarm of fire.

"She looked at me and spoke to me trustingly."

I stayed in my seat near the stage, but most of the audience made for the doors in a sudden panic. As I watched the surging crowd, a woman turned and looked at me, as she was hurried on by the struggling mass of human beings. It was Edith. We exchanged one look—it was as though two human beings who loved each other, swept through space for an eternity of loneliness, met suddenly face to face. Then we were carried away from each other—forever. I pushed through the crowd like a madman toward her, but it was useless. She was gone, and I never saw her again. At last, broken down in health, with but little money remaining, I came back to Newport; this house was vacant; it had the name of being haunted, and no one would live in it. I rented it, and here I have lived for four years." He looked at me with a singular expression of awe, and his eyes dilated as he added: "It *is* haunted!" I said nothing, and he continued: "The staircase leading to the garret where the books were found goes by this room. Every night I hear a stealthy footstep go up that stair, and after a time steal down again. I am convinced that Copeland is dead, and that his spirit cannot rest, but comes each night to find the treasured books he left here."

For the last few minutes a strong sense of Toyle's morbid, unhealthy state of mind had come over me. His strange story began to affect me absurdly. I felt that for his sake as well as my own I must shake off this feeling.

"Come, Mr. Toyle," I said energetically. "Such an idea is unworthy of you. You have had a terribly sad experience, and brooding over it in your loneliness has affected your imagination. Decidedly you must leave this house."

He only shook his head. The same expression of awe was on his face.

"Last night," he said, "when Mr. Copeland came up-stairs a light footstep followed his. I knew it to be Edith's. Now I know that she, too, is dead. To-night I shall go to the garret and await her coming. After all these years I shall see her." His voice sank to a solemn whisper.

I started to my feet. "My dear friend," I said, "you shall do nothing of the sort! You are ill—you are just recovering from a fever; on the contrary, I will stay here to-night with you and put these absurd notions out of your head, or, better still, why will you not

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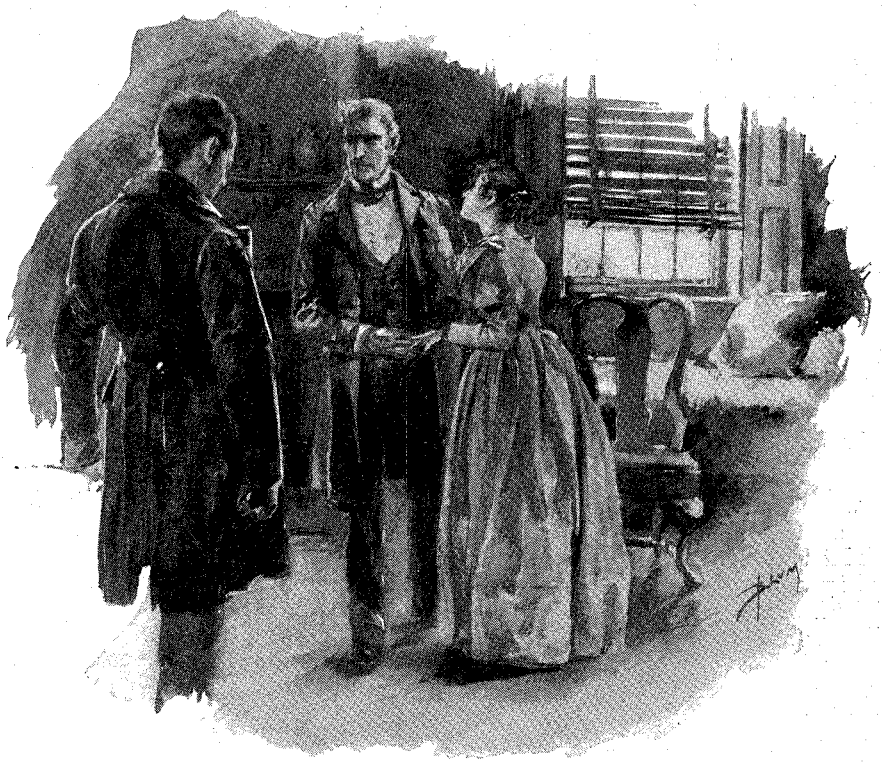
come up to my rooms and spend the night there—make me a visit, in fact, until you are yourself again?"

In my desire to do him a kindness I had gone a step too far. He rose, also, with an air of wounded dignity.



"She laid her hand on his arm, looking with appealing grief into his face."

"You have misunderstood me, indeed, sir," he said, "if you have taken a confidence I have never before revealed to anyone as the rambling of an unhinged mind."

I was sorry that I had said anything to injure his feelings, or make him regret a word he had spoken. I held out my hand impulsively. "My dear Mr. Toyle," I cried, "do you think I doubt your word? I am proud of the confidence you have shown in me. I only thought this a melancholy place for a sick man to be in alone."

A sense of my honest liking for him disarmed him. He shook my hand warmly, but continued to speak in the same exalted manner:

"I feel that to-night is the most important of my life. It is what I have been waiting for—the culmination of my hopes. It is growing late, and I fear that you will find it difficult to get into your lodging-house if I detain you longer."

In the face of this civil but direct dismissal there was nothing for me to do but to go. Mr. Toyle said good-night with an entire return of his former friendliness. He brought a light to the head of the stairs and wished to go to the door with me, but I persuaded him not to do this. I left the house with a strange gloom weighing on me.

The next day was gloriously clear and sunny. The bright actuality of everything around me dispelled the last sensation of morbidness that haunted me. When I went out I followed my impulse to impart the tone of my mind to Toyle. I walked to the house in Thames Street, and as I waited for the door to be opened I looked up at the house. It was shabbily commonplace and blankly unresponsive in the glare of the sunlight. Nothing but the name on the

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door-plate and the name written in the "Paradise Lost" in the library made me believe that Edith Copeland had ever gone in and out of that house, an actual presence. The door was opened, at length, by the same old woman whom I had seen before. There was evident anxiety in her face as she looked at me.

"How is Mr. Toyle this morning?" I asked.

"To tell the truth, sir," she answered, "I don't know."

Her look of anxiety deepened as she continued: "After you went away last night I went up and asked Mr. Toyle if he wanted anything. He said no, and I thought then that he seemed excited and wild. This morning when I went up with his breakfast he was not in his room, and his bed had not been slept in all night. I knew he hadn't gone out, for the front door was bolted on the inside just as I had left it last night. I was just going to look for him when I heard you knock, sir, and came down to see who it was. I can't help being anxious about him, for he's been so very sick lately." She paused a moment.

"If you are going to look for him," I said, "I will go with you."

In our search we penetrated into numerous dark empty rooms with closed and barred shutters, and up and down irregular staircases. Dust and gloom were everywhere, except where a ray of sunlight pierced through the shutters across the dust, disclosing the forlorn desolation of the house. The bent figure of the old woman, with her white head and faded gown, seemed a suitable guide through this deserted place. We spoke but little. Once she said: "Perhaps you'd better try calling, sir." I raised my voice to its full power and called Toyle loudly by name. My own tones echoed loudly through the empty rooms, followed by more complete silence. It seemed a sacrilege, and I did not call again. At length my guide opened a door and began to ascend a steep, narrow staircase, flanked on either side by a plastered wall.

"Where does this lead?" I asked, as I followed her.

"Only up to a garret room under the eaves," she answered; "but it's as well to look everywhere."

I went up the stairs with a strange feeling of expectation. I felt that our search was to be rewarded, as I remembered Toyle's words of the evening before. This must be the room of which

"My heart leaped as I recognized Edith Copeland."

he had spoken. This feeling deepened almost to certainty as I pushed by the old woman and opened the door—a small bare room, with a high, narrow window. On the floor near the window lay Toyle. I knelt down beside him; from his expression of peaceful content I thought that he was sleeping, but another look told me that this expression was only the impress that his faithful soul had left upon his features as it passed away.

The night before had proved indeed to be the most important of his life, but whether in the way he meant—who could say?

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

IX.

MR. MACKELLAR'S JOURNEY WITH THE MASTER.

THE chaise came to the door in a strong drenching mist. We took our leave in silence: the house of Durrisdeer standing with dropping gutters and windows closed, like a place dedicate to melancholy. I observed the Master kept his head out, looking back on these splashed walls and glimmering roofs, till they were suddenly swallowed in the mist; and I must suppose some natural sadness fell upon the man at this departure; or was it some prevision of the end? At least, upon our mounting the long brae from Durrisdeer, as we walked side by side in the wet, he began first to whistle and then to sing the saddest of our country tunes, which sets folk weeping in a tavern, *Wandering Willie*. The set of words he used with it, I have not heard elsewhere, and could never come by any copy; but some of them which were the most appropriate to our departure linger in my memory. One verse began:

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces;
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.

And ended somewhat thus:

Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house and the chimneystone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the folks are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

I could never be a judge of the merit of these verses; they were so hallowed by the melancholy of the air, and were sung (or rather "soothed") to me by a master singer at a time so fitting. He looked in my face when he had done, and saw that my eyes watered.

"Ah, Mackellar," said he, "do you think I have never a regret?"

"I do not think you could be so bad a man," said I, "if you had not all the machinery to be a good one."

"No, not all," says he: "not all. You are there in error. The malady of not wanting, my evangelist." But methought he sighed as he mounted again into the chaise.

All day long, we journeyed in the same miserable weather: the mist besetting us closely, the heavens incessantly weeping on my head. The road lay over moorish hills, where was no sound but the crying of moorfowl in the wet heather and the pouring of the swollen burns. Sometimes, I would doze off in slumber, when I would find myself plunged at once in some foul and ominous nightmare, from the which I would awaken strangling. Sometimes, if the way was steep and the wheels turning slowly, I would overhear the voices from within, talking in that tropical tongue which was to me as inarticulate as the piping of the fowls. Sometimes, at a longer ascent, the Master would set foot to ground and walk by my side, mostly without speech. And all the time, sleeping or waking, I beheld the same black perspective of approaching ruin; and the same pictures rose in my view, only they were now painted upon hillside mist. One, I remember, stood before me with the colors of a true illusion. It showed me my lord seated at a table in a small room; his head, which was at first buried in his hands, he slowly raised and turned upon me a countenance from which hope had fled. I saw it first on the black window panes, my last night in Durrisdeer; it haunted and returned upon me half the voyage through; and yet it was no effect of lunacy, for I have come to a ripe old age with no decay of my intelligence; nor yet (as I was then tempted to suppose) a heaven-sent warning of the future, for all manner of calamities befell, not that calamity—and I saw many pitiful sights, but never that one.

It was decided we should travel on all night; and it was singular, once the

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dusk had fallen, my spirits somewhat rose. The bright lamps, shining forth into the mist and on the smoking horses and the hodding post-boy, gave me perhaps an outlook intrinsically more cheerful than what day had shown; or perhaps my mind had become wearied of its melancholy. At least, I spent some waking hours, not without satisfaction in my thoughts, although wet and weary in my body; and fell at last into a natural slumber without dreams. Yet I must have been at work even in the deepest of my sleep; and at work with at least a measure of intelligence. For I started broad awake, in the very act of crying out to myself

> Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child,

stricken to find in it an appropriateness, which I had not yesterday observed, to the Master's detestable purpose in the present journey.

We were then close upon the city of Glascow, where we were soon breakfasting together at an inn, and where (as the devil would have it) we found a ship in the very article of sailing. We took our places in the cabin; and two days after, carried our effects on board. Her name was the Nonesuch, a very ancient ship and very happily named. By all accounts, this should be her last voyage; people shook their heads upon the quays, and I had several warnings offered me by strangers in the street, to the effect that she was rotten as a cheese, too deeply loaden, and must infallibly founder if we met a gale. From this, it fell out we were the only passengers; the captain, McMurtrie, was a silent, absorbed man with the Glascow or Gaelic accent; the mates ignorant, rough seafarers, come in through the hawse-hole; and the Master and I were cast upon each other's company.

The Nonesuch carried a fair wind out of the Clyde, and for near upon a week we enjoyed bright weather and a sense of progress. I found myself (to my wonder) a born seaman, in so far at least as I was never sick; yet I was far from tasting the usual serenity of my health. Whether it was the motion of the ship on the billows, the confinement, the salted food, or all of these together, I suffered from a blackness of spirit and a painful strain upon my temper. The dreadful nature of my errand on that ship perhaps contributed; I think it did no more: the malady (whatever it was) sprang from my environment; and if the ship were not to blame, then it was the Master. Hatred and fear are ill bed-fellows; but (to my shame be it spoken) I have tasted those in other places, lain down and got up with them, and eaten and drunk with them, and yet never before nor after have I been so poisoned through and through, in soul and body, as I was on board the Nonesuch. I freely confess my enemy set me a fair example of forbearance; in our worst days, displayed the most patient geniality, holding me in conversation as long as I would suffer, and when I had rebuffed his civility, stretching himself on deck to read. The book he had on board with him was Mr. Richardson's famous "Clarissa;" and among other small attentions, he would read me passages aloud; nor could any elocutionist have given with greater potency the pathetic portions of that work. I would retort upon him with passages out of the Bible, which was all my library—and very fresh to me, my religious duties (I grieve to say it) being always and even to this day entirely neglected. He tasted the merits of the work like the connoisseur he was; and would sometimes take it from my hand, turn the leaves over like a man that knew his way, and give me, with his fine declamation, a Roland for my Oliver. But it was singular how little he applied his reading to himself; it passed high above his head like summer thunder: Lovelace and Clarissa, the tales of David's generosity, the psalms of his penitence, the solemn questions of the Book of Job, the touching poetry of Isaiah—they were to him a source of entertainment only, like the scraping of a fiddle in a change-house. This outer sensibility and inner toughness set me against him; it seemed of a piece with that impudent grossness which I knew to underlie the veneer of his fine manners; and sometimes my gorge rose against him as though he were deformed—and sometimes I would draw away as though from something partly spectral. I had moments when I thought of him

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as of a man of pasteboard—as though, if one should strike smartly through the buckram of his countenance, there would be found a mere vacuity within. This horror (not merely fanciful, I think) vastly increased my detestation of his neighborhood; I began to feel something shiver within me on his drawing near; I had at times a longing to cry out; there were days when I thought I could have struck him. This frame of mind was doubtless helped by shame, because I had dropped during our last days at Durrisdeer into a certain toleration of the man; and if anyone had then told me I should drop into it again, I must have laughed in his face. It is possible he remained unconscious of this extreme fever of my resentment; yet I think he was too quick; and rather that he had fallen, in a long life of idleness, into a positive need of company, which obliged him to confront and tolerate my unconcealed aversion. Certain at least, that he loved the note of his own tongue, as indeed he entirely loved all the parts and properties of himself: a sort of imbecility which almost necessarily attends on wickedness. I have seen him driven, when I proved recalcitrant, to long discourses with the skipper; and this, although the man plainly testified his weariness, fiddling miserably with both hand and foot, and replying only with a grunt.

After the first week out, we fell in with foul winds and heavy weather. The sea was high. The Nonesuch, being an old-fashioned ship and badly loaden, rolled beyond belief; so that the skipper trembled for his masts and I for my life. We made no progress on our course. An unbearable ill-humor settled on the ship: men, mates, and master, girding at one another all day long. A saucy word on the one hand and a blow on the other, made a daily incident. There were times when the whole crew refused their duty; and we of the afterguard were twice got under arms (being the first time that ever I bore weapons) in the fear of mutiny. All this to the piping of the ropes and the perpetual perilous rolling of the ship.

In the midst of our evil season, sprang up a hurricane of wind; so that all supposed she must go down. I was shut in the cabin from noon of one day till sundown of the next; the Master was somewhere lashed on deck. Secundra had eaten of some drug and lay insensible; so you may say I passed these hours in an unbroken solitude. At first I was terrified beyond motion and almost beyond thought, my mind appearing to be frozen. Presently there stole in on me a ray of comfort. If the Nonesuch foundered, she would carry down with her into the deeps of that unsounded sea the creature whom we all so feared and hated; there would be no more Master of Ballantrae, the fish would sport among his ribs; his schemes all brought to nothing, his harmless enemies at peace. At first, I have said, it was but a ray of comfort; but it had soon grown to be broad sunshine. The thought of the man's death, of his deletion from this world which he embittered for so many, took possession of my mind. I hugged it, I found it sweet in my belly. I conceived the ship's last plunge, the sea bursting upon all sides into the cabin, the brief mortal conflict there, all by myself, in that closed place; I numbered the horrors, I had almost said with satisfaction; I felt I could bear all and more, if the Nonesuch carried down with her, overtook by the same ruin, the enemy of my poor master's house. Toward noon of the second day, the screaming of the wind abated; the ship lay not so perilously over; and it began to be clear to me that we were past the height of the tempest. As I hope for mercy, I was singly disappointed. In the selfishness of that vile, absorbing passion of hatred, I forgot the case of our innocent shipmates and thought but of myself and my enemy. For myself, I was already old, I had never been young, I was not formed for the world's pleasures, I had few affections; it mattered not the loss of a silver tester whether I was drowned there and then in the Atlantic, or dribbled out a few more years to die, perhaps no less terribly, in a deserted sick-bed. Down I went upon my knees, holding on by the locker or else I had been instantly dashed across the tossing cabin; and lifting up my voice in the midst of that glamour of the abating hurricane, impiously prayed for my own death. "O God," I cried, "I would be

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liker a man if I rose and struck this creature down; but thou madest me a coward from my mother's womb. O Lord, thou madest me so, thou knowest my weakness, thou knowest that any face of death will set me shaking in my shoes. But lo! here is thy servant ready, his mortal weakness laid aside. Let me give my life for this creature's; take the two of them, Lord! take the two, and have mercy on the innocent!" In some such words as these, only yet more irreverent and with more sacred adjurations, I continued to pour forth my spirit; God heard me not, I must suppose in mercy; and I was still absorbed in my agony of supplication, when someone, removing the tarpaulin cover, let the light of the sunset pour into the cabin. I stumbled to my feet ashamed, and was seized with surprise to find myself totter and ache like one that had been stretched upon the rack. Secundra Dass, who had slept off the effects of his drug, stood in a corner not far off, gazing at me with wild eyes; and from the open skylight, the captain thanked me for my supplications. "It's you that saved the ship, Mr. Mackellar," says he. "There is no craft of seamanship that could have kept her floating: well may we say: 'Except the Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain!'"

I was abashed by the captain's error; abashed also, by the surprise and fear with which the Indian regarded me at first, and the obsequious civilities with which he soon began to cumber me. I know now that he must have overheard and comprehended the peculiar nature of my prayers. It is certain, of course, that he at once disclosed the matter to his patron; and looking back with greater knowledge, I can now understand, what so much puzzled me at the moment, those singular and (so to speak) approving smiles with which the Master honored me. Similarly, I can understand a word that I remember to have fallen from him in conversation that same night; when, holding up his hand and smiling, "Ah, Mackellar," said he, "not every man is so great a coward as he thinks he is—nor yet so good a Christian." He did not guess how true he spoke! For the fact is, the thoughts which had come to me in the violence of the storm, retained their hold upon my spirit; and the words that rose to my lips unbidden in the instancy of prayer, continued to sound in my ears. With what shameful consequences, it is fitting I should honestly relate; for I could not support a part of such disloyalty, as to describe the sins of others and conceal my own.

The wind fell, but the sea hove ever the higher. All night, the Nonesuch rolled outrageously; the next day dawned, and the next, and brought no change. To cross the cabin was scarce possible; old, experienced seamen were cast down upon the deck, and one cruelly mauled in the concussion; every board and block in the old ship cried out aloud; and the great bell by the anchor-bitts continually and dolefully rang. One of these days, the Master and I sate alone together at the break of the poop. I should say the Nonesuch carried a high, raised poop. About the top of it ran considerable bulwarks, which made the ship unweatherly; and there, as they approached the front on each side, ran down in a fine, old-fashioned, carven scroll to join the bulwarks of the waist. From this disposition, which seems designed rather for ornament than use, it followed there was a discontinuance of protection: and that, besides, at the very margin of the elevated part, where (in certain movements of the ship) it might be the most needful. It was here we were sitting: our feet hanging down, the Master betwixt me and the side, and I holding on with both hands to the grating of the cabin skylight; for it struck me it was a dangerous position, the more so as I had continually before my eyes a measure of our evolutions in the person of the Master, which stood out in the break of the bulwarks against the sun. Now his head would be in the zenith and his shadow fall quite beyond the Nonesuch on the further side; and now he would swing down till he was underneath my feet, and the line of the sea leaped high above him like the ceiling of a room. I looked on upon this with a growing fascination as birds are said to look on snakes. My mind besides was troubled with an astonishing diversity of noises; for now that we had all sails spread in

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the vain hope to bring her to the sea, the ship sounded like a factory with their reverberations. We spoke first of the mutiny with which we had been threatened; this led us on to the topic of assassination; and that offered a temptation to the Master more strong than he was able to resist. He must tell me a tale, and show me at the same time how clever he was and how wicked. It was a thing he did always with affectation and display; generally with a good effect. But this tale, told in a high key in the midst of so great a tumult, and by a narrator who was one moment looking down at me from the skies and the next peering up from under the soles of my feet—this particular tale, I say, took hold upon me in a degree quite singular.

"My friend the count," it was thus that he began his story, "had for an enemy a certain German baron, a stranger in Rome. It matters not what was the ground of the count's enmity; but as he had a firm design to be revenged, and that with safety to himself, he kept it secret even from the baron. Indeed that is the first principle of vengeance; and hatred betrayed is hatred impotent. The count was a man of a curious, searching mind; he had something of the artist; if anything fell for him to do, it must always be done with an exact perfection, not only as to the result but in the very means and instruments, or he thought the thing miscarried. It chanced he was one day riding in the outer suburbs, when he came to a disused byroad branching off into the moor which lies about Rome. On the one hand was an ancient Roman tomb; on the other a deserted house in a garden of evergreen trees. This road brought him presently into a field of ruins, in the midst of which, in the side of a hill, he saw an open door and (not far off) a single stunted pine no greater than a currant-bush. The place was desert and very secret: a voice spoke in the count's bosom that there was something here to his advantage. He tied his horse to the pine-tree, took his flint and steel in his hand to make a light, and entered into the hill. The doorway opened on a passage of old Roman masonry, which shortly after branched in two. The count took the turning to the right, and followed it, groping forward in the dark, till he was brought up by a kind of fence, about elbow-high, which extended quite across the passage. Sounding forward with his foot, he found an edge of polished stone, and then vacancy. All his curiosity was now awakened, and getting some rotten sticks that lay about the floor, he made a fire. In front of him was a profound well: doubtless some neighboring peasant had once used it for his water, and it was he that had set up the fence. A long while the count stood leaning on the rail and looking down into the pit. It was of Roman foundation, and like all that nation set their hands to, built as for eternity: the sides were still straight and the joints smooth; to a man who should fall in, no escape was possible. 'Now,' the count was thinking, 'a strong impulsion brought me to this place: what for? what have I gained? why should I be sent to gaze into this well?' —when the rail of the fence gave suddenly under his weight, and he came within an ace of falling headlong in. Leaping back to save himself, he trod out the last flicker of his fire, which gave him thenceforward no more light, only an incommoding smoke. 'Was I sent here to my death?' says he, and shook from head to foot. And then a thought flashed in his mind. He crept forth on hands and knees to the brink of the pit and felt above him in the air. The rail had been fast to a pair of uprights; it had only broken from the one, and still depended from the other. The count set it back again as he had found it, so that the place meant death to the first comer; and groped out of the catacomb like a sick man. The next day, riding in the Corso with the baron, he purposely betrayed a strong preoccupation. The other (as he had designed) inquired into the cause; and he (after some fencing) admitted that his spirits had been dashed by an unusual dream. This was calculated to draw on the baron, a superstitious man who affected the scorn of superstition. Some rallying followed; and then the count (as if suddenly carried away) called on his friend to beware, for it was of him that he had dreamed. You know enough of human nature, my excellent Mackellar, to be certain of one

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thing: I mean, that the baron did not rest till he had heard the dream. The count (sure that he would never desist) kept him in play till his curiosity was highly inflamed, and then suffered himself with seeming reluctance to be overborne. 'I warn you,' says he, 'evil will come of it; something tells me so. But since there is to be no peace either for you or me except on this condition, the blame be on your own head! This was the dream: I beheld you riding, I know not where, yet I think it must have been near Rome, for on your one hand was an ancient tomb and on the other a garden of evergreen-trees. Methought I cried and cried upon you to come back in a very agony of terror; whether you heard me, I know not, but you went doggedly on. The road brought you to a desert place among ruins: where was a door in a hillside, and hard by the door a misbegotten pine. Here you dismounted (I still crying on you to beware), tied your horse to the pine-tree, and entered resolutely in by the door. Within it was dark; but in my dream I could still see you, and still besought you to hold back. You felt your way along the right-hand wall, took a branching passage to the right, and came to a little chamber, where was a well with a railing. At this (I know not why) my alarm for you increased a thousandfold, so that I seemed to scream myself hoarse with warnings, crying it was still time and bidding you begone at once from that vestibule. Such was the word I used in my dream, and it seemed then to have a clear significancy; but to-day and awake, I profess I know not what it means. To all my outcry you rendered not the least attention, leaning the while upon the rail and looking down intently in the water. And then there was made to you a communication, I do not think I even gathered what it was, but the fear of it plucked me clean out of my slumber, and I awoke shaking and sobbing.—And now,' continues the count, 'I thank you from my heart for your insistency. This dream lay on me like a load; and now I have told it in plain words and in the broad daylight, it seems no great matter.'—'I do not know,' says the baron. 'It is in some points strange. A communication, did you say? O, it is an odd dream. It will make a story to amuse our friends.'—'I am not so sure,' says the count. 'I am sensible of some reluctancy. Let us rather forget it.'—'By all means,' says the baron. And (in fact) the dream was not again referred to. Some days after, the count proposed a ride in the fields, which the baron (since they were daily growing faster friends) very readily accepted. On the way back to Rome, the count led them insensibly by a particular route. Presently he reined in his horse, clapped his hand before his eyes, and cried out aloud. Then he showed his face again (which was now quite white, for he was a consummate actor) and stared upon the baron. 'What ails you?' cries the baron. 'What is wrong with you?'—'Nothing,' cries the count. 'It is nothing. A seizure, or I know not what. Let us hurry back to Rome.' But in the meanwhile the baron had looked about him; and there, on the left-hand side of the way as they went back to Rome, he saw a dusty byroad with a tomb upon the one hand and a garden of evergreen trees upon the other.—'Yes,' says he, with a changed voice. 'Let us by all means hurry back to Rome. I fear you are not well in health.'—'O, for God's sake!' cries the count, shuddering. 'Back to Rome and let me get to bed.' They made their return with scarce a word; and the count, who should by rights have gone into society, took to his bed and gave out he had a touch of country fever. The next day the baron's horse was found tied to the pine, but himself was never heard of from that hour.—And now, was that a murder?" says the Master, breaking sharply off.

"Are you sure he was a count?" I asked.

"I am not certain of the title," said he, "but he was a gentleman of family: and the Lord deliver you, Mackellar, from an enemy so subtile!"

These last words he spoke down at me smiling, from high above; the next, he was under my feet. I continued to follow his evolutions with a childish fixity; they made me giddy and vacant, and I spoke as in a dream.

"He hated the baron with a great hatred?" I asked.

"His belly moved when the man came near him," said the Master.

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"I have felt that same," said I.

"Verily!" cries the Master. "Here is news indeed! I wonder—do I flatter myself? or am I the cause of these ventral perturbations?"

He was quite capable of choosing out a graceful posture, even with no one to behold him but myself, and all the more if there were any element of peril. He sat now with one knee flung across the other, his arms on his bosom, fitting the swing of the ship with an exquisite balance, such as a featherweight might overthrow. All at once I had the vision of my lord at the table with his head upon his hands; only now, when he showed me his countenance, it was heavy with reproach. The words of my own prayer—*I were liker a man if I struck this creature down*—shot at the same time into my memory. I called my energies together, and (the ship then heeling downward toward my enemy) thrust at him swiftly with my foot. It was written I should have the guilt of this attempt without the profit. Whether from my own uncertainty or his incredible quickness, he escaped the thrust, leaping to his feet and catching hold at the same moment of a stay.

I do not know how long a time passed by: I lying where I was upon the deck, overcome with terror and remorse and shame: he standing with the stay in his hand, backed against the bulwarks, and regarding me with an expression singularly mingled. At last he spoke.

"Mackellar," said he, "I make no reproaches, but I offer you a bargain. On your side, I do not suppose you desire to have this exploit made public; on mine, I own to you freely I do not care to draw my breath in a perpetual terror of assassination by the man I sit at meat with. Promise me . . . But no," says he, breaking off, "you are not yet in the quiet possession of your mind; you might think I had extorted the promise from your weakness; and I would leave no door open for casuistry to come in—that dishonesty of the conscientious. Take time to meditate."

With that he made off up the sliding deck like a squirrel and plunged into the cabin. About half an hour later he returned: I still lying as he had left me.

"Now," says he, "will you give me your troth as a Christian and a faithful servant of my brother's, that I shall have no more to fear from your attempts?"

"I give it you," said I.

"I shall require your hand upon it," says he.

"You have the right to make conditions," I replied, and we shook hands.

He sat down at once in the same place and the old perilous attitude.

"Hold on!" cried I, covering my eyes. "I cannot bear to see you in that posture. The least irregularity of the sea might plunge you overboard."

"You are highly inconsistent," he replied, smiling but doing as I asked. "For all that, Mackellar, I would have you to know you have risen forty feet in my esteem. You think I cannot set a price upon fidelity? But why do you suppose I carry that Secundra Dass about the world with me? Because he would die or do murder for me to-morrow; and I love him for it. Well, you may think it odd, but I like you the better for this afternoon's performance. I thought you were magnetized with the ten commandments; but no, God damn my soul!" he cries, "the old wife has blood in his body after all!—Which does not change the fact," he continued, smiling again, "that you have done well to give your promise; for I doubt if you would ever shine in your new trade."

"I suppose," said I, "I should ask your pardon and God's for any attempt. At any rate I have passed my word, which I will keep faithfully. But when I think of those you persecute . . ." I paused.

"Life is a singular thing," said he, "and mankind a very singular people. You suppose yourself to love my brother. I assure you it is merely custom. Interrogate your memory; and when first you came to Durrisdeer, you will find you considered him a dull, ordinary youth. He is as dull and ordinary now, though not so young, Had you instead fallen in with me, you would to-day be as strong upon my side."

"I would never say you were ordinary, Mr. Bally," I returned; "but here you prove yourself dull. You have just

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shown your reliance on my word. In other terms, that is my conscience—the same which starts instinctively back from you, like the eye from a strong light."

"Ah!" says he, "but I mean otherwise. I mean, had I met you in my youth. You are to consider I was not always as I am to-day; nor (had I met in with a friend of your description) should I have ever been so."

"Hut, Mr. Bally," says I, "you would have made a mock of me—you would never have spent ten civil words on such a squaretoes."

But he was now fairly started on his new course of justification, with which he wearied me throughout the remainder of the passage. No doubt in the past he had taken pleasure to paint himself unnecessarily black, and made a vaunt of his wickedness, bearing it for a coat of arms. Nor was he so illogical as to abate one item of his old confessions. "But now that I know you are a human being," he would say, "I can take the trouble to explain myself. For I assure you I am human too, and have my virtues like my neighbors." I say he wearied me, for I had only the one word to say in answer: twenty times I must have said it: "Give up your present purpose and return with me to Durrisdeer; then I will believe you."

Thereupon he would shake his head at me. "Ah, Mackellar, you might live a thousand years and never understand my nature," he would say. "This battle is now committed, the hour of reflection quite past, the hour for mercy not yet come. It began between us when we span a coin in the hall of Durrisdeer now twenty years ago; we have had our ups and downs, but never either of us dreamed of giving in; and as for me, when my glove is cast, life and honor go with it."

"A fig for your honor!" I would say. "And by your leave, these warlike similitudes are something too high sounding for the matter in hand. You want some dirty money, there is the bottom of your contentions; and as for your means, what are they?—to stir up sorrow in a family that never harmed you, to debauch (if you can) your own born nephew, and to wring the heart of your born brother! A footpad that kills an old granny in a woollen mutch with a dirty bludgeon, and that for a shilling-piece and a paper of snuff—there is all the warrior that you are."

When I would attack him thus (or somewhat thus) he would smile and sigh like a man misunderstood. Once, I remember, he defended himself more at large, and had some curious sophistries, worth repeating for a light upon his character.

"You are very like a civilian to think war consists in drums and banners," said he. "War (as the ancients said very wisely) is *ultima ratio*. When we take our advantage unrelentingly, then we make war. Ah, Mackellar, you are a devil of a soldier in the steward's room at Durrisdeer, or the tenants do you sad injustice!"

"I think little of what war is or is not," I replied. "But you weary me with claiming my respect. Your brother is a good man, and you are a bad one—neither more nor less."

"Had I been Alexander . . ." he began.

"It is so we all dupe ourselves," I cried. "Had I been St. Paul, it would have been all one; I would have made the same hash of that career that you now see me making of my own."

"I tell you," he cried, bearing down my interruption, "had I been the least petty chieftain in the highlands, had I been the least king of naked negroes in the African desert, my people would have adored me. A bad man, am I? Ah, but I was born for a good tyrant! Ask Secundra Dass; he will tell you I treat him like a son. Cast in your lot with me to-morrow, become my slave, my chattel, a thing I can command as I command the powers of my own limbs and spirit—you will see no more that dark side that I turn upon the world in anger. I must have all or none. But where all is given, I give it back with usury. I have a kingly nature: there is my loss!"

"It has been hitherto rather the loss of others," I remarked; "which seems a little on the hither side of royalty."

"Tilly-vally!" cried he. "Even now, I tell you I would spare that family in which you take so great an interest: yes, even now—to-morrow—I would

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leave them to their petty welfare, and disappear in that forest of cut-throats and thimble-riggers that we call the world. I would do it to-morrow!" says he. "Only—only . . ."

"Only what?" I asked.

"Only they must beg it on their bended knees. I think in public too," he added, smiling. "Indeed, Mackellar, I doubt if there be a hall big enough to serve my purpose for that act of reparation."

"Vanity, vanity!" I moralized. "To think that this great force for evil should be swayed by the same sentiment that sets a lassie mincing to her glass!"

"Oh, there are double words for everything; the word that swells, the word that belittles:—you cannot fight me with a word!" said he. "You said the other day that I relied on your conscience: were I in your humor of detraction, I might say I built upon your vanity. It is your pretension to be *un homme de parole;* 'tis mine not to accept defeat. Call it vanity, call it virtue, call it greatness of soul—what signifies the expression? But recognize in each of us a common strain; that we both live for an idea."

It will be gathered from so much familiar talk, and so much patience on both sides, that we now lived together upon excellent terms. Such was again the fact, and this time more seriously than before. Apart from disputations such as that which I have tried to reproduce, not only consideration reigned but I am tempted to say even kindness. When I fell sick (as I did shortly after our great storm) he sat by my berth to entertain me with his conversation, and treated me with excellent remedies, which I accepted with security. Himself commented on the circumstance. "You see," says he, "you begin to know me better. A very little while ago, upon this lonely ship, where no one but myself has any smattering of science, you would have made sure I had designs upon your life. And observe, it is since I found you had designs upon my own, that I have shown you most respect. You will tell me if this speaks of a small mind." I found little to reply. In so far as regarded myself, I believed him to mean well; I am perhaps the more a dupe of his dissimulation, but I believed (and I still believe) that he regarded me with genuine kindness. Singular and sad fact! so soon as this change began, my animosity abated, and these haunting visions of my master passed utterly away. So that, perhaps, there was truth in the man's last vaunting word to me, uttered on the second day of July, when our long voyage was at last brought almost to an end, and we lay becalmed at the sea end of the vast harbor of New York in a gasping heat which was presently exchanged for a surprising waterfall of rain. I stood on the poop regarding the green shores near at hand, and now and then the light rumble of the little town, our destination. And as I was even then devising how to steal a march on my familiar enemy, I was conscious of a shade of embarrassment when he approached me with his hand extended.

"I am now to bid you farewell," said he, "and that forever. For now you go among my enemies, where all your former prejudices will revive. I never yet failed to charm a person when I wanted; even you, my good friend—to call you so for once—even you have now a very different portrait of me in your memory, and one that you will never quite forget. The voyage has not lasted long enough, or I should have wrote the impression deeper. But now all is at an end, and we are again at war. Judge by this little interlude how dangerous I am; and tell these fools"—pointing with his finger to the town—"to think twice and thrice before they set me at defiance."

(To be continued.)

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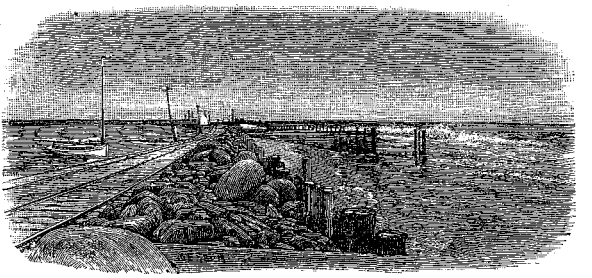

THE STORY OF A LOST CAR.

By John R. Spears.

I.

IT was on a night in May. For some reason not now remembered, No. 48, a through freight on the Lake Shore Railroad, rolled into the little city of Dunkirk, bound east, something like twenty minutes late. As the train approached the big building that serves as a passenger depot for three roads, and for several other purposes as well, both the conductor and the engineer got their heads out beyond the line of the train to watch for signals or orders of some sort, for each supposed that the train would be side-tracked there to await the coming of No. 12, the Chicago and New York limited, also bound east, that usually overtook No. 48 at Silver Creek. They were not disappointed so far as getting an order was concerned, though the order was not what they had anticipated it would be. When the train was fifty feet away from the big depot, a bare-headed messenger came out of the telegraph office carrying in each hand a small stick of wood with a bit of yellow paper stuck in a split in the end of it. Running across the intervening tracks, the boy thrust one stick into the hand of the waiting engineer as the engine passed, and after yelling "Silver Creek" at him, waved his hands as conductors do when they want the engineer to pull out in a hurry. The other stick was grabbed from the boy's hand by the conductor as the caboose came along. Then the boy, finding his errand accomplished, danced a few steps of a jig, howled at an acquaintance who had looked on admiringly from a second-story window of the brick restaurant over the way, and ran back to the telegraph office.

It was just nightfall. The two trainmen made haste to read their orders. The engineer held his to the little lamp that illuminated the steam gauge, and read it aloud to the fireman and brakeman on the other side of the cab. The conductor read his by the light of a very handsome nickel-plated lantern that had his name, Sam Elliott, etched around the bottom of the crystal-clear globe. It was a "three order," that being the name applied to orders delivered to men on moving trains when there is no time to stop and sign a receipt, and both the engineer and conductor guessed its contents before they read their slips. They were to run to Silver Creek for a siding in spite of the fact that they were late, and that meant that the passenger train was late also; they were to make haste about it, and that meant that the passenger train was making up its lost time.

When the engineer had read the order over twice to make sure he comprehended it fully, he reached for the whistle-cord and gave two energetic pulls on it, that the whistle might let Conductor Elliott know that No. 48 was

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going to pull out speedily, and then he threw the throttle-valve wide open, making the great locomotive and the cars jump in a way not warranted by good engineering practice ; for it is by such jerks as these that drawbars are dislocated and coupling-pins and links broken. Then, with jingle and bang the long train rounded the curve out of Dunkirk, pounding the switches until they fairly jumped and the signal lanterns twinkled, until at last it cleared them all and was away, with a steady roar, across the fields of Sheridan township. The roar was particularly noticeable ; farmers living thereabouts remembered afterward, when the fate of the train and one of its cars came to be matters of public gossip, that the train had made a deal more noise than trains usually do ; but they accounted for that very properly by the peculiar condition of the atmosphere. For half the afternoon a storm had been brewing off over Lake Erie, and after sundown the sky had got itself into the ugliest condition imaginable.

Sitting down in the caboose, Conductor Elliott read over the order to Brakeman Dick Somers, and then got out the train slip with the numbers and initials of all the cars in the train written on it, together with several bills of lading and other papers pertaining to the cars under his care. One of these papers told him that a certain car, No. 1373, of the Pittsburg and Erie line, was consigned to the roadmaster having his headquarters at Silver Creek. It was loaded with fish-plates and spikes and other iron work for the track. The next paper in the bundle was the bill of lading of a car of the 'Frisco line bound all the way from Joplin, Mo., to New York City. The bill said it was loaded with "50 pigs lead." The car was numbered 1313. The figures caught the conductor's eye. Turning to the brakeman, he pointed at the two slips of paper and said :

"Say, Dick, do you see this? Be careful you do not set off 1313 instead of 1373, down at Silver Creek ; the one you want is the seventh car from the engine. I don't see why—I reckon someone was drunk when it wasn't put first. The 'Frisco car is near the middle of the train. I guess you won't make any mistake."

"We might make a good thing for ourselves if I did, though," said Somers, laughing half-heartily.

"Eh? How so?"

"See that? '50 pigs lead.' Think it's lead? Guess I know better. Mind that gondola side-tracked at Hamburg five or so years ago, with 'pigs lead' on it? Guess not. I'm plumb sure that is not lead. It's silver. Mind what a row the Super kicked up over the gondola? I know. I used to live in Joplin. They've sure got lead there, but they find pockets of silver too. They ship their lead to St. Louis ; the silver they ship to New York. 'Fifty pigs lead!' shucks!"

"What are y' giving us?"

"I'm telling it straight. That's no lead. I saw it coming out of Erie, and went down into the car through the scuttle and looked at it. It's a regular Joplin trick to ship silver in a cattle car—it's cheaper than to ship it by express, and just as safe. All we've got to do is to side-track the 'Frisco car, by mistake, of course, and then run back on the next train and drop off on the grade, and go to the car before morning and fill our pockets with the pigs, and skip lightly out and live high on the proceeds."

Both men laughed at this. Any one of the pigs was as much as a man would want to lift, let alone "skip lightly out" with. Of course the brakeman was joking. And yet there was something in the manner of the brakeman that attracted fleeting notice from the conductor at the time ; afterward he remembered the talk about stealing the pigs billed as lead, and pondered over them for a great many hours ; but whether the brakeman had really had it in his heart to steal them or not was more than the conductor could decide.

The conductor ran over the train slip with the point of his lead-pencil, the brakeman following with his eyes.

"I'm glad there is no other work to be done at Silver Creek," said the brakeman, when the end of the slip was reached. "It's going to be a downright dirty night. Did you notice the storm coming?"

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The question made them both turn to the window and look out toward the lake. If there is anything more disagreeable in the life of a trainman than another, it is working about the side-tracks of a way-station in a storm at night. While the work is more dangerous in winter, of course, than at other seasons, it is bad enough in May, and in no place is it worse than at Silver Creek in a Lake Erie squall. People living along the southeasterly shore of Lake Erie are among the few living on shore who are fully able to appreciate the stories of heavy rainfalls and fierce cyclones at sea. Nothing short of a tornado can exceed the force of the blasts from off this shallow lake, nor, indeed, are tornadoes in the shape of water-spouts wanting. Not infrequently are these whirligigs known to come dancing down the lake, and even to take a whirl inland now and then; but only to be rebuffed by the Chautauqua hills and sent back on the lake to their work of taking masts out of schooners, and top hamper off of propellers, and of drowning sailormen.

Brakeman Somers had a very vivid idea of the effect of these storms on the work of a trainman. He knew what it was to run from brake to brake over the tops of wobbling cars, while the wind alternately lulled and came in such gusts as were fit to make him throw himself flat on the car and grasp the narrow foot-path with both hands to keep himself from being blown away. He had walked along between moving cars striving to force a coupling-pin through a jammed link, while the rain poured down in sheets, and the rails were made slippery, and the light of his lantern was made useless by the blinding flashes of lightning.

Conductor Elliott not only knew all about this sort of thing from actual experience, but he added to the dread, which the actual danger naturally created, a horror of thunder-storms in general. To him there was something uncanny in the flash of the lightning in a Lake Erie thunder-squall.

Both men climbed in silence to their perch in the cupola of the car, and sat there looking off over the black outline of the train, to where the light of the furnace, as it was opened now and then by the fireman, lit up with a white glare the steam from the puffing locomotive.

From the curve at Dunkirk to the little shanty and platform known as Sheridan station, the roadbed is fairly level, but from this point east there is a steady rise in the grade, until a point within a mile or so of the Silver Creek side-tracks is reached. Then the track plunges down the worst grade between Buffalo and Chicago, and rounds a short curve to reach the level of the Silver Creek depot.

Up the long grade from Sheridan station to the top of Sheridan Hill, as the top of the grade is called, the great locomotive toiled with unflagging energy. In leaving Dunkirk the fireman had spread his coal in an even and thin layer over the fire in the fire-box, and at intervals since had renewed the supply in like careful manner. The hand in the steam-gauge had worked its way around until, as Sheridan station was passed, it indicated a pressure of over one hundred and sixty pounds, and there it held its own up the long, weary grade. Seven miles had been covered in about eleven minutes. It was surprising to the engineer, for he had observed that, as a rule, the draught in a locomotive was not so good just before a thunder-storm as in fair weather, and he was not sufficiently well versed in the aërial conflicts that sometimes raged over him to be able to account for some of the occasional phenomena which, as a practical man, he had taken note of.

However, it was little matter for the present why the fire had burned well, so long as it had kept the steam up, and it was with a good deal of satisfaction that the engineer, as the locomotive rose over the crest of the grade, reached for the whistle-cord. Holding the cord for a time in his hand until he was fairly beyond the wooden wagon-road bridge that crosses the cut in the bank just at the top of the grade, the engineer blew a long blast for brakes and shut off steam. It was a question in his mind, for some time after, whether his call for brakes had been heard in the caboose, for just as he pulled the cord the first blasts of the advancing squall were felt, and the roar of the thunder was so loud

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and incessant, withal so vicious or angry, that it seemed to utterly whelm the scream of the steam whistle. To make sure he waited a few moments, and then blew a second blast as the train started down the grade on the easterly side of the hill.

The call had been heard, however; even if it had not been it would have made no difference, for Brakeman Somers, knowing about the grade there, had left the caboose soon after passing Sheridan station, saying, as he climbed down from his perch in the cupola, that he would go forward to the middle of the train, and work back in setting the brakes, so that he would not have to face the wind as he ran from car to car. It was a perfectly natural thing to do, but afterward the remark was remembered and counted against him. That he reached almost the middle of the train and set one brake was considered undeniable, for a brake on one car near that point was found set afterward; but what other things Brakeman Somers did no one could tell, though many conjectures were made. As for the man himself, neither the conductor nor any other member of the train crew ever saw him again, although the best detectives in the country, incited by liberal rewards, searched for him far and near. Conductor Elliott caught a glimpse of his figure hurrying over the train by the light of the lantern he carried, but after that he disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed him up.

When his brakeman had gone Conductor Elliott found his perch in the cupola exceedingly lonesome, and he made haste to get down to the floor of the caboose. Then he noticed that the train, which soon began to go down the easterly side of the hill, was running at what seemed to him to be an unsafe speed. So he stepped out on the rear end of the caboose to set the brake. As he closed the door he gave a glance at the sky. The sight wholly unnerved him; in fact, he had never before come so near fainting away. Up in the clouds, a little to the west and south, and almost directly over the track, he saw what seemed to him to be a veritable figure of the devil, outlined by zigzag flashes of lightning. There was the form of a gigantic man, with flaming arms outstretched and limbs crouched as if for a spring at the train, while below a tapering black tail swept to and fro like the tail of an angry cougar. In a moment reason asserted itself; but when he came to try to set the brake, he found that the nervous shock had left him too weak to accomplish anything, and to regain his composure he went inside the caboose and shut the door as the train passed the little telegraph station, located for emergencies half-way up the grade. Even in the caboose he was unable wholly to rid himself of the depressing thought that some dire disaster was impending.

Meantime Brakeman Delehanty, who had been in the cab of the engine, had, as the engineer blew the first call for brakes, struggled out over the coal in the tender and over the first car to the brake, but there he could do nothing. The blasts of wind were so fierce that he could only sit down and cling to the wheel and wait for a lull to come, with his head bowed down to save his face from the driving rain. Not until the foot of Sheridan Hill was reached, and the engineer, as the locomotive rounded the curve, saw the first green switch-light, and, alarmed at the speed of the train, blew another call for brakes, did the lull come. Then Delehanty jumped at the brake with a will. He was drenched with the rain, and it was worth while to work to keep warm, but after all he was surprised, when he thought of the length of the train, and its great weight and momentum in coming down the grade, to see how quickly he stopped it. It was true the train had overrun the switch a little, but he had expected, under the circumstances, to run clear past the depot before stopping, and so to back the train in at the easterly end of the siding. But there he was, with his train, right on the short curve, just clear of the grade.

A moment later his surprise turned to consternation. Looking back over the train, he missed the caboose lights, but the next moment discovered them away up the grade, and coming down at tremendous speed, and not a sign of a lantern on the cars ahead of them to show that anyone was there to twist a

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brake. He comprehended the truth instantly. The train had broken apart somewhere near the top of the grade; and now, with the forward part at rest on the curve at the foot of the hill, the rear cars were coming down, uncontrolled and uncontrollable.

A smash-up at the foot of the hill was inevitable, and No. 12, making up lost time, was probably just pulling out of Dunkirk.

Running to the lee-side of the train, Delehanty caught hold of the edge of the roof and dropped to the ground. Then jumping to the outside of the other track (for the Lake Shore is a two-track road), he started forward on the run to cut the locomotive free from the train, so that the engineer could run down to the depot and warn the telegraph operator. But the engineer was alive to the situation. He had understood, although he did not see, the crash of the collision, and knew what to do next. At his word the fireman cut the locomotive loose, and then the engineer threw the throttle wide open with a jerk. In a trice he had reached the depot. Jumping to the platform he burst through the depot door, and trembling with anxiety and excitement, fairly screamed:

"Stop number twelve!"

The operator had heard but did not understand the crash. Now he comprehended what had happened, and grasping the key of his instrument, began to call the little Sheridan Hill telegraph station. He got no answer from Sheridan Hill, but there was a nervous energy in the movement of his hand, as he clicked off the number of the station, that made the train despatcher in his office in Buffalo, who could also hear the call, throw open a switch instantly, and ask over the wire what the trouble was. The answer brought almost every operator in the despatcher's room to his feet:

"*Forty-eight has smashed up at the foot of Sheridan Hill.*"

The despatcher, with an energy no less noticeable than that of the Silver Creek operator, called Dunkirk three times. There was no answer. A dozen other wires were tried with like ill success, and he groaned aloud, for he knew then that something was wrong with the wires. A moment later he had connected his key with a wire to Jamestown, on another railroad. The response to his call came instantly.

"Tell Dunkirk to stop No. 12," he said. Then there were a few moments of silence followed by the clicking of another response. It was awful.

"*It is too late, No. 12 passed Dunkirk three minutes ago. Dunkirk cannot get Sheridan Hill.*"

There was nothing more that could be done for No. 12 by the train despatcher or his assistants. They could only wait, having but one hope for the salvation of the heavily loaded passenger train, that was even then flying up the long grade on the westerly side of Sheridan Hill at a speed that was rapidly making up for the time that had been lost. It was the duty of Conductor Elliott to see that No. 12 was flagged in time to avert the disaster. A score of times the train despatcher said to himself that Elliott was one of the best men on the road, and that he would surely see that the train was stopped; but as many times more he would be oppressed by the fear that the conductor could not run far enough up the grade to give the passenger train space to stop in. Not only must Conductor Elliott be vigilant, but he must have some time in which to act.

This was one of the cases, however, so common in the experience of railroad men as to escape the notice of the public, in which the conductor, by doing the right thing at the right time, saves a train from disaster and many passengers from death. Conductor Elliott was thrown across the caboose by the shock of the collision. This little mishap knocked out of him all nervousness created by the vision of the devil, and he was instantly on his feet and ready to do his duty. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped out of the caboose, grabbed a red lantern off the rear platform, and ran with all his might around the curve and up the grade. The storm had modified, but the rain still fell and the wind blew, and it was slow travelling—terribly slow it seemed to the trainman. He had run scarce more than twenty-five rods when the head-light of No. 12 burst into view over the crest of Sheridan Hill. The

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next moment her engineer saw the swinging red light in the hands of Conductor Elliott, and with one hand shut off steam, while with the other he opened the valve that set the brakes on his train. Then he blew a single blast from the whistle to let the man with the swinging red light know that the danger signal was seen. No. 12 was saved. Ten minutes later the conductor of the passenger train, who was then on his way to the telegraph station at Silver Creek, met a messenger from that station with an order for No. 12 to return to Dunkirk, switch off on the Nickel Plate tracks, and so run into Buffalo by that line.

The moment he was sure that his signal was seen, Conductor Elliott turned back toward his train. Flames could be seen arising from at least three parts of the wreck. Something in the merchandise in the cars had started the fires, he thought, and yet he afterward wondered how it was that more than one fire should have been started. He did not think of this at the moment, however, his sole thought was to put out the fires. Reaching the wreck, he found Brakeman Delehanty there, and within so short a time after as to attract the attention of the conductor to it, not less than twenty citizens of the village gathered around. They did not offer to help put out the fire—they were really in the way of the trainmen. The engineer and fireman of No. 48, and a couple of track hands came a little later, and these finding plenty of water in the ditches, and aided by the rain that still fell, succeeded in drowning the fires, though not until a pretty large per cent. of the wreckage had been destroyed.

Then the wrecking boss and his train and men arrived. It was a delight to see the quick adapting of means to an end, the invention of new means to overcome unexpected complications, and the deliberate rapidity with which this gang worked. Parts of cars were hitched to locomotives by means of hawsers, and snatched endways and tumbled over out of the way. Spikes were drawn and fish-plates removed, so that broken and twisted rails could be taken from the ties and new ones laid down. No one was flustered or hurried, and yet before midnight the track was clear for traffic. The wrecking gang had done the work admirably, but under the circumstances they had make one mistake. To light up the wreck they had built a fire and used quite a number of broken boards from the smashed cars. Just why this was a mistake will appear later on. It would not be done in these days.

Having the track clear, Conductor Elliott got the two parts of his train together, and with his train slip in hand walked down along the track checking off the cars. He knew that several were out, of course, but the first one he missed was the 'Frisco car, 1313, bound from Joplin, Mo., with "50 pigs lead" to New York. He was shocked; that was the car which Brakeman Dick Somers said had silver in it.

Where was Dick, anyhow? The conductor now remembered that during all the time he had been at work with the wrecking boss nothing had been seen of Somers. Turning to Delehanty he asked for Dick. Delehanty had seen nothing of him. The two made haste to ask others about him. No one had seen him. They called aloud. No one answered. They searched the tracks up the grade, thinking he might have fallen off the cars and been killed, but they found no trace of him.

The feeling of dread that had oppressed the conductor just before the collision, returned now with increased force. Hurrying to the heaps of wreckage, he asked the wrecking boss if anything had been seen of a number of pigs of lead. Not a pig had been seen. Members of the wrecking gang were examined, though somewhat cautiously, with a like result. No one had seen anything of the kind. A hasty glance over broken cars and the parts that remained unburned showed no trace even of a cattle car, let alone a stack of pigs of lead. So far as anyone could see, then, the 'Frisco line car, 1313 had utterly disappeared.

II.

THE next morning, at about 10.30 o'clock, Conductor Elliott and his engineer were called into the office of the Superintendent. Each in his turn re-

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lated faithfully the incidents of the night before as he saw them, save only the little incident of the apparition, apparently seen in the sky. One thing not hitherto related, however, was the fact that when the train was gotten together a brake was found partly set on a car in the rear part of the train, and not very far from where the 'Frisco car had been located. This brake had undoubtedly helped hold the rear part of the train back, and so assisted in creating the smash-up.

The Superintendent questioned the conductor very closely about the talk of Brakeman Dick Somers, referring meantime to sundry other papers he had on his desk. One question was whether Somers had ever before proposed to steal goods from a car, and another was whether Elliott had ever heard of an organized gang working the freight cars on steep grades, on this or any other road.

The engineer admitted that he had jerked the cars smartly as he pulled out of Dunkirk, but said in extenuation that, had any link been broken there, the train must have parted before reaching the top of Sheridan Hill. The Superintendent stopped that line of talk, however, by telling the engineer to confine himself to what did happen, and leave others to argue as to what ought to have happened.

The end of it all was, when nearly an hour had been used in getting at the facts, that the Superintendent said:

"It was silver in that car, and the silver is gone. When the car and its load have been found you can come back and go to work."

That meant, of course, that they were suspended. It was really a too severe sentence. The promptness of the engineer in notifying the telegraph operator after the smash-up occurred, and the faithfulness of the conductor in flagging No. 12, and so averting a worse disaster, counted for nothing. Years of faithful service could not save them. It was particularly severe on Elliott. He was neat in his dress and took a pride in his work. He had been faithful in his work always, and had never even had a reprimand. He stood at the head of the freight conductors, and was to be promoted to a passenger train whenever a vacancy occurred. Now he supposed his chance for promotion was gone. While the engineer went home and took his suspension in a matter-of-fact way, Elliott wandered off down into the freight yard and stared at the cars for a couple of hours or more in a vacant way. He was dazed by what he had passed through, and the more he thought of it the more he was inclined to believe that he had really seen the devil the night before, and that all this misfortune was due to some evil power beyond the comprehension of man.

While he wandered about he heard a newsboy with the evening papers for sale coming down the street. The lad was shouting:

"*Penny 'telligence.* All about a car load of silver stole. Terrible 'saster!"

Sam bought a paper to see what was printed in it, and so be able to meet any accusation brought against him. He found that the story of the smash-up was what the reporter would have called "a scoop on our esteemed contemporaries."

The sum of it was that Somers was a member of a recently organized gang of thieves having headquarters near Sheridan Hill. In fact, goods had before this and within a few weeks been missed from cars bound west between Buffalo and Erie. Where so good a place to steal them as when the train laboriously climbed Sheridan Hill? Learning of the silver in the car, Somers had in some way unknown notified his gang. Then taking advantage of the storm, he had gone out over the train, cut it apart as the crest of the grade was reached, after setting one brake so that one part of the train ran down ahead of the other, making a smash-up inevitable. During the confusion that followed it was easy for a gang of able-bodied men to carry the silver from the wreck undetected, and tumble it over the fence into the woods near by, and then more leisurely carry it away and hide it until such time as it could be marketed. In all probability, the gang included some reputable citizens of Silver Creek—men of wealth and influence—for without the aid of such men a job of this kind could not be suc-

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cessfully done. No doubt other railroaders than the missing brakeman, Somers, were connected with the gang. Even Conductor Elliott had been suspended until it was absolutely certain that he was in no way involved. And so the conglomeration of surmises ran for two columns more. The Superintendent had been reticent. He would only say that detectives had been employed. But the public could "rest assured that the *Intelligence* would not cease its investigations until the whole case had been made plain."

Conductor Elliott read the story over twice. To him the facts of the wreck were very mysterious.

Having nothing else to do, the conductor went home to his boarding-place. When there, finding the solitude of his room and the chatter of the boarders in the sitting-room alike intolerable, he went out again and walked back to the Lake Shore yards, whence he finally drifted up the tracks as far as the bridge over Buffalo Creek. Here he stood when the second section of No. 73 came along, in charge of a crony of his named Dan Mahony. The train was moving slowly.

"Hello, Sam," said Dan, "there are seventeen reporters looking for you back there in the yard. You'd better take a trip over the road with me if you want to keep clear of them."

Sam needed no second invitation.

He was just thinking about taking a run over the line, anyhow. He jumped on the caboose, and climbing up to the perch usually occupied by the brakeman beside the conductor, had a long talk with his friend about the lost car.

Now, it happened that Dan had a boy, and this boy was the stenographer in the Superintendent's office. Dan had seen the boy, and had been told a good deal about the wreck of which Elliott knew nothing. This information had been obtained through reports sent on from Silver Creek.

First of all, there was the trouble about calling up the Sheridan Hill and Dunkirk telegraph operators the night before. An examination had shown that every wire on both sides of the permanent way had been cut on each side of the hill. On the east side the wires had been cut between poles. How it had been accomplished was a mystery, for the broken ends were twisted around and tangled up in the most curious shapes. It was supposed, from the fact that all the insulators on the adjoining poles had been torn up from their fastenings, that the robbers must have climbed up and stripped the wires off, and then, as they sagged down clear off the poles, broken them by twisting them around with an iron bolt or some such thing. It was plain the wires had never been cut with nippers. West of the hill two telegraph poles, one on each side of the tracks, had been destroyed wholly. The section boss said someone must have hung bags of dynamite to the tops of them, and then touched them off, and so blown them and the wires to flinders.

Another thing was the finding of the trucks of the missing car. When daylight came the men at work about the wreck began to separate the débris. Away out on one of the side tracks stood the two 'Frisco line car trucks. The wheels had been cast apparently in the 'Frisco shops at Springfield, Mo., for the name of the shops and city were cast in the wheels, and so they were readily recognized. The trucks were intact beyond a few bruises to the woodwork. How they got out on the siding no one knew. Not a sign of the rest of the car could be found, however.

"Must have burned up," said Elliott.

"That's what I said," said Dan, "but the boy says they ought to find the drawbars and bolts and all that sort of thing, if it did, and they don't find anything of the sort that they don't identify as belonging to some other car. There was too much stuff burned there to allow them to work out the matter properly, however; the wreck boss only made matters worse, I suppose, by letting his men build a fire with the broken boards. But I'm thinking they must have dynamited the car as well as the telegraph poles. I don't see how else they could have got away with it."

At the break near Sheridan station the poles had been pulled out of the ground as well as torn to slivers, and that was a remarkable thing. How could dynamite do that? So, too, was the fact that the wire fences and the

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ground in a line with the destroyed poles had been torn up terribly. Neither Sam nor his friend Mahony could account for it at all.

The train reached Silver Creek, and here Elliott left the seat in the caboose and went out over the train to look at the country as they climbed Sheridan Hill. It was not a long train and most of the cars were empty, so the train was making a good twenty miles an hour up the grade when they got there. It was just at sundown; Sam examined the country all around very carefully. Evidences of the work of the storm were to be seen a-plenty, but nothing that gave him even a hint of the work of train robbers or of a hiding-place for the silver even, except it might be in the alder brush in the swamp off to the north of the track, just across a narrow pasture that lies at the foot of the hill. The brush in the swamp stood very thick indeed, naturally, but the storm had added to the difficulty of getting into the copse by tearing down, and even lifting up and carrying to the brush, a number of elms that had formerly stood in the open pasture. These had been thrown into and mixed up with the alders in a tangled mass that seemed to be just the place in which robbers who knew a road into the swamp might safely conceal their booty, especially as the bars of silver would of their own weight sink out of sight in the mud.

This was a natural thing for a man to think of, and Sam determined to return to Silver Creek next day and do a little detective work on his own account. The detectives, who had come up to Silver Creek in the guise of a couple of gentlemen bound for a good time catching bass on the reef off Dalrymple's Point, never thought of that, however. They were bent solely on getting acquainted with members of the gang of thieves.

Now it happened that while looking over the country Conductor Elliott had walked forward over several cars. The train having about reached the top of the grade he turned around and started back again, with his eyes first on the swamp to the north of the track and then on the hill to the south. Directly as he looked to the south his eye fell on a farmer who was driving home in a wagon along the country road that crosses the cut in the crest of the hill by means of the bridge previously mentioned. The farmer had a bright young girl of perhaps eighteen years by his side, and Sam, who, although a little shy, was partial to bright young girls, gave the couple in the wagon a second look, rightly thinking as he did so that the girl must be the old man's daughter. As he looked he saw the girl's eyes turn toward him, and then she clutched the old man's arm and said something that made the farmer half jump from his seat and wave one hand frantically at Sam, standing there on the train and wondering what it all meant. The next moment the man was shouting and the girl was wringing her hands, as if in distress. What in the world could be the matter? Why, they were pointing toward the engine and were terribly excited. Sam partly turned to look forward to see what they were pointing at.

Alas! he had turned too late. The train was passing right under the wooden wagon-road bridge and Sam's head was not four feet from the solid timbers. He threw up his right arm instinctively, and then was knocked senseless to the sand ballast between the two tracks. It happened that no one on the train saw the accident, and as Sam did not return to the caboose Dan supposed he had gone forward to the locomotive. The part of the train crew forward did not know Sam was on the train, and so he was not missed until the train arrived at Erie. The report of his sudden disappearance, when telegraphed to Buffalo, made a temporary sensation. The authorities concluded that he had followed Brakeman Dick Somers to the hiding-place of a gang of thieves.

As for poor Sam, he might have laid there bleeding half the night, but for the kindness of Farmer Robert Wells, of the Lake Road, Sheridan, and his pretty daughter Estella, who had vainly tried to warn him of his danger. The farmer stopped his team immediately and ran down the bank, and kneeled beside the railroader. There was a long gash on the side of the conductor's head. His right sleeve was torn and wet with blood.

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Doubtless that arm was broken. His left leg was doubled under him in such a way that it, too, was very likely broken. There was only one thing that Farmer Wells could see to do, and that was to take the wounded man home and do what he could to save his life.

He picked him up in his arms and, carrying him up the hill, placed him in the wagon and drove home with him. Then he sent his boy flying on horseback to town for a surgeon.

III.

When the surgeon reached the home of Farmer Wells, to which he was summoned as already told, he found Conductor Elliott lying on a bed where he had been placed by a couple of farm-hands. Estella, the daughter, had bathed the blood from the cut in the head, but the conductor was still insensible. It took several hours of hard work to patch him up. By daylight Conductor Elliott had regained his senses and was as comfortable as a man with breaks and bruises could be. It was not long before he began to think himself exceedingly comfortable because of his hurts, though this feeling alternated with one of extreme mental depression. To have such a charming nurse as pretty Estella Wells, was worth all the pain, he thought. But very often, when his eyes would be lighting up with the pleasure the simple presence of the girl gave him, the thought of the lost car and his lost job would come to plague him and make him groan in spirit.

Later, when he had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, the alternate kindness and indifference of the maiden tormented him as much as the thought of the lost car did, and probably more. The conductor, like most other honest men, had never learned to fully comprehend the humors—some might say whims—of a girl of eighteen. Besides, Sam was only twenty-four years old, anyhow.

Of course, he told the girl about the lost car and much other railroad lore. He found her an interesting listener, especially when he spoke about the car. The lass had more than the usual share of what is called woman's wit, but with all the facts before her which have so far been related she was unable to guess at the solution of the mystery. Of one thing, however, she was certain, and that was that Dick Somers was no thief.

Sam would have been glad to believe as she did about the missing brakeman, and sometimes thought—although the thought made him ashamed of himself—of his vision in the clouds of the storm, and wondered whether some supernatural influence might not be at the bottom of the mystery.

Days, and then weeks, passed; and finally one morning, the first of July, the surgeon told Sam that he might go out for a ride. This was delightful. The ride did the young man so much good that others followed, and finally one day Farmer Wells proposed to hitch up the family carriage and drive Sam and Estella and Mrs. Wells down to the mouth of the Cattaraugus Creek, where, if the water was favorable, they might take boats and go off and inspect the pound-nets set by fishermen there. The project was agreed to on all hands, and so the next day found them driving down across the low flats, behind the yellowish gray sand dunes, covered with knotted old trees, that form a barrier against which the winds and waves that have traversed the whole length of the lake may beat helplessly. They found a group of ragged-looking shanties, built in part of drift-wood, about the mouth of the creek, and a group of fishermen, looking as if they too were in some way made up of the flotsam and jetsam from alongshore. Hard by was an old spring-wagon to which was hitched a scraggy gray horse, the owner of which was striving to negotiate for a load of fish to peddle about the country side. A little further on was the stream, with the near shore lined with boats of various sizes, from a huge flat-bottomed craft forty feet long to a little skiff that was scarce large enough for one man to ride in.

It was Elliott's first visit to a place of the sort, and the whole scene was very interesting to him. After the farmer had helped them all from the carriage and had hitched his team to the frame of a big reel on which the fishermen wound their nets to dry, the party of

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visitors walked down to the creek to look first at the boats, intending to then hire one and a crew to take them out to the pound-nets. Their route took them close to the old spring-wagon belonging to the peddler. In passing this Sam turned around for a second look at the fish scales that covered the bottom of the wagon box, and then his eyes fell on the end gate. The sight set him all in a tremble of excitement. Glancing hastily at the peddler and finding his back turned, Sam peered over in the wagon to see the other side of the board. By this time he was so much excited that he could scarce repress a yell. The board was painted with a red-brown colored paint, such as is commonly used on freight cars, and on the inner side of the board were the figures 1313 in white lead. It was one of the boards on which had been painted the number of the missing 'Frisco line car.

Sam grasped the arm of stalwart Farmer Wells and drew him to one side. Farmer Wells was a Justice of the Peace "in and for the town of Sheridan," as he always said when speaking of his office. Could not the Justice arrest the fishman? Certainly, if there was any cause for it. See that end gate. It was a part of the missing car. How did the fishman get it? The Justice would find out. He knew the fishman. It was old Sile Jones.

"Sile," called the Justice, "this young man was just noticing your end gate. Where did you get it?"

"That board? Why right down here on the beach. I can show you the place if you want to see. It were hanging by one bolt to a piece of framin' that looked just like it had been knocked out of the side of a cattle car, and knocked hard at that. Curus 'bout that, too. I don't see how no cattle car c'u'd get into Lake Erie, do you?"

They went down to the beach and found a piece of the side of a cattle car. It had been knocked—and knocked hard, as Sile had said—out of the side of the missing 'Frisco car loaded with "50 pigs lead" for New York City.

How did it get there in the lake, three miles and a half from Sheridan Hill? The consideration of that question wholly destroyed Conductor Elliott's interest in the fishing business. The fishermen told all they knew about it frankly. It had simply washed up there some weeks before, but whether three or six weeks before they could not say.

IV.

THE fishing on the reef off Dalrymple's Point had proved very satisfactory, during all this time, to the two detectives. So, too, had the angling for a clew to the mystery on shore. Within three days after the trip of the Wells family to the mouth of the Cattaraugus Creek, as described in the last chapter, the detectives were ready to make an arrest. At about eight o'clock one night, Justice of the Peace Degman, of Irving, was very much astonished, on answering a knock at his door, to find the two gentlemen from Buffalo before him; but when he learned that their errand was to obtain warrants for the arrest of one of the most influential citizens of Silver Creek, and a search of his premises, the Justice was absolutely speechless for more than a minute.

Then he issued the papers, and on the invitation of the detectives, who wanted him with them to prevent him sending word ahead of them to the influential citizen, he got into the carriage and was carried rapidly to Silver Creek. Stopping before the home of the influential citizen, the detectives leaped from the carriage, leaving the Justice to hitch the team, and running around the house, unlocked the barn door and went in. The Justice followed as quickly as possible. When he got to the barn he found the two detectives standing in a grain-bin, from which they had hastily shovelled enough oats to enable them to reach and open a trap-door placed in one corner of the floor. By the aid of a dark lantern it could be seen that a compartment four or five feet large in all directions was located beneath the grain-bin and was empty. The detectives were swearing ferociously.

But before leaving they called the attention of the Justice to plain evidences that the secret room beneath the grain-bin had been recently used for storing something, and that that something was

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heavy. In getting that something into or out of the compartment, splinters had been knocked from the flooring around the edge of the trap-hole. It was, further, easy to see that a substantial dump-cart standing in the barn had been backed up to the door of the grain-bin, for there were wheel-marks on the floor and the bin that were plainly made by the cart-wheels. The detectives measured the marks and the wheels. As they left they stopped to notice that the cart had recently left the yard and returned once, that the tracks had turned to the left up Dunkirk Street, and that these tracks must have been made when the ground had been softened by a rain that had fallen three nights before.

The influential citizen (so his friends reported) was called out of town on urgent business, next day, and the detectives immediately began an open search for traces of the silver.

V.

From driving, Sam had now progressed to walking. He was just starting on a walk down the Lake Road toward the village when he heard from a passing neighbor the story of the raid, and said to Estella that he did not believe the influential citizen had stored any silver.

The next day the young couple walked slowly down the road, chatting of other things than the car mystery as they went. Half a mile or less from the house a continuation of the woods that covered Farmer Wells's swampy wood-lot lined the road they were travelling, and in the shade of a big maple the two sat down to rest a bit. Here the young man's eyes rested on the tops of the trees that stood next to a woods road leading away to the south and west from the main road. The extreme tops of the trees had been wrenched and sheared off in a remarkable manner. Many broken limbs were strewed in the old road and many others hung drooping, having been but partly broken off. Farther back in the woods the limbs had been broken off lower down toward the ground, as if the force that broke them had been gradually rising from the earth as it approached the lake.

"It was done the night the car was lost," Estella said. "Papa says that squall was a regular Western tornado."

They walked slowly into the woods. The road became more difficult for a time, on account of the increasing number of tree-limbs thrown on the ground by the storm where it had been nearer the earth, but twenty-five or thirty rods back the road took a turn to the right, and then continued its original course parallel with the track of the tornado. Both the road and the tornado track were leading straight toward Sheridan Hill.

About two-thirds of the way over to the field by the side of the railroad, they came to a place where the whirling tail of the giant had reached to the ground, and further progress along this road was impossible. It looked there as if the trees standing on a space several rods across had been uprooted simultaneously, and thrown over with their tops lying in all directions from a common centre. Two of the trees had fallen across this road.

The young people stopped and gazed in amazement. It was apparent, it seemed to them, that no one had been through the woods since the tornado had passed, or else the whole country side would have been there to see the sight long before.

But a more curious spectacle still awaited them. While carefully picking their way around the tangle of brush in order to reach their road on the farther side, they came to a cross-woods road that had formerly led direct to where Dunkirk Street crosses the Lake Shore Road. It was remarkable, but this road was wholly clear of débris. It led square across the centre of the plot where the tail of the tornado had touched the ground, but the falling trees and saplings had all reached the ground either on one side or the other of this old track.

Both Sam and Estella at once turned into the road. It would be an interesting thing to go to the centre of a spot where a tornado had touched the earth, even if there was nothing there to see but dirt. A few steps brought them into the little opening with its fence wall of upturned tree-roots about it. It was a novel sight, indeed. Around the outer portion of the circle the ground

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had been swept clear of leaves, sticks, and underbrush. Nearer the centre the ground showed signs of having been disturbed by the wind, and nearer still it had plainly been torn up until a noticeable saucer-shaped depression was formed. But right in the centre, instead of scooping the dirt out deeper, the tornado had apparently heaped it up into an oblong-rounded mound that looked for all the world like the top of some huge grave. The young people were at once delighted and awed by the spectacle. The scene was an interesting and an awful illustration of the power of the storm cloud.

After a moment the more sober influence wore off, and standing there by the mound of loose earth Sam began to idly kick his toe into what might have been, from appearance, the side of the head of this grave of a giant. A second and then a third kick shoved the toe of his shoe well into the loose earth, and this time his shoe struck something. That was interesting.

"I wonder what's in there," he said, as he noticed that Estella had seen the check his foot had received. "I believe I'll look."

Stooping down, he pulled the dry dirt carefully away with his hand, and in a minute had uncovered the rectangular corner of something with a white metallic lustre. For an instant he stared wild-eyed, and then jumping to his feet, threw his arms around his companion and gave her an energetic hug. Down he dropped on the ground and began to pull the dirt off the metal beneath, and having cleared off a bit more up he jumped again.

"See there, 'Stella," he said, "see there; we've found it, see! It's the silver, sweetheart, we've—I'll—I——"

Then he stopped short. He had always called her "Miss Estella" before, but now, under the influence of the emotions of the moment, had spoken aloud what he had scarcely dared to think before. What more he would have said may only be guessed, but just then two men were seen coming up along the road from the direction of the village. Estella at once recognized them as the detectives. It made her chuckle to think that Sam should have found the silver instead of their doing so, as they would have been sure to do had they reached the mound of earth in the old roadway first.

The sight of the men turned the thoughts of the young people exclusively to the silver. To Estella first, and on her suggestion to Sam also, it seemed perfectly plain that it had been brought there by the tornado, which had lifted car and all from the trucks, and at this point had dropped the bars of metal and covered them with the flying earth; while the rest of the car, wrenched and torn, had been carried on and dropped in the lake. For the first time Sam told the girl of his vision of the devil with its swaying tail.

Then the detectives arrived on the scene, and Sam pointed out the metal. The men were vexed to think they had been forestalled, but they at once began uncovering the rest of the pigs. To the utter astonishment of Sam and the girl, the pigs were found lying corded up in a regular pile, just as they had been piled on the floor of the car. The detectives had listened to what Sam had said about the tornado with an incredulous smile that irritated Miss Estella very much. Then they walked outside the little opening made in the woods by the tornado, and stooping down in the roadway found wheel-tracks which, on being measured, were found to be of the exact size of the tracks of the cart-wheels belonging to the influential citizen of Silver Creek.

"See that?" said the detectives. "We scared him too soon, and he brought his boodle here, and dumped it down there and covered it up, and raked it over to obliterate the signs of the wheels."

"What did he do with the floor framing of the car?" asked Sam.

"How could your whirligig have stacked up the stuff like that?" asked the detectives.

From that day to this citizens of Silver Creek have been asking of each other, not only these two questions, but many others, growing out of the loss of the car and its lading, and the subsequent discovery of the lading. The people are divided into two factions on the subject. One faction is small in number, but is composed of rich and

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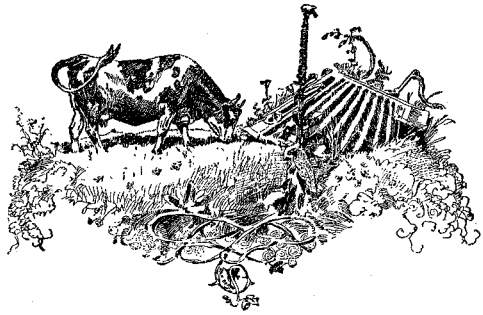
influential citizens. These hold steadfastly to the theory that the tornado carried off the car and its lading. The other faction, headed by the cracker-barrel clique of the village grocery, is as steadfast in the belief that Silver Creek had a well-organized gang of rich and influential thieves, and that further operations by the gang were stopped by the narrow escape of the leader. Perhaps the reader, after having read this candid and fair statement of the facts and arguments, will be able to decide which faction is right.

There is one subject, however, on which both factions of the Silver Creek people are agreed, and that is that Conductor Sam Elliott is a first-class fellow. They know him well now, and speak of him as "one of our best citizens;" for although he runs the Chicago limited over the Lake Shore Road, his wife and Sam, Jr., live in a handsome cottage on the high ground just south of the depot—a location that commands a view of the village, of the lake, and of Sheridan Hill, the worst grade on the road—from which a 'Frisco line car, billed from Joplin, Mo., to New York City, with "50 pigs lead," disappeared one night while an unusually fierce squall was raging from off Lake Erie.



FRIENDLESSNESS.

By H. P. Kimball.

Is it so sweet to feel a friendship near,
To know a hovering presence in the place,
And through shut eyes be conscious of a face
With gaze intense and full of sleepless cheer,
Which says: "I love thee wholly; I am here?"
Is this so sweet? Is this a heaven of grace
That doth repay us for the weary race;
For all life's tumult loud and conflict drear?
—Ay, this is sweet—but there's a heaven higher,
A soul shall reach that takes its lonely stand
In an embattled place, and sees the land
Naked around it, black, and scarred by fire;
Then learns, in very loneliness, to aspire
To God—and finds life's victory in its hand.

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THE TWO MOLLIES.

A CITY SKETCH.

By H. H. Boyesen.

JIM was a gentleman. At least, he strenuously insisted that he was. It might be inferred from this that his claim met with opposition; but opposition could not shake his conviction, which, like certain weeds, flourished the better the more it was trampled upon. Jim had his infirmities, as, in his amiable moments, he freely admitted, but they did not affect his estimate of his worth.

"James O'Flaherthy is a gintleman, begorra, from the tap of his hid to the sowl of his boots," he would remark, in a challenging manner; "an Oirish gintleman, sor, as 'ud knock the stuffin' out of any mon as come around carryin' his nose pritintious-loike."

As there were many who, in Jim's opinion, carried their noses in that offensive manner, his ever-bristling desire to assert his dignity brought him into frequent collisions with gentlemen of his own nationality and pugnacious disposition. But on these occasions Jim was invariably worsted. He emerged, however, from his most disastrous and ignominious defeats with undiminished self-esteem and the same cheerfully challenging spirit. Molly, his mare, the only creature for whose opinion he greatly cared, had not the heart to add insult to injury. She only shook her aged, frowsy head, raised one ear, while the other hung limply down, and gazed at her master with mild disapprobation.

"I know what ye be wantin' to say, auld girrel," Jim would observe ruefully, when Molly shook her head at him; "ye be wantin' to say that Oi be a good-furr-nothin' cowarrd, Molly, me beauty. Say it, auld girrel, say it. Oi can stand it from you bitter than from the rist."

There were reasons why Jim could stand rebuke better from Molly than from his two-legged critics. Molly had been his constant companion for sixteen years, and had shared good and evil days with him. She knew his infirmities, chief among which was a deep aversion for water in its various uses, and a corresponding devotion to a more inspiriting liquid. At the time Jim went into the express business and settled as a squatter in Shanty Town, Molly was already well on in years, though nobody knew when she had first seen the light, or where. She was then, as now, of sedate demeanor and deliberate in her movements. She had a shaggy coat of brown hair, which had since become bleached into a dirty yellow and sprinkled with gray. Under her jaws and belly there was a thin fringe of hair thrice as long as the rest. Of her tail, which once had been long and handsome, there was only a scanty wisp left. Her legs were thick and knotted, and had only one joint, which was at the top. If you could not count her ribs, it was not because the flesh interposed any difficulties, but because the frowsy hair hid them. The hip-bones, which did not in an equal degree enjoy this protection, rose almost to the level of the spine. Molly's harness, which lay half imbedded in deep ruts, was so seldom taken off that it seemed an integral part of her. It was mended in half a dozen places with bent nails and pieces of string, and where it was inclined to "gnaw" her, pieces of woolly sheepskin had been sewed under.

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I have hinted that Molly's early history was wrapped in gloom. Jim bought her at an auction of the effects of a defunct compatriot over on the Jersey side. He paid nine dollars and a half for her, and had a suspicion, when he got home, that he had himself been sold. The evidences of age and hard usage were quite visible to the sober eye, and if Jim's eye had been sober at the time it would, perhaps, have discovered them. A serious question it was, too, how to raise the nine dollars and a half in thirty days. Jim did not rejoice in an extended credit, even at the saloons which he habitually patronized; and though there were several among his acquaintances who, at a pinch, would have lent him fifty cents, he had quarrelled with so many of them that he could not, even in his most sanguine moods, estimate their number at nineteen. And nineteen fifty-cent pieces he needed to pay for Molly. In this dire distress Jim happened to remember that his second cousin, Molly O'Reilly, had once confided to him that she had two hundred dollars in the bank; and forthwith he resolved to make himself agreeable to Molly with a view to obtaining from her a loan of the required sum. As a preliminary he named his horse after her.

"Molly O'Reilly," he said to his second cousin, whom with this wily purpose he visited in the basement of a Madison Avenue mansion, where she received her company, "Oi am afther namin' me horrse fur ye."

"God bless ye, Jimmy, me harrut's darlint!" exclaimed Molly, surrendering to Jim's blandishments with quite unexpected precipitancy. She, in fact, misunderstood the nature of the overture he had made to her, overwhelming him with an affection which he had never coveted. It occurred to him, at second thought, however, that it was no bad thing, on the whole, to marry a girl with two hundred or more in the bank, and that by taking the human Molly, as it were, incidentally, he would make doubly sure of keeping the equine Molly in his possession. To Jim, in his unsentimental moods, the latter seemed the more valuable acquisition. He took, however, good care to drop no hint of such an opinion to his second cousin. On the contrary, he submitted unmurmuringly to her caresses, and was even, at times, faintly responsive. Just as the thirty days were about to expire he had the satisfaction of leading her to the altar and transferring her bank account to his own name. He bought, with her consent, an old express wagon, which had in past ages been green, and exhibited over his front door a sign-board, on which he had painted with lamp-black in irregular characters: *O'Flaherty Express Co.* He added the "Co." as a mere gratuitous embellishment, because he liked the sound of it; while Molly approved of it, because it seemed to imply a recognition of herself as the capitalist behind the concern. The building of a shanty on the unoccupied land west of Central Park made further inroads into Mrs. O'Flaherty's savings, and two visits to a second-hand dealer in furniture on Ninth Avenue reduced the remnant by more than half. What remained Jim took care to dispose of in a prolonged spree, in which, as he endeavored to persuade his wife, he indulged out of regard for her—in order to celebrate his own happiness and her virtues. Mrs. O'Flaherty was so touched by this evidence of his affection that, after a little grumbling, she freely forgave him. It was not until he showed a disposition to continue the celebration beyond all reason that she lost her temper. And then it was surmised by the neighbors that Jim had a hard time of it. Still sadder his fate became when, at the end of a year, a daughter was born to him, who, with her tiny groping hands, drove him out from her mother's heart. This was, at least, the way it looked to Jim, who could not see that his own eccentricities were of a kind to make him forfeit any rational creature's regard.

He turned in his distress to Mrs. O'Flaherty's namesake, the mare, whom he held to be vaguely responsible for the troubles that had overtaken him. It was her unfortunate existence which had involved him with his uncongenial matrimonial partner. With her one erect and one recumbent ear Molly had an air of meditation, of impartial, yet not unsympathetic judgment, which was calculated to encourage confidences.

"Jimmy, my dear," her expression

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seemed to say, "you are a sad case with your sprees and your quarrelsome temper. It is useless to pretend that I approve of you. But your wife might have a little patience with you, considering that you are the man in the family, and considering the fact, too, that she flung herself at your head when you had no thought in the world of marrying her."

It did Jim good to see these observations, with which he often justified himself, reflected in Molly's countenance. If she had opened her mouth and spoken, like Balaam's ass, she could not have added to his confidence in regard to the sentiments which she entertained toward him. He felt, of course, that it would be quite useless to pretend to her that he was any better than he was. She knew a little too much of his private history—a good deal more even than her namesake up in the shanty. Many and many a cold winter night, when he had been bounced from saloons with superfluous impetus, and been on the point of going to sleep on the sidewalk, she had gently lifted him with her teeth, by the collar, and shaken him, until he found the use of his legs, or by some friendly hand was helped into the wagon. Then, in an extremely deliberate jog-trot, she would betake herself, without guidance, to the West Side Shanty Town, where she would surrender her helpless master to the judgment which awaited him at the hands of his vigorous wife. If, as sometimes happened, he fought imaginary foes and fell out on the way, the old mare perceived it instantly, and remained motionless until a policeman took both her and Jim in charge, or a good Samaritan enabled them to prosecute their journey. On the morning after such an escapade Jim was apt to find the society of Mrs. O'Flaherty doubly uncongenial, and he would resort in a rueful mood to the little lean-to in which Molly had her stall, and seating himself on a reversed bucket, at her head, would discourse to her in somewhat the following fashion:

"Molly, ould girrel, ye be shakin' yer hid at me. Oi know what ye be manin' to say to me, Molly. Jim, ye be a pig and a hog and a dirrety dog, that's what ye be manin' to say to me, Molly. Ye hav' a woife and choil, Jim, and ye can't be kapin' yersilf dacent lang enough to slape off one spray before ye be inter another. Ye oughter be ashamed of yersilf, James O'Flaherty. Ye knowed bitter 'un to be goin' into O'Leary's saloon, whin ye had had half a point on yer conscience alriddy, in the mornin', and ye knowed bitter 'un to be shakin' yer dirrety fist under Frinchy's nose, he bein' a man as could knock yer as flat as a posthage sthamp. Howly Mother o' God, Jim, what's to become of yer, if ye kape on makin' a swoine of yersilf and wallerin' in the dirrut of yer sins and miserrable iniquities? Ye be roight intoirely to be shakin' yer hid at me, Molly. Oi be a miserrable mortel, Molly, endade Oi be. Me throat is as droy as a chimney, and as hot as purgatory. Don't ye be harrud on me, ould girrel; me harrut is burrstin' entoirely. Don't ye be harrud on me, Molly; Oi be a-goin' arround the carrner, jist to see a friend, jist a verry little one, to end up with, Molly, and call it quits."

As might have been expected, O'Flaherty's Express Company did not flourish while its projector and chief functionary devoted himself so assiduously to extraneous pursuits. Mrs. O'Flaherty's and her little girl's chances of keeping body and soul together would have been slender if they had depended upon the fruits of his exertions. Mrs. O'Flaherty, therefore, at an early date took the matter into her own hands, and having convinced herself that O'Flaherty's Express Company was a failure, hired out her services as a housecleaner, and earned thereby a sense of virtuous superiority over the Express Company, which lost its combative disposition as far as she was concerned, and slunk about in guilty humility. If its former spirit occasionally flared up in a feeble spurt of temper, it was promptly put down. The trouble was that Jim had no argument at hand (except the old and rather ignoble one of her flinging herself at his head), to meet the irrefutable fact that he was really his wife's pensioner. His daily excursions to the public square where formerly he had been in the habit of picking up a little custom, were becoming more and more unprofitable; and there seemed at last to be no other excuse

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for undertaking them than the chances they afforded of escape from domestic difficulties. The old mare was never in a hurry; nor was Jim. He sat in the bottom of his rickety wagon, smoking plug tobacco out of a short clay pipe, and conversing with himself or with Molly, whose one backward-pointed ear seemed an evidence of attention. It was during one of these confidential harangues that he was, one day in January, hailed by a man, who asked him to drive over to Hoboken, to the dock of one of the European steamship companies, and get him four trunks which, for some reason, had failed to arrive, though they had been examined by the custom-house officer. Jim, though he was not very eager to go to Hoboken, felt vaguely that here was an opportunity to vindicate the usefulness of the Express Company and supply himself with some heavy ammunition wherewith to repel the next attack upon his dignity. He therefore listened carefully to the instructions which the gentleman gave him, and promised to carry them out to the letter. Even Molly felt the exhilaration of this important commission, and shook first one ear, then the other, and at last her whole head, preparatory to the exertion. In spite of these elaborate preliminaries, however, she did not attain much beyond her ordinary jog-trot. But, like the turtle in the fable, she made up in endurance what she lacked in vivacity. The pier of the steamship company was reached while the sun was yet high, and after a great deal of aimless running about and interviews with officials, Jim was able to identify the four trunks and obtain permission to remove them. He was somewhat dismayed when he saw how large they were; and when, as a mere experiment, he tried to lift one of them, he became aware that O'Flaherty's Express Company had undertaken a very considerable contract. There was a great jam of vehicles of all kinds about him, and the noise and confusion made him almost dizzy. Horses were backed right up against his nose, and carriage-poles poked into his ribs every moment. Cabmen and porters yelled to him and shouted all sorts of uncomplimentary appellations, one threatening him with eternal perdition if he did not move in one direction, and another making the same threat if he did not move in another. Jim felt the need of a little consultation with Molly before putting her aged muscles to so severe a trial; but here there was no chance for deliberation. A huge steamer was roaring and belching forth smoke, as it seemed, right in his ear; and the maledictions that were hurled against him grew more furious the more he strove to meditate. It suddenly began to dawn upon Jim that he was blocking the way. He had placed his wagon across the only open road which all had to travel. Still he could not very well abandon his trunks, now that they had been delivered into his keeping. He was just grappling with this problem, when two men rushed forward, tossed two of the trunks into his wagon, seized Molly by the bit, and pushed her with violent jerks back into the crowd. Jim was so astonished that his pipe dropped from his mouth, and with a dull pang he heard it crunch under somebody's feet. He hurried forward at the risk of being trodden down by a pair of prancing carriage horses, and, crawling up on a bale of cotton, caught a glimpse of Molly's poor old head pathetically upturned in the midst of a jam of drays and cabs and wagons. She appeared to be equally in the way, wherever she turned. She knocked people down, stepped on their toes, and stuck her nose into their faces out of sheer embarrassment. Some resenting such familiarity, beat her with canes, whips, or whatever they happened to have at hand. Jim saw a herculean porter, whose hat she had brushed off, leap up with a volley of oaths, and pound her about the head with his clenched fists. He felt every blow on his own head. He was too bewildered to be angry. His only feeling was pity for Molly and a desire to come to her help. "Kape stiddy, Molly, ould girrel," he cried hoarsely, above the din; "Oi be a comin' to yis."

But it was no easy thing for Molly to keep steady. She was not accustomed to being beaten. Whatever spirit there was left in her old carcass revolted against the indignity. With a shrill

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broken whinny, she reared on her hind legs, pawed the air with her fore hoofs, and flung back her head.

"Molly," yelled Jim, striding along over bales, and boxes, and carts, "kape stiddy, auld girrel, kape stiddy!"

He stumbled, fell, rose up again and fell again. He was poked and punched by rude elbows, pushed, yelled at, and knocked about by valises and trunks. He was half stunned and dazed, but still full of anxiety for Molly. He reached, he scarcely knew how, a second eminence and saw, as through a dimly-shining veil, a horse's head wildly tossed above the crowd, and a group of excited men striking at it with sticks and fists and whip-handles. He tried to call Molly's name once more, but his voice stuck in his throat. The wagon was but a few inches from the edge of the pier, which at this point had no railing. One more jerk—one more blow—and it shot out over the edge! The weight of the trunks pulled Molly back on her haunches, she struggled for a moment to keep her footing, but in vain! With a whinny which sounded like a shriek of despair, she vanished over the edge of the pier. Into the place which she had left vacant, Jim jumped down, and stood staring incredulously at the spot where she had sunk.

"Molly—auld girrel," he cried, weeping, and wrung his grimy hands.

Suddenly, as if in response to his call, he saw something gleam through the water—and Molly's head rose between two cakes of ice. She snorted, and panted, and blew steam out of her nose. In her struggle for life, she had managed to rid herself of the wagon. A fragment of the torn harness still clung about her neck.

"Oi be a-comin', auld girrel! Oi be a-comin'," cried Jim, exultingly, and leaped into the river. The icy water chilled him to the heart. It closed above his head, and opened no upward path again. He sank like a stone.

"A fool of an Irishman," said the people, having exhausted their efforts to rescue him; "he jumped into the river to save his old mare!"

But they did not know Jim. Neither did they know Molly.

A SINGER.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.

THE only good method
Of head, or of heart,
Is the one which produces
The perfectest art.
The voice of the lark,
As it rings on high,
Was begot in the dark
And flung like a spark
Up into the sky,
With the clouds below,
Like mountains of snow,
And day near by.
So the lark sings,
With light on his wings,
And so, when I can, do I.

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FROM FOUR TO SIX.

By Annie Eliot.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

ESTHER VAN DYKE. HAROLD WHITNEY. A MAID.

ESTHER *discovered seated in a drawing-room. She has been reading and tearing old letters.*

E. I am sure one might ask anyone to an afternoon tea, even if anyone were one's old lover; and I am sure one might come to anyone's afternoon tea, even if anyone were one's quondam sweetheart. From both Harold's stand-point and mine, it seems to me perfectly safe. Certainly the vainest man could not believe that a woman wished to rake up the leaves of a dead past because she sent him an At-home from four to six card, for a day when she is to be at home for two hundred people besides. If it were an evening party, now—in summer with the lawn, or in winter with a conservatory—or if there is not a conservatory there are always stairs; and it's daily more and more the fashion to build them curved. Another generation may find discreet recesses at every landing. When people are really thoughtful there will be a temporary addition where people can go up and down. Oh, if it was an evening party I could not blame Harold for staying away. Or if it was private theatricals—the stage is itself one grand opportunity! Or a picnic—what innumerable openings for raking up the dry leaves of a dead past on a picnic! But an afternoon tea! Nothing stronger or dryer than tea-leaves to be had. Harold need not be in the least afraid. Besides, it would have been really unfriendly not to send him

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a card. Everybody knows he is at home again, and from a four years' trip. Even after all that has passed I would not wish to be unfriendly. Four years, and they say that he is engaged to Mattie Montgomery—and just before he went away he was engaged to me. (*A little sadly.*) Perhaps he was foolish. Perhaps—I was. Undoubtedly we both were. I suppose I ought to feel flattered that he waited four years—but somehow I don't—altogether; "flattered" does not seem to be the word. Well, it makes little difference now, and it will make less when I tell him to-morrow that I am engaged to Dr. Tennant. I thought I might as well look over his letters. I have burned all but the last. (*Takes up letter from the table.*) Here it is. (*Takes up a second letter.*) And here is Dr. Tennant's first. Two models of epistolary communication—but of different orders. (*Reads.*)

"MY DEAR MISS VAN DYKE: I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon you this afternoon at five o'clock. It rests with you whether or not this pleasure is to be intensified a hundredfold, or attended with lasting pain. I remain always,

"Yours most cordially,
"EDWARD TENNANT."

What could be better suited to the circumstances than that? Not too impassioned, but sufficiently interested. I am always affected by well-turned phrases—I think this is charming. And here is Harold's. (*Reads other letter.*)

"You have made it plain enough. There is no necessity for more words. Heaven forgive you—and good-by."

(*Thoughtfully.*) He was in a pretty passion when he wrote that—and I have not seen him since. I hope he will come to-morrow. He used to think Mattie Montgomery was a doll of a thing. Perhaps he will tell her that I am a—no, he won't. Whatever I am, I'm not a doll of a thing, and he knows it. (*Looks at the two letters side by side.*) How amusing one's old flirtations look in the light of a new and serious reality—for I have made up my mind what to say to Dr. Tennant. It will be rather good fun to tell Harold of it confidentially to-morrow. I will drop it in his tea with a lump of sugar. (*Glances at clock.*) After four o'clock. Well, I must go and make myself fascinating and give orders that Dr. Tennant and I are not to be disturbed. We may as well begin to get used to *tête-à-têtes*. (*Exit after putting the letters under a book, out of sight.*)

Enter HAROLD WHITNEY. *He seems disturbed.*

H. This is certainly confoundedly odd. I expected to find fifty other people here, at least, and Esther in her best gown receiving them. I can't have mistaken the hour. It is some time after four. There is certainly a mistake somewhere, however, and under the circumstances it is likely to be a particularly awkward one. I would walk a good mile and a half to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with Esther Van Dyke. Because I have been fool enough after four years to remember the color of her eyes, I don't care to have her know it and see it. I would leave now, like the historic Arab, if I hadn't been such an ass as to give my card to the servant, and Esther has seen it by this time. I would rather face the music than give her the pleasure of laughing at me for running away. But what does it mean? I must—the blood curdles in my veins at the thought—I must have mistaken the day! The Fate which I have felt dogging my footsteps from the cradle has at last laid hold upon me! I have dreamed of getting to a place the day before I was asked. I have loitered irresolutely on door-mats. I have gone slowly by and watched until I saw another carriage go in, but I have never *done* it before. And to have come to Esther Van Dyke's after four years, and such a parting, a day too soon! My bitterest foe would find it in his heart to pity me now. What can I do? (*Walks around the room and fingers things restlessly.*) I might go off with the spoons to divert suspicion. I would rather be arrested as a professional burglar, entering the house under false pretences, than witness Esther's smile when she comes to a realizing sense of what I have done. Professional burglars probably retain their self-respect. There is no reason why they shouldn't. The date of *their* visit is not fixed by

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invitation. But, confound it! there won't be any spoons until to-morrow. Perhaps she won't know I have come a day too soon—but she always did know things—that was the kind of person she was. (*Takes up a book from the table.*) I might read to compose my mind. "Familiar Quotations,"—I wish I could find an elegant and appropriate one for the occasion. I can think of several, entirely familiar to the most unlearned, but too forcible for a lady's drawing-room. "Too late I stayed" would hardly do. I wonder what the fellow would have sung if "Too soon he'd come." (*Throws down book.*) I thought I could accept an invitation to an afternoon tea, because I need only say a word to her, see if she had changed, and leave. That seemed safe enough. Besides, Miss Montgomery chaffed me about coming, and wouldn't have hesitated to make the most of it if I had stayed away. (*Looks about.*) The room has not changed much. I wonder—here she is. Now, for all I have learned in four years, I would like to conceal myself in the scrap-basket, but it is out of the question.

Enter ESTHER.

E. How do you do, Mr. Whitney? I am very glad to see you. (*They shake hands.*)

H. It is very good of you to say so, Esth—Miss Van Dyke. (*Aside.*) I never felt so fresh in my life.

E. It was nice of you to think of coming this afternoon instead of waiting until the crush to-morrow, when I should have an opportunity for no more than a word with you.

H. (*aside*). She does not *look* satirical. Why didn't I bring some flowers or something? (*They sit. Aloud, with somewhat exaggerated ease of manner.*) When one's hostess receives all the world, one's own reception cannot be a personal one. After four years I wished for something more positive. Perhaps I have been too bold, but an afternoon tea is so very impersonal, you know.

E. (*a little embarrassed by his manner, aside*). Can it be that he does not wish our relations to be impersonal? Of course not! (*Aloud.*) Yes, I know. Very impersonal indeed. I was thinking the same thing before you came.

H. (*aside*). Yes, and I was thinking the same thing before I came. We haven't either of us gotten on much. (*Aloud.*) I was always an exacting sort of fellow, you know, so you will not be surprised at my coming to get a reception on my own account.

E. (*aside*). I should think I did know. (*Aloud.*) No, I am not surprised. (*A moment's pause—with a slight effort.*) So you are an exacting sort of fellow still? I am looking for the changes of four years, you see.

H. (*significantly*). You may not find many, after all. (*Somewhat gloomily.*) The rose-color wears off one's glasses somewhat in four years, to be sure, but I don't think the perspective changes much.

E. Don't you? It strikes me that time reverses the glasses—that we find ourselves suddenly looking through the other end, and things that once were so large are a long way off, and have become extremely small.

H. (*aside*). Which means, I suppose, that I have taken a back seat, and must keep at opera-glass distance. (*Aloud.*) Things have no importance of their own, then? I suppose it is a good deal a matter of which way you look at it.

E. Yes, education does everything for us—which is something of a platitude. But I am sorry about the rose-color. I'd much rather you should look at me through tinted glasses. I said the other day to a confidential friend that my complexion is no longer what it was.

H. (*refusing to be diverted*). No, I do not think one's views of persons change—or perhaps I should say one's attitude toward persons—as do those of abstractions. One does not expect to find truth—trust—honor—*love*, growing so large.

E. (*soberly*). In other words, truth is a hot-house, and one's ideas are tropical. Well, it is perhaps as well to come out into the open air, even if things do seem a little—stunted—at first.

H. Undoubtedly. Yet the comfort of the human frame demands something in the way of a temperate zone between. A sudden plunge into the arctic regions is apt to convey a chill—quite a serious one sometimes.

E. (*aside*). I wonder if that is meant

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for a veiled allusion. (*Aloud.*) But nature generally provides a way of softening matters, and makes such changes not chilling, but bracing.

H. (*carelessly*). Yes—Nature has been much maligned in her time, but, after all, she is kinder than humanity in certain of even its most attractive forms. She is impartial and she contrives to let one down easily. I am sometimes astonished that Nature should be personified as a woman.

E. (*looking away from him*). I see you have become a cynic.

H. (*with intention*). I have, perhaps, lived up to my opportunities. They have not been unfavorable to cynicism. (*Laughing.*) Do you know, Esther, this is very much the way we used to talk? We were continually dealing in the most artistic abstractions. How easily one drops into old fashions!

E. (*aside*). How can he speak so lightly of "the way we used to talk," or is it only I that remember? (*Aloud, coldly.*) Possibly, but old fashions are very readily seen not to belong to the present day. And yet—I may be mistaken—but it seems to me that we used to talk in a way that bordered on—on the concrete.

H. (*a little nonplussed*). Yes—that is true—but we were not so successful there. (*Aside.*) Decidedly we did. On the very concrete indeed! And that was where she always had the better of me. She is quite capable of doing it again—but she does not wish to.

E. (*calmly*). But where were we in our abstractions? Ah, with Nature. I always get beyond my depth when Nature is introduced into the conversation. Human nature I do not mind at all, you know, but Nature by itself frightens me. I think it is the capital N. I feel that I ought to go out-of-doors and appreciate her.

H. I remember you were always afraid of getting beyond your depth. I was less prudent, however, which was sometimes unfortunate. (*Aside.*) I shall be floundering again if I go on with this remembering. (*Aloud.*) So you are still cautious? I have not had the four years to myself. Have they not changed *you* at all, Esth—Miss Van Dyke?

E. (*pensively*). Yes.

H. (*with attention*). You are not quite the same, then? I should not have known it.

E. (*with emphasis*). Wouldn't you really?

H. Unfortunately for me—no.

E. No, I am not the same.

H. (*in a low tone*). Will you tell me how you have changed?

E. (*after a pause*). I have grown stout! Yes, I have. I have gained twenty pounds in the four years you have been away.

H. (*laughing*). The inference pains me deeply. But twenty pounds can be judiciously distributed without actual injury to the possessor. Is there anything else?

E. (*sentimentally*). Ah, yes, when I am introduced to a new man I no longer expect to find him a mine of entertainment. I used to. Now I am surprised if I have not to be clever for both of us.

H. Is that so new? (*Thoughtfully.*) I sometimes think I was stupid for both of us—or—could it have been only that you were too wise? (*Aside.*) Oh, this fatal tendency to reminiscence—and I know better!

E. (*with a slight effort*). You are carrying me too far back. I am marking my progress since I saw you. (*Aside.*) Certainly this is too much like burrowing in the leaves of a dead past. No wonder he did not wait until to-morrow.

H. Forgive me, and go on with the disillusionments.

E. Sadder yet, I no longer care when a younger and a fairer girl "cuts me out," to put it boldly. I think I shall, you know, but I don't. I sigh—but I forget them—*both!*

H. This shows a callousness really alarming. You might at least reserve the guiltier party for future punishment. Perfidy merits at least remembrance. It is sometimes a man's last hold.

E. (*carelessly*). A man should risk little on so commonplace a resource—if one wishes to be remembered, one should be unusual. Besides, you would imply that the man is the guiltier party?

H. Only as far as his lights are taken into consideration, of course. Man is a poor creature at his best—in comparison.

E. And sometimes a comparatively innocent one. To find another woman

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more attractive is blamable, but to be a more attractive woman ought to be unpardonable.

H. "To err is human—fiendish to outshine." I understand. (*With marked politeness.*) Permit me to suggest that it is rarely——

E. (*laughing*). But I have said I have lost my capacity for feeling thrusts of this kind. (*In a lower tone.*) At least, I believed that I had.

H. (*dryly*). I was always a little unfortunate in my attempts to make amends —always too late, perhaps.

E. (*meeting his eyes*). Yes, making amends was never your forte.

H. Any more than cherishing illusions is yours. But, pray, go on with your revelations. I must improve the unexpected pleasure of finding you alone.

E. (*a little embarrassed*). Whom, then, did you expect to find here? (*Aside.*) He cannot have known that Dr. Tennant is coming. (*Aloud.*) Who would interfere, did you think, with the personal welcome you so desired?

H. (*aside*). I was getting on so well. (*Lightly.*) Oh, party calls you know, and——

E. (*dryly*). You will find that *customs* have not changed so much in four years. It is still unusual to pay party calls in advance.

H. (*aside*). That was a brilliant way to recoup my falling fortunes! (*Boldly.*) Is this an indirect way of blaming me for coming this afternoon? (*Rising.*) I suppose it was unwise. (*Aside.*) I should rather think it was. (*Aloud.*) I will go now—Esther.

E. (*quickly*). You know, Harold, I did not mean anything so rude. Do not go —unless you must.

H. (*aside*). I must—theoretically. But I sha'n't—not after that "Harold." If I hadn't prided myself for years on its being inalienable property, I should say I was losing my head. (*Aloud.*) Will you tell me more of your four years?

E. (*seriously*). Yes. I have grown wise. I have grown hard—a little.

H. (*softly*). You were hard before—a little.

E. Are they not the same—wisdom and hardness? I have learned to believe that they are.

H. (*impulsively*). Not always.

E. And I, too, have acquired the sense of proportion. I have seen that—that —Love is not all the world. I have learned that the comfortable is more to be desired than gold—yea, than fine gold.

H. Yes; Gold and Love must both be tried in the furnace, which is seldom a comfortable operation.

E. And you—do you not agree with me? Is it not better to look on?

H. So long as it is not at another's happiness that one has desired for one's self—yes.

E. (*aside*). How if it be another's unhappiness, I wonder. Poor Dr. Tennant. (*Sighs.*)

H. (*aside*). I shall make an ass of myself in a moment. She is not changed an atom. (*Aloud.*) But what leaves of wisdom have you steeped for me? I expected a cup of tea, and you have given me a decoction that should heal all disappointments.

E. (*half sadly*). If I had known I possessed such a secret I should have brewed some for myself before this. But (*rising*) if you expected a cup of tea you shall have it.

H. (*eagerly*). By Jove! Esther! I beg pardon—but Miss Van Dyke, I beg of you——(*stops helplessly*).

E. I was just about to send for it for myself. (*She rings. Aside.*) I see it all. He has come a day too soon. And he would have had me believe that he cared to see me alone. And I was actually growing sentimental. He shall pay for it. (*Enter a maid.*) Tea, Mary Ann.

H. (*who has been fidgeting about the room—aside*). If only I had gone half an hour ago—in the flush of triumph, as it were! It was unnecessary, in order to avoid making a sentimental spectacle of myself, to fall back upon the larder!

E. (*going back to table and taking up a letter*). Do you know what I was doing when you came this afternoon?

H. Learning a new Kensington stitch? Studying a receipt-book? Putting a man out of his misery by letter? These are, I believe, some departments of "woman's work."

E. No, I was reading an old letter—one by which a man put himself out of misery. Your last letter, in fact.

H. My last letter?

E. Yes.

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MARY ANN *brings in the tea, and as* ESTHER *moves things on the table, she hands him* DR. TENNANT'S *letter by mistake.* HAROLD *glances at it and looks up surprised, but* ESTHER *does not see him.*

H. Am I to read this?

E. Certainly.

MARY ANN *leaves the room—*ESTHER *busies herself with the tea-things.*

H. (*having read the letter—stiffly*). Very elegant penmanship.

E. (*surprised, but indifferently*). I had not thought of that. (*A pause.*)

H. (*glancing at the letter again*). I fancy the writer did.

E. (*coldly*). Possibly. (*Aside.*) Oh, why did I show it to him? I would not have believed he would be so hard. (*Aloud.*) Rather a forcible style, I think.

H. Stiff, rather than forcible, I would suggest.

E. (*with suppressed feeling*). Your criticisms are less pointed than usual. If you had said unnatural it might express your meaning still better.

H. (*a little irritated*). He is a fortunate man who is able to express himself with such justness and freedom from exaggeration.

E. It seemed to me exaggerated at the time.

H. (*with mock admiration*). Oh, how can you say so! It is positively Grandisonian—almost Chesterfieldian (*aside*), and utterly detestable.

E. (*almost with tears*). I was wrong to fancy you would be interested in such a trifle. Please give it back.

H. (*politely, handing it to her*). Not at all. Certainly, the writer deserves the lasting happiness he refers to. (*Aside.*) And I wish it were nothing to me—if he gets it or not.

E. What do you mean? Is this what I gave you? Oh dear! (*Much embarrassed.*) It was the wrong one! Never mind. Here is your tea.

H. (*takes the cup, after a short pause*). I feel as if I had forced myself into your confidence.

E. You need not. It was my own stupidity, of course.

H. (*tastes his tea*). Might I see the other one?

E. Yes. (*Gives it to him.*)

H. (*reads it while* ESTHER *watches him*). Yes; well, I might have said more. But that was enough.

E. Yes, that was, as the children say, a great plenty. Oh, I neglected your tea! One lump, or two?

H. (*thoughtfully*). One. I wonder if it has?

E. What has?

H. Heaven.

E. Heaven has what?

H. Forgiven you.

E. I think so, by this time. It doesn't bear malice. Cream?

H. Yes — prussic acid — anything. Thank you. You do not ask whether I have or not.

E. No. I understood you shifted the responsibility once for all. (*Sipping her tea.*)

H. Perhaps I did. It is generally once for all with me.

E. Is it? It is better to have all—for once. It is broader. It is more liberal. It is my motto.

H. Yes. So it was then. I have heard there is safety in numbers. (*Aside.*) If I believed that, I should begin to repeat the multiplication-table. I shall never be in greater need of it.

E. Not always.

H. (*with an effort*). Possibly Sir Charles Grand—I mean Mr. Edward Tennant—may have a narrowing influence. (*Aside.*) It is no use. I can't be discreet. Confound Mr. Edward Tennant!

E. (*innocently*). Perhaps. (*Drinks tea.*) And so you are engaged to Mattie Montgomery?

H. (*formally*). You do me too much honor.

E. Really! (*More coolly.*) That is a pity. I hoped we might proffer mutual congratulations. An exchange of compliments is such a promoter of good feeling.

H. (*more stiffly*). I see I have been remiss. But I did not understand.

E. No, it is not yet time—but I have betrayed his confidence inadvertently. To-morrow you must congratulate me. To-morrow I shall tell you that I am engaged. Let me give you another cup.

H. (*rising*). No, one is enough. Once ought always to be enough! But it

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seems I am fated to have it twice! I know I am incoherent—but never mind! It's the tea!

E. (*playing with her teaspoon a little nervously*). And you have forgiven me?

H. I do not know that I have. But (*coldly*) whether I have or not is of course only a personal matter.

E. (*feebly*). Of course.

H. And so you are to tell me to-morrow that you are engaged? Might I ask you if, in taking this step, you were actuated by a wish to obtain my forgiveness?

E. (*laughing*). I expected you to ask mine—for being engaged to Mattie Montgomery.

H. (*sits*). Suppose this afternoon you tell me about the—to be colloquial—the happy man. And I will have some more tea.

E. (*looking into the sugar-bowl*). Well, to tell the truth this afternoon—he doesn't happen—to be—colloquially—the happy man.

H. (*aside; walking about*). So that note was written to-day. I did not see the date. It is not yet five o'clock, and it is not yet too late. I shall gain nothing by getting rattled and making a fool of myself. (*Aloud, coming back and holding out his cup, into which* ESTHER *drops sugar as they speak.*) Have I then taken his place?

E. (*gravely*). No. He is (*lump*) conservative (*lump*) in his (*lump*) tastes (*lump*). He takes (*lump*) no sugar (*lump*) at all (*lump*) in his.

H. (*who has been watching* ESTHER'S *face, and not her fingers, sets down his cup hastily*). Seven lumps *is* a little radical. Then you have forgotten all in four years? (*Pacing the floor.*) Forgotten what I, Esther, have been fool enough to remember as if it had happened yesterday! Who is it talks about woman's constancy?

E. (*aside*). Not I. But I am very much afraid I shall begin to. Has the tea gone to my head too?

H. (*with much feeling*). The bitterest lesson the four years have taught me, Esther, is that one's earliest lessons are never unlearned. They have been kinder to you.

E. (*in a low tone*). Have they? Perhaps. They have taught us both, however, that it is not necessary to unlearn them, one can go on as if one had never studied—old lessons.

H. Or old letters? (*Coming nearer and taking up the letter.*) But you did care for me enough to keep this letter—to read it over to-day—to give one thought to old happiness in the presence of new?

E. (*recovering herself with an effort*). I thought enough of myself to keep it. It is a mistaken theory that a woman keeps old love-letters for the sake of the sender. She keeps them because they are flattering—because they—they sound nice. I have lots more.

H. (*offended*). And you were only weeding them out to-day? Very well. That is enough. No further words are necessary.

E. Yes—so you said before (*glancing at letter*), or something very like it. (*Looking into the teapot.*) There is no more tea for us, and the lamp has gone out. (*Looking about.*) And no matches—unless you have one in your pocket.

H. (*who has been thinking, moodily feels in all his pockets*). I am very sorry—but I cannot supply you with even the necessaries of life.

E. Never mind, I can light it from the fire.

H. (*pushes the letters toward her*). Make a lamplighter of one of these, and I will light it for you.

ESTHER *hesitates an instant, takes up one letter, and then the other.*

H. Oh, use mine. It has failed to rekindle a passion, but it may do for a tea-kettle. It may as well be reduced to ashes along with the rest of the poor little love-story.

ESTHER *turns her head a little away and slowly twists both letters into lamplighters.*

H. (*aside*). I shall let all my hopes burn in the flame with my letter. If she uses that, I give her up. I shall know she is not mine to give up. I have come to the pass where folly is my only reason. She is twisting Dr. Tennant's! But now she is twisting mine. (*She rises to go to the fire and he rises to do it for her.*)

E. I prefer to do it myself.

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She returns with one burning, with which she lights the lamp, and lays the other down on the table. He takes it up eagerly.

H. So, Esther, you did not burn it, after all? (*Rising and coming toward her.*) You did not care that the last of it should go out in ashes?

E. (*speaking lightly*). It was not that so much, but I was afraid it was better suited for an—extinguisher. I think that was more what you meant it for.

HAROLD *goes back to his seat gloomily and tastes his tea.* ESTHER *plays with the teaspoon—a pause.*

E. How do you like your tea?

H. It is a little—cloying.

E. (*rising and moving about the room*). A bad fault.

H. (*dryly*). But fortunately an uncommon one.

E. (*with feeling*). I have made a great many mistakes in my life—suffered a great deal of unhappiness—because I have been afraid of being cloying. (*Aside.*) Am I mad, that I should tell him the foolish truth!

H. (*rising*). I should say it was a fault to which you were not constitutionally inclined. (*Aside.*) That sounds much firmer than I feel.

E. No, but on that very account people should have borne with me more than they have! (*Still with feeling.*) Things might have been different.

H. (*going toward her*). Esther! (*A bell.*)

E. (*hurriedly*). Never mind! There is the door-bell! Things are going to be different! (*With a faint smile.*) I told you he did not like any sweet at all in his.

H. (*impetuously*). And have I not had my full allowance of bitter? It is time you began dispensing sweets—so let him stay away.

E. (*laughing nervously*). But—but it wasn't my idea to get rid of him.

H. The plan is ready for your acceptance. You were going to tell me you were engaged to-morrow—tell him so to-day, instead!

E. (*glancing at clock*). I cannot. His engagement was made with me a week ago.

H. And mine five years ago. (*She hesitates.*) Besides, he is late—half an hour late. What is it about a lover who is late? He has divided his time into more than "the thousandth part of a minute."

E. (*laughing*). And are you not later—by four years?

H. (*firmly*). I am twenty-four hours ahead of time.

A knock. Enter maid with a card.

E. Show him into the reception-room. I will come in a moment. (*Exit maid.*) It is he, Harold. I must go.

H. (*taking her hands*). Esther, think one moment. Forget the four years. I have come a day too soon. I have swallowed two cups of tea and eight lumps of sugar and made a general ass of myself—but—I love you.

E. But—but this is so shameless! I thought I should have to say—something like that—to him.

H. (*coolly*). And I am in time to save you from so unfortunate a mistake. You had much better tell it to me.

E. But I must give him an answer.

H. Give me one first! Adopt my plan, it is so simple. Send word—or tell him, if you like—that you are engaged. But come back!

E. Indeed, he shall have his answer first. His right demands precedence at least. But (*opening the door*) I will come back.

H. To five years ago?

E. Perhaps. (*Returns just as she is leaving the room.*) But, Harold, Harold, I thought an afternoon tea was so safe, or I should *never* have asked you.

H. And so did I—or I should never have come.

CURTAIN.

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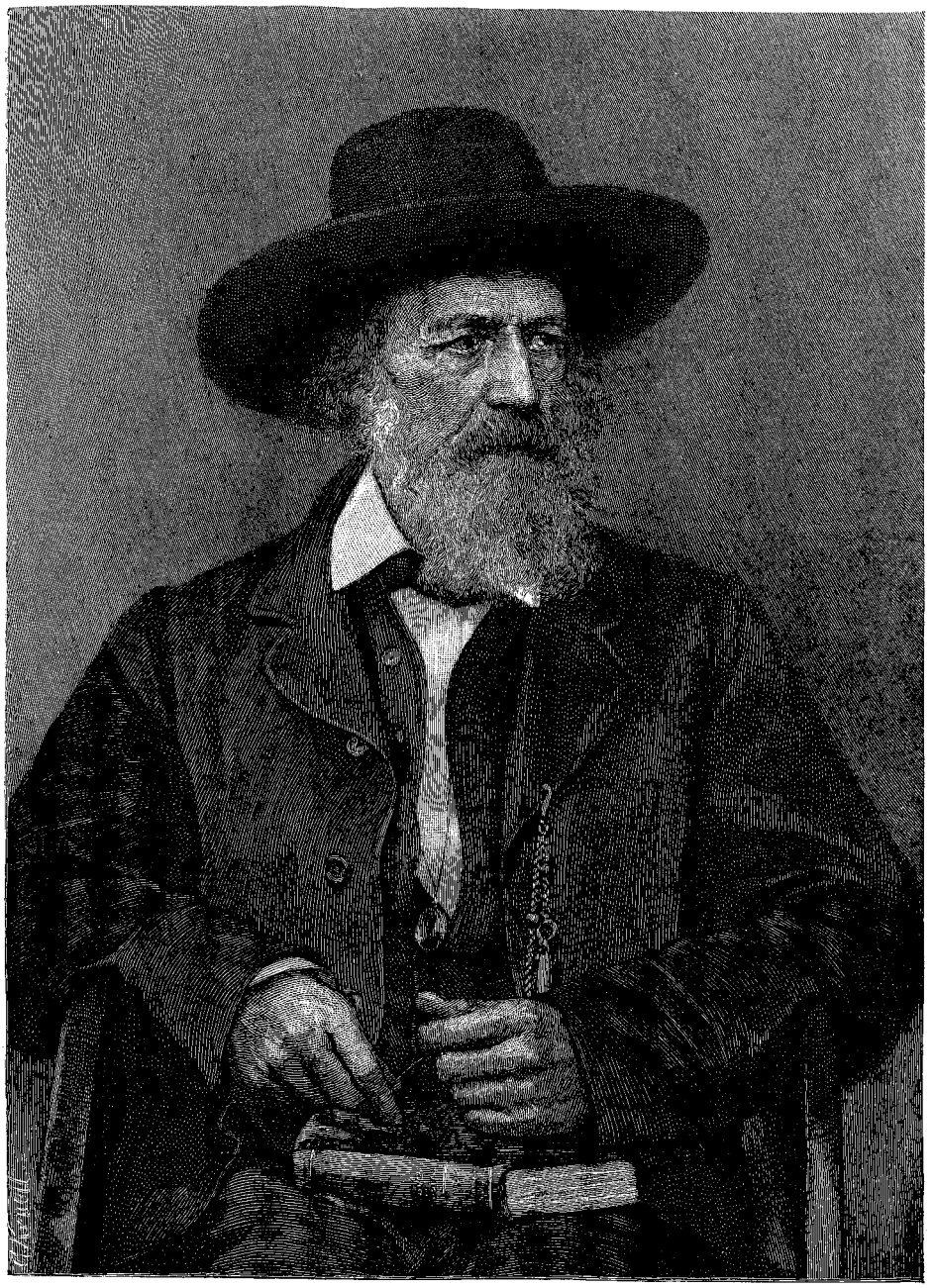

TENNYSON

August, 1809–1889.

(From a photograph taken in 1888 by Barraud, London.)

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